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# LADIES' WREATH:

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#### ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL.



EDITED BY

HELEN IRVING.



#### NEW-YORK:

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#### EMBELLISHMENTS.

The Grand Duchess Olga.
Floral Wreath.
The Bird's-Nest.
Ever-Blooming Rose.
The Siesta.
Persian Tulip.
Swiss Cottage.
The Honeysuckle.
The Dream.
Gentian and China-Aster.
Alpine Scenery.
Red Raspberry.

The Jealous Wife.
Black Hellebore.
Jephthah's Daughter.
Symphytum Orientale.
Landing of the Pilgrims.
The Blue Ruellia.
Attiring for the Wedding.
Pomegranate.
Bunyan's Cottage at Elstow.
The Annual Lavatera.
Annie Lee.
Gum Cistus.

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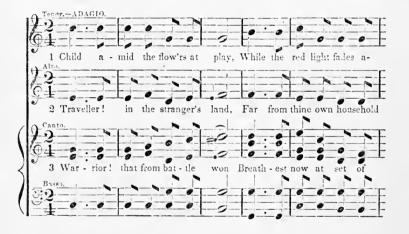
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#### "CHILD AMID THE FLOWERS."

Music by ASAHEL ABBOTT.







## THE MARRIAGE OF THE GRAND DUCHESS Olga of Unssia.

BY REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D.D.

SEE ENGRAVING.

In the summer of 1846, I visited Russia for the third time—having previously extended my travels in the North of Europe to that country in the summer of 1837, and again in the autumn of 1840. And most certainly if the object of my third visit had been to see the splendors of the Court of the modern Scythia, I could not have chosen a more opportune occasion. But this was far from being the case. I went for the double purpose of endeavoring to give another impulse to the Temperance movement, and of making arrangements for the employment of colporteurs to distribute the Sacred Scriptures and religious Tracts\* at t' e great fairs, which are held at more than twenty places annually in that vast Empire.

On this tour I was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. B\*\*\*\*\*, of Newark, N. J., the Rev. Mr. R\*\*\*\*, of the same State, and Mr. B\*\*\*\*, a young advocate, of the city of New-York.

On our way through Denmark and Sweden, we had heard that the marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga, the second daughter of the Emperor, to the Crown Prince of Wurtemburg, was to take place sometime in July; probably, it was said, about the middle of it. But inasmuch as it was our intention to remain only a week in St. Petersburg, and then go down to Moscow—whence it was our purpose to prosecute our journey to Odessa and Constantinople—we hoped to be far away from the scene of these festivities before the Russian July would commence; for the old style still rules the Russian calendar.

And this we might well expect to be able to do, inasmuch as we reached St. Petersburg on the 23d of June, according to the

<sup>\*</sup>These Tracts are such as the Censorship of Russia allow and approve of. More than one hundred and fifty of such publications have been issued at St. Petersburg, with the sanction of the government.

new style. I had not, in reality, a great deal to do in the Northern Capital of the Empire. What concerned the more appropriate object of my visit, could have been accomplished in two or three days. And as to sight-seeing, there was certainly nothing for me to do; for the Emperor, the Empress, and other persons who have the direction of those institutions which possess the greatest interest for me, had given orders that they should be thrown open to me on my previous visits. During the weeks which I had spent in that city and in Moscow in 1837 and 1840, I had positively seen every thing which I had any desire whatever to see. And let me say, in passing, that these cities contain a great deal to interest an intelligent traveler.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Two days had scarcely elapsed, after our arrival, before I was violently attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, which confined me to my bed for almost a fortnight, and then left me in no suitable state for traveling. During the second day of that period of suffering, fearing that I might not have an opportunity of speaking to the Emperor on the chief object of my visit in a private audience-for I foresaw that even if the termination of the malady should be the most speedy that could be reasonably expected, the exciting and busy time upon which the Court was entering would be highly unfavorable to my having such an audience, which in other circumstances would not have been difficult—I dictated a memorial in French, in which I set forth my views of what might be further done to advance the cause of Temperance in Russia. This I did at the suggestion of Count Kisseleff, Minister of the Emperor for the Public Domains, who kindly engaged to lay it before his Imperial Majesty—a promise which he speedily performed.

This done, and the other object of my visit having been attained, I had nothing to do but to try to get well, and then set off for Poland and Germany—for my illness had compelled me to renounce the prospect of the long and fatiguing journey through the Southern part of the Empire. Whilst waiting to be able to carry into effect this purpose, and as soon as I was able to leave my bed and go about a little, I concluded to make a visit to Peterhoff, a small city, or large town rather, on the south side of the Gulf of Finland, some sixteen miles below St. Petersburg, where there is an Imperial palace, erected, I believe, in the time of the Empress

Elizabeth, and where, too, there is a more humble one, built by Peter the Great. At this place the Court was then staying; and here the marriage of the Grand Duchess was to take place.

This visit I wished to make in order to see the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg,\* nephew and niece of the Emperor—his Imperial Highness having, three or four days after my arrival in St. Petersburg, kindly invited me to make him a visit at his beautiful country-residence, in the immediate vicinity of Peterhoff—an invitation which I was hitherto unable, for reasons just stated, to accept.

As soon as the state of my health permitted, I made the proposed visit, and was most kindly received by the Prince and Princess, who invited me to return on the succeeding Monday, and spend a few days with them, inasmuch as I was manifestly unfit to prosecute my journey. This invitation I accepted with pleasure, for it would give me a fine opportunity of seeing a good deal of two most excellent persons, of the highest rank, with their lovely little children, and their admirably appointed establishment. And here I would say, in passing, that it would be difficult to find in any country a more interesting couple than the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg. They are both still young; were born in the highest circles of the nobility of Russia and Germany, and have inherited wealth and rank and title, which give them commanding influence. In addition to all, and above all, they are persons of exalted character, and reputation for virtue, for knowledgefor every thing which can adorn and bless human society. They are both descended from a long line of Protestant ancestors, whose faith they inherit and profess. The Prince is at the head of several important institutions of beneficence. He has charge, among other things, of a lyceum, in which nearly three hundred young men and boys are receiving an education, chiefly with a view to commercial pursuits. He is the founder of a law school, which has one hundred and fifty or two hundred students, the first institution of the sort, I believe, ever established in Russia, and greatly needed. He takes much interest in farming, and in

<sup>\*</sup>The Prince is a son of one of the sisters of the Emperor, and the Princess is a sister of the reigning Duke of Nassau. They are related to almost all the Sovereigns in Europe, as they assured me.

all attempts to improve the breeds of horses, cattle, etc., in that great realm. He maintains Protestant worship in his palace, for the sake of his family and servants, who are almost all, if not all, Germans, from the Protestant Duchy of Oldenburg and other parts of Germany. He is certainly a remarkable man—so deeply interested in this country, as a field in which so much good may, with proper efforts, be done; simple and unaffected in his manners, and withal so young. What an example to the Russian nobles! Would to God that they all had a heart to follow it! But this they have not, and exactly here Russia labors. Her numerous nobility, with few exceptions, as it seems to me, lack patriotism—a heart-felt interest in every thing which concerns the true welfare of the country.

The Princess is a charming woman, of sincere piety and benevolence, and beloved by all who know her. She, too, is at the head of one or more establishments of beneficence in St. Petersburg, and takes a great interest in them; not only visiting them frequently, but attending the meetings of business, and taking an active part in them. She is blessed with several interesting children. Both she and her husband have several times visited England, in their travels in Western Europe, and greatly admire many things in that country. The nurse as well as the governess of their children, at the time of my visit, were excellent English women. I think that I can say with truth that I have never seen another establishment in which so many persons of principle and good conduct are employed as servants.

It will be readily apprehended that I passed the few days which I spent at Peterhoff in a very agreeable manner, although I was still too unwell to be able to take much part in what was going on around me.

Immediately upon my arrival, on my second visit to Peterhoff, the Princess informed me that the Emperor and Empress had been so good as to send word that it was their pleasure that I should be present at the marriage of the Grand Duchess, which was to take place that day (the first of July, according to the old style, but the thirteenth according to the new) at noon. This was an honor wholly unexpected by me; for, owing to my illness, I had not been presented at the Court since my arrival; though I had been on a former occasion. The number of persons, too, who

desired to witness the ceremony, Russians and foreigners, was immense, and the chapel in which it was to occur was small. No time was to be lost; for in a few minutes an aide-de-camp of the Prince was to come to take me to the palace, and see that I reached my proper place—a matter of no small importance on such an occasion, and I may add of no small difficulty.

Upon our arrival at the palace, we found the Emperor, the Grand Duke Michael, the Heir Apparent, and the Prince of Prussia, surrounded by many distinguished officers, reviewing some of the regiments of splendid Imperial Life-Guards, who certainly deserve to be ranked among the finest looking soldiers in the world. A vast concourse of people surrounded the parade-ground, which was quite near to the palace. The day was a remarkably fine one, and every thing without as well as every thing within that gorgeous building, indicated life, excitement and joy.

As soon as the review was over, all who were entitled to enter the palace hurried into it, until many of its vast apartments were filled to overflowing. Following my faithful guide, the Aid of the Prince, I made my way up to the second story, and having traversed several crowded rooms, found myself in that which contained the foreign ambassadors and their suites. There I was placed by the side of Mr. John Randolph Clay, the amiable and esteemed Secretary of the American Legation, and at that time acting as Charge d'Affaires, who, I may say, in passing, would, long before that time, have reached a higher diplomatic rank, if it were not too much the policy of those in power with us to reward their noisy partizans and friends with offices abroad, for which few of them are as well qualified as they should be.

At length the moment so full of interest arrived; and we all began to move forward towards the chapel—at the west end of the palace, and on the second floor—in due order. The ambassadors were the first to enter. As I was placed among them, it fell to my lot, according to orders which none might dispute, to take my stand with them on the northern side of the chapel, and within a few feet of the altar.

The chapel was scarcely more than thirty-five feet square.— The walls and dome were gorgeously adorned with paintings and gildings. I know not when I have seen any thing more showy. There was not a seat of any kind in it, save two or three chairs for the Empress and one or two other ladies, whose health was not good. There was no carpet on the floor, nor pulpit, nor any thing that resembled one. A platform, of about one foot in height, and some twelve or fifteen feet square, occupied the centre. An altar, more of the shape of a reading desk than any thing else, stood on this platform, but not in the centre of it. By the side of it stood two small tables, on which rested two marriage-crowns.

In front of the chapel was a room of the same size, less magnificently adorned, which might be called the "Court of the People." Three large doors opened from it into the chapel. On the opposite side of the chapel was another room, not quite so large, where were the priests in all their rich and splendid robes. This might be designated the most "Holy Place."

When we entered we found several of the dignitaries of the church standing in the centre of the chapel, and the choir of men and boys, dressed in purple tunics, which descended to their heels, standing, one-half on one side and one-half on the other of the chapel, near to the vestry, or most Holy place. In fact they occupied the two corners of the chapel on that side. The ambassadors and ministers of the Emperor, and myself among them, stood near to a portion of the choir.

It was some time after our arrival that the Imperial Family came. Behind them followed a great number of officers and ladies, who filled the ante-chamber, or vestibule, or whatever else it may be called. The Archbishop of St. Petersburg, accompanied by several other prelates, dressed in splendid robes, which seemed to be composed more of silver and gold than any thing else, and wearing their mitres, met the Emperor and Empress and the rest of the Imperial group, at the middle of the outer room, and received them in oriental style—bowing most profoundly and kissing their hands, an homage which was as graciously returned.—Entering the chapel, the Emperor presented his daughter and her "affianced" to the Imperial chaplain, whose duty it was to perform the ceremony, and who received them on the estrade or platform. I had expected that the Metropolitan would perform this service; but he is a monk, (as all the prelates of the Greek Church are), and no monk is allowed in Russia to perform the marriage ceremony—and this is serving them rightly enough, I think.

The chaplain was a little old man, whose countenance interested me very much.

After the presentation of the persons who were to be married, the Emperor, Empress, and the members of the Imperial Family. took their places on the side of the chapel opposite the ambassadors, and on the right hand of the officiating priest. The Emperor and Empress were by a window, he being quite near to the portion of the choir which was on that side of the chapel. Next to the Empress stood her brother—the Prince of Prussia, the heir to the throne of that country. Next to him, and near another window, stood the Duchess of Leuchtenberg (the eldest daughter of the Emperor), and her sister-in-law, the wife of his Imperial Highness, Alexander Nicholavietch, the heir to the throne of Russia. Next to them stood the Prince himself, and his three younger brothers—the Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, who were at that time youths of from eighteen to twelve or fifteen years of age. Near to them, and in one of the doors of the chapel. stood the Grand Duke Michael, the Emperor's brother. Next to him was the Duke of Leuchtenberg. The centre door and the other door were so crowded with great officers that the ladies and gentlemen who filled the vestibule had but a poor chance to see what was going on in the chapel, although they might hear the chanting of the choir, and much of what was said by the officiating priest.

After all had taken their places, the service commenced. The Grand Duchess Olga and the Prince of Wurtemburg, standing on the platform, occupied a very conspicuous station; and certainly they went through their portion of the ceremony in an admirable manner. The Prince was dressed in the uniform of a Wurtemburg military officer of the highest rank. He was a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, good looking enough in person, but not possessing a very handsome face. The Grand Duchess was twenty-four years of age, and older than her husband by some six months. She is a beautiful woman; she was even called the most beautiful woman in Europe. However this may be, it is certain that it would be difficult to conceive of one that possessed more charms of person; and those of her mind and heart are said, by all who know her well, not to be inferior to those of her person. She is rather above the medium height of

ladies; has beautifully blue eyes, a blonde complexion, and auburn hair.

Her dress was magnificent, as may be supposed. In the first place, she wore a white, or rather a fawn-colored silk dress, with large sleeves that were adorned, as was the skirt, with a rich border of inwrought flowers and figures of silver. A red velvet ribbon of a couple of inches in width, passed from one shoulder across, or rather below, her bosom, and terminated below the other arm. from which descended numerous diamond-pendants. A necklace of the richest and most splendid sort, all sparkling with diamonds. adorned, with many a fold, her neck and bosom, and came down almost to her feet; whilst her hair, in two plaits, fell on her fair shoulders. A coronet, studded with most precious stones, rested on her head, whilst a train of the richest purple velvet, some ten or twelve feet long and six wide, lined and bordered with the purest ermine, attached to her dress behind, just below her shoulders, was borne by five gentlemen of the Imperial household. my humble opinion she would have looked better without this splendid and very heavy appendage. As it was, she appeared extremely beautiful. When she ascended the platform, as well as throughout the ceremony, she was rather paler than usual, but seemed to be entirely self-possessed. The graceful manner of her standing, and the great beauty and loveliness which beamed from her countenance, charmed every one, and commanded every eye.

The marriage service was very long, and consisted of reading portions of the Gospels and Epistles, chanting of prayers and hymns by the choir, the chaplain and two deacons who assisted him taking the lead. And never have I heard such singing and chanting as from that choir, which consists of from sixty to eighty boys and men. There was no instrument of any kind-instrumental music not being permitted in the services of the Greek Church in Russia. I have often heard the Pope's choir in the Sixtine Chapel, in the Vatican, but never did I hear any thing like this. The base and sophrano voices were wonderful. great portion of the singing consisted of the responses to the prayers, chanted by the entire choir. I never heard sounds prolonged to any thing like the extent that I did in these responses. Often the priest had made considerable progress in the next petition, before the last, lingering notes of the choir, uttering the precoding responses, had died away.

At the commencement of the ceremony, a wax candle was put in the left hands of the bride and bridegroom, which they held till the close. The marriage crowns were held over their heads during almost the whole ceremony; the Grand Duke Constantine holding one over the head of the Grand Duchess, and the Grand Duke Nicholas holding another over the head of his brother-in-law, the Prince. It must have been rather fatiguing work to these youths, for they changed hands and position very often during the ceremony.

At one stage of the ceremony, the officiating priest, uniting the right hands of the bride and bridegroom, and taking hold of their hands, led them three times around the altar, accompanied by the crown-bearers, train-bearers, and two deacons; whilst the choir, priest, and deacons chanted portions of the Scriptures in an astonishing manner. It seemed almost as if the very walls of the chapel must be driven asunder by the force of the immense volume of voice which was poured forth from the many-throated company.

During the whole service, the Emperor, the Empress, all the members of the Imperial family, and many of the spectators frequently crossed themselves, according to the custom of the Greek Church, with much apparent devotion. This was especially the case with the Emperor, who stood all the time, wearing a half military dress of deep green, which is the color of the dress of the infantry of Russia. It was easy to see that, with his whole heart, he doated upon his beloved daughter, and that his earnest aspirations ascended to heaven in her behalf. The Empress, who is a most affectionate mother, seemed scarcely to withdraw her eyes from her daughter; and it was manifest that her maternal affections were deeply interested in the touching scene before her.

I may remark, that the Empress is about two years younger than the Emperor. She is a daughter of the late king of Prussia, and the eldest sister of the present monarch of that country. For many years after her marriage her health was excellent, and her overflowing spirits seemed never to know abatement. She was a beautiful woman, almost adored by her husband, and the life of the exalted circle in which she moved. In the summer of 1837, I saw her for the first time, at the fete which commemorated the anniversary of her birth, in the same palace at Peterhoff. Her health was then good, and she was the centre and soul of the vast

assemblage of Russia's proudest, noblest aristocracy, arrayed in all their most splendid habiliments.

I saw her again in the autumn of 1840, in the palace at Czarskoe-Selo. But then disease was commencing its ravages. She looked pensive, and had not her former vigor, but was still a very interesting woman, for the restoration of whose health many vows and prayers ascended to heaven. Beyond both the hopes and fears of her friends, her life has been prolonged. In the winter of 1845–46, she visited the sunny climes of Italy, and returned evidently with improved health. And during all the fetes connected with the marriage of which we are speaking, she seemed to have recovered her former energy and her former spirits. She is a devoted mother, and has good reason to feel assured that her maternal care and pains have not been employed in vain. She may well be grateful for such a circle of children as God has given her.

As to the Emperor, there is no one point on which those who know him best speak with more unanimity and emphasis, than that of his excellence as a father, and of his affection and kindness as a husband. I know indeed that there are those who, in addition to representing him as a cruel tyrant towards his subjects, have charged him with being a hard-hearted monster in his own family. Never was there any thing more maliciously false. I have known many persons, of irreproachable character, who have been, and still are, most intimately acquainted with the Imperial Family, and they have without exception spoken to me of the affection of the Emperor towards both his children and the Empress, in the most decided terms. If it were proper, I could give names of persons who have borne this testimony, that would command the confidence and the credence of all. That ten thousand unjust things are every year done in the vast empire of Russia, and almost every day, of which the Emperor knows nothing whatever; that he himself does some things from the want of that accurate information which the subordinate officers ought to give him, but do not, and which he would not do if he knew all the facts—is what no one who is well acquainted with that country and his character, would deny. The Emperor cannot be every where, nor can he do every thing. But that a man who is an excellent father and an affectionate husband can be at heart a Nero, I do not believe.

The very nature of the government of Russia—and the people of that country are not yet fit for any other—renders it inevitable that there will be many abuses—abuses which if all the functionaries of the government had the patriotism of the Emperor would either not exist or be incomparably fewer and less important than they are.

There was one part of the ceremony which I have never seen any where except in the Greek Church. It is this: the officiating priest placed in the hands of the Prince a cup filled with wine, into which some bitter ingredients had been infused, of which he drank and then gave it to the Grand Duchess. She drank of it, and then returned it to him. This giving and returning of the cup was done till its contents were exhausted. It signifies that those who enter the marriage state must expect sorrows as well as joys—the bitter and the sweet—and that they must seek support under the former from God alone.

At one point of the ceremony all kneeled down, and remained in that position for some time, whilst the priest offered up a prayer over the heads of the couple whom he was marrying. It was a very impressive and affecting moment.

At the close of the marriage ceremony properly so called, the bride and bridegroom moved from the platform, towards the Emperor and Empress. And it was delightful to see with what an affectionate embrace they were both received by the parents, as well as by all the other members of the Imperial Family, to whom they advanced in the order in which these persons stood.

When this was done, the Metropolitan and other great dignitaries of the Greek Church came forward on the platform, and there took their stand. Then commenced the chanting of the TeDeum in a style which greatly surpassed any thing of the sort which I have heard elsewhere—although I have heard it chanted by many celebrated choirs.

At the close of the service, the most distinguished of the clergy came forward and expressed their felicitations and congratulations to the newly married pair, as well as to the Emperor, the Empress, and other members of the Imperial Family. This was done in Russian style, in which there was a mutual kissing of hands.—That is: the ecclesiastic took the hand of the Princess (or Prince or Emperor, as the case might be), and kissed it, and she kissed his.

This being over, the Imperial Family retired the first from the chapel, followed by all the rest of the company. The marriage ceremony according to the Protestant manner, (for this was necessary, inasmuch as the Prince is a Protestant) took place immediately afterwards, in one of the large rooms of the palace. It was simple, serious, and appropriate, but contained nothing worthy of particular notice. It was performed, I believe, by a chaplain whom the Prince had brought with him from Wurtemburg.

As to the dinner which followed; or the ball at night; or the review and the visits of congratulation made by the great men of the empire the next day; or the masquerade ball of that night; or the illumination of the palace and the gardens; or the splendid display of water works and fire works during three nights, etc., etc., I will not undertake to speak of them, for many of these things I did not see.

I will only add that I have seen many splendid and interesting sights during my sojourn in the Old World; but I have never seen any thing more splendid or interesting than the Marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia.

#### SONG.—OUR HOME BY THE SEA.

BY ESTELLE LIVINGSTON.

Our home shall be by the rolling sea, Where tower the cliffs of the bold and free, Where the wild sea bird's shrill note is heard, And the blue waves break incessantly.

Where stars at night o'er the waters bright Illumine the wave with silvery light— And the ceaseless rour on the wild sea shore, Is borne afar in the hush of night.

The rose shall twine with the gay woodbine Around our cot in the calm sunshine— And the sweetest smile of love the while Shall light our home by the foaming brine.

Oh! happy shall be that home by the sca— That home in the land of the brave and free; Where the wild sea bird's shrill note is heard, And the blue waves break incessantly.

#### THE DEPARTED.

She pass'd away, as gently as the leaf
That's left the bough to which it long hath clung,
Floats on the passing breeze, and sinks to earth,
To rise no more. Thus peaceful was her death;
For, during life, her's was the Christian's hope—
An anchor sure, amid the storms that toss
The bark of him who sails on life's rough sea.

Tho' robed with power the "fell destroyer" came, For her he had no terrors: she could gaze With transport on his near approach, and bid The waiting seraph nearer, "Come," to bear Her on his heavenly wings unto her home—Her everlasting home above.

She loved,
Ere yet the tide of life had ceased to flow,
To meet with those who offered fervent prayer
To Him who loves to hear the voice of faith:
But now she bows no more in earthly courts;
For faith with her is changed to sight and prayer—
The overflowing of her heart's desire,
To praise. She may behold the "emerald bow"
That doth surround the burning throne of God;
Take of the golden fruit that freely grows
Upon the tree of life; and walk the streets
Of that pure realm where sin comes not, nor light
Of sun is known—for God himself doth give
It light by his blest presence.

Rapt spirit!
Though we mourn the loss of thy example
And thy prayers, subdu'd shall be our sorrow;
While we entreat of Him who reigns on high,
To e'er preserve us from the many ills
Which gather 'round our pathway, and at last
Conduct us to that peaceful home where thou
Dost dwell—at God's right hand above.

#### MAGGY'S BABY.

#### BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"OH, dear, dear me! I wish I knew what to do with myself," sighed Mary Page, as she closed the book she had been trying to read, and threw herself in a lounging position on the sofa.

"Put on your things and take a walk. You need fresh an

and exercise," said the young lady's mother.

"I don't care about walking," replied Anna, listlessly.

"Your health requires it, my dear," urged Mrs. Page.

Seated in the room with the mother and daughter, was a quiet looking girl, busily employed with her needle. She did not appear to observe what passed between Mrs. Page and Anna; nor in fact did she, for her mind was as busy as her fingers—and both were usefully occupied.

Without responding to her mother's last remark, Anna, whose eyes had rested for a moment or two on the form of the young girl, as she bent over the work that lay in her lap, said, with some impatience in her voice and manner—

"For mercy's sake, Alice! do stop. It makes me nervous to look at you. Nothing but stitch, stitch, stitch, hour in and hour

out. What can you be doing?"

The person thus addressed, raised her head, and fixed her mild blue eyes on her interrogator, while a wreath of the heart's warm sunshine played softly about her lips. Then, without replying, she resumed her employment.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Anna, again.

"Now do exert yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Page, in a persuasive tone of voice. "Dress yourself and take a walk."

"Where shall I go?"

" Make a call some where."

"I made a dozen or more calls yesterday. Used up all my acquaintances, in fact, worth calling upon."

"Walk out and take the fresh air then."

"Walk for nothing? O dear, no! 'That's worse than staying in the house; particularly as an hour must be spent, beforehand, in dressing. Now do, Alice, stop that everlasting stitch, stitch,

stitching!" said the young lady, more petulently than when she first addressed her. "You make me so nervous that I can scarcely contain myself. What are you doing?"

Again the young girl raised her head, and fixed her gentle eyes on Mary Page. For a few moments she looked at her, calmly, yet with a mild reproof in glances. Then gathering her work in her hands, she arose, and was about leaving the room, when the former interrupted her by saying—

"Just tell me what you are so wonderfully busy about, Alice? Here, for some two days, you have been doing nothing but stitch, stitch. For a young lady who has a handsome income of two or three thousand a year, this is robbing the poor seamstress. What wonderful fit of economy has come over you?"

Alice, whose hand was on the door, paused to hear what Mary had to say. Then approaching her, she bent over and whispered something in her ear, to which the young lady replied—

"No-it's too much trouble. I don't feel like moving."

"But, I want you. Come! I've something particular to say."

"Say it here. Ma won't listen if it's any secret."

"Not a word of it until you are in my room," said Alice, firmly.

There was a decision about her tone and manner that had its
effect upon Mary, who slowly raised herself up from her reclining

position, saying as she did so-

"You are a provoking chit, Alice."

The two girls presently left the apartment together, and ascended to the room of Alice. As soon as they were alone, the latter said:

"Did you ever see a sweeter babe than Mrs. Martin's?"

"Is'nt it a darling?" instantly replied Mary, a light glancing over her face, and sparkling in her eyes. The woman's heart in her felt instantly the ingenious appeal of the cousin—for that was the relationship borne by the young ladies to each other.

"Indeed it is," quietly returned Alice.

"Do you know," said Mary, with animation, "that I begged Mrs. Martin to lend me the dear little thing for an hour or two? I declare! if she'd only said yes, if I would'nt have brought it home in my arms."

Alice smiled at her cousin's suddenly awakened enthusiasm.

"I know where there is just as sweet a baby as Mrs. Martin's; and what is more, its mother will let you bring it home, if you feel at all inclined to do so."

- "Do you!" And Mary struck her hands together in expression of her delight. "And pray, where is it?"
  - "Not half a square from here."
  - "Whose baby is it?"
- "Do you remember Maggy Green who used to sew for your mother two or three years ago?"
  - "Yes."
  - "And how she got married and went to live in New Jersey?"
  - "Yes."
- "Well, Maggy's husband died three or four months ago, and she has come back to the city."
  - "And is living near us?"
- "Yes. She is at the house of a friend, who has kindly given her a home until she is able to get one for herself."
  - "And Maggy has the dear little baby of which you are speaking?"
    "Yes."
- "Is it sweet and clean?" asked Mary, a slight shade passing over her animated face. "So many of these poor babies are neglected by their mothers, and kept in such a condition that one can't bear to look at, much less touch them. A dirty baby! Oh, dear! Save me from such an infliction."
- "It will be our fault if Maggy's baby is'nt always as nice as a new pin," said Alice. "Now let me show you what I have been doing."

And Alice opened a drawer, and lifted therefrom two neatly-made baby frocks, one with a pink and the other with a blue sprig. There was also a white flannel petticoat, a snowy linen shirt, and a pair of white worsted socks, with blue edges and ties.

"What beauties!" exclaimed Mary. "And are these for Maggy's baby?"

- " Yes."
- "And did you make them?"
- "Yes; I have just finished a white apron, the 'stitch, stitching' of which annoyed you so much just now."
- "Well, you are a queer one, Alice! And you've been working these two or three days for Maggy's baby? Why did'nt you ask me to help you?"
  - "You?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yes, me."

"Oh, I've heard you say, dozens of times that you had no taste for things useful."

"I say a great many things when I'm tired of myself and every body around me. But, when are you going to see Maggy and her baby?"

"This morning."

"I'll go with you," said Mary, with animation. Already a beautiful glow had come to her cheeks that were before pale; her eyes were full of life, and every movement evinced the rapid flow of animal spirit:

"I shall be most happy to have your company," replied Alice.

"I'll get myself ready in a twinkling." And Mary glanced from the room. In a much shorter time than it usually took Mary to dress herself, she was ready to accompany her cousin, and chatting together, with much animation, they left the house.

We will not accompany the young ladies to the humble abode of Maggy Green, where they betook themselves, and where half an hour was spent in washing and dressing the baby. A lovely babe it was, with eyes as blue as the bending heavens, and cheeks as fair and beautiful as a newly opening flower.

Daily, from that time, there was, in the house of Mrs. Page, an object of deep interest for Mary—an object that drew upon her active love; for Maggy was taken back into the family, and her baby became the especial care of Alice and her cousin. Not half so frequently did the latter now complain of being a burden to herself; for there was always something or other that love inspired her to do for the sweet little stranger—Maggy's baby; and this she learned, that only in coming out of ourselves, and living for others, is it possible to find true enjoyment in life.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE.

BY ESTELLE LIVINGSTON.

The beautiful in Nature—
The quiet woodland scene,
The printrose by the rivulet,
The meadow and the green,—
The laden fields of autumn.
The chequered autumn wood,

The rock where freedom tarries
To tame her fearless brood—
Alike in senior winter,
In summer's gentle reign,
Reveal the guardian sceptre
That rules o'er nought in vaia.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A CONVICT.

#### BY RULE RUBY.

1 AM a convict! The judge said it, while I stood, pale and cowering, before him, listening to the sentence which he pronounced upon me—"Solitary confinement in the State Prison at Sing Sing, for ten years!"

A convict—yes! This prison garb, so coarse and hideous—this cell, so rude and narrow—this bed, so hard, and this still harder pillow—and you grated door of iron, with its bolts and lock outside—confirm it!

The frowning floor and walls and ceiling proclaim the loathed sentence—nay, the very silence of the dungeon seems to pronounce, in harsh and malignant tones: "Thou art shamed forever—thou art a convict!"

Two years have slowly crept away since the hour of my advent here; but two, and eight more have yet to come and go ere I can walk forth in the blessed light of day, look up at the pure blue sky, or mingle once more among the beings of life and passion who constitute the world.

Eight more years—each one of which seems an eternity—of memory, remorse, and horror; eight more ages of frightful dreams and still more frightful phantoms, the phantoms of my victims; eight more eternities of spasms, shudderings and nightmares!

This is the first day of my third year here; that is to say, it is the first day of the third year of my prison existence—that prisonexistence which is a great black blank in the life of every criminal.

I may truly say that I have already had three existences—my youth, which was guileless; my business manhood, which, spurred up by ambition, was a life of fraud, hypocrisy and crime; and this, my prison career, which is an existence of remorse. Should I live to the close of my term of punishment, my next entrance into the world will be my fourth existence.

During my business career, there was, among my connections, a young high-minded merchant, whose business had gone against him, in despite of all his energy and unwavering industry. In

my capacity of leading creditor, I had pronounced the word which made him at once a bankrupt and a beggar. And this man, by one of those strange freaks of fortune which are so characteristic of the destinies of business men in this quarter of the world, is now my jailer. He was ever, and is now, one of those high-minded and God-serving men who never remember injuries, or if they do, remember them only to repay them by kindness. He is one of those who carry out that principle of Christianity which commands its followers to return good for evil.

In obedience to his duty, he has never exchanged a word with me since my arrival here; but we have exchanged glances, when my eyes have appealed to his soul, to his heart, to his humanity, to give or loan me something, no matter how small or trifling, with which to occupy my mind, if he would not see me a maniac; and at length, in his eyes there has appeared a flash of that holy light which always sheds joy upon an imploring soul—the light of mercy. And it is to him, I feel persuaded, that I am indebted for this means of relieving my overcharged mind of its frightful thoughts and scorching memories. One morning, on waking, I found in my cell a small bundle, on opening which, I discovered. to my infinite joy, a phial of ink, a number of pens, and a roll of paper. With that delicacy, which is one of the distinguishing marks of a noble and generous mind, he had selected the still hours of slumber to place them in my cell, to avoid the wild burst of gratitude with which he knew I would overwhelm him.

I owe him something; or rather, I owe to Honor, Virtue, and Christianity, of which he is an unswerving advocate and a meek yet noble follower, a debt of gratitude, which I feel desirous to discharge; and this pen, it seems to me, will enable me to pay it, by recording, for the benefit of the young and inexperienced, the career of one whose fate should serve as a warning to all that a career of sin is at once a career whose days are shame, whose end is death.

My parents had brought me up carelessly; that is to say, while they gave me a good, sound, worldly education, they gave themselves little or no trouble about my moral destiny: the consequence of which was, I grew up with a strong desire to be rich, but with little or no ambition to be good.

I was early placed in a commercial house, to obtain a practical

knowledge of business. My employer was reputed to be a sharp, shrewd, cunning business man, and as he was known to be highly prosperous as well, the commercial community spoke highly of him, and my father, on introducing me into his establishment, observed: "Mr. Busteed is a first class business man; be sure and study him; you cannot copy from a better model."

I did study Mr. Busteed, for years; and the result of my observation was, that he had gained and maintained his position not by manliness, honor, truth, or fair dealing; but by petty meannesses, business falsehoods, and a total disregard of honor and upright dealing. He was a shrewd, calculating man, and was honest only when it was his interest not to be otherwise. paid his notes and other obligations with unswerving fidelity, not from any conviction that he was morally bound to do so, but because he was far-sighted enough to perceive that such a course was the only true one in trade; that it upheld his name and credit, and won for him the confidence of the entire commercial community. His capital enabled him to shave his own and other people's notes to almost any amount; and I could not fail to notice that whenever in the course of these transactions, he came in contact with men whose embarrassments compelled them to raise money at almost any sacrifice, he never failed to take every advantage of their weakness and necessities, or to chuckie over his triumphs as soon as they disappeared.

I noticed also that whenever he spoke of an honorable, generous and high-minded tradesman, he always wound up with the remark: "The poor devil! He will learn, one of these days, that no man can get along in business with such stupid principles!"

I progressed rapidly under this man, and at the end of three years had attained the high and responsible position of confidential clerk. I found that *Get rich* was my employer's only article of faith, and that he carried it out with a tenacity and perseverance worthy of his character. He had a good knowledge of the requirements of the law, and never ventured on a transaction, no matter how infamous or base, that would not bear the closest legal scrutiny.

At length, my business education was considered, by both my father and employer, sufficiently complete; and the former advanced me a sufficient sum to open an establishment on my own

account. Having selected what is called a good location, I purchased a respectable stock of goods, made a "large show," and then invited an insurance company to send an agent to examine my establishment. This was done, and a "little skilful management," as my employer was wont to phrase it, satisfied the insurance office that my stock would bear an insurance value of fifteen thousand dollars, whereas its actual cost would scarcely figure up as high as ten thousand. I related this matter to my father, who highly commended my sagacity, and slapping me on the back, pronounced it "a splendid operation!"

Placed by this little item of business *finesse* beyond the reach of danger by fire, I now threw myself into the great sea of trade, armed with those weapons which I had observed to work so successfully with my late employer, viz.: an easy conscience, a watchful eye, patience, courage, a fair knowledge of the world, and a resolute determination to succeed.

My affairs prospered far better than I had reason to anticipate, and ere many months had passed away, I was regarded as a sharp, shrewd, active and highly prosperous man. I was now courted and flattered, and finding myself in an easy and promising condition, I married the daughter of a retired dry goods dealer, and, to please my bride, whose beauty was only equalled by her pride, rented a large, fashionable house, and furnished it in a style of taste and splendor that pleased my wife, while it at the same time made a serious inroad upon my capital.

However, as my business was constantly increasing, I had no great reason to complain, and at the end of my fourth business year, I was almost in a position to laugh at fortune and bid her defiance. My bank account was in a very flattering condition; my business was soundly established; my credit firm; my channels for the disposal of my goods, numerous and large; and my reputation as a dealer of a very fair character.

At this stage of affairs, the failure of one of my western correspondents called me to Cincinnati; and on my way up the Ohio, I unfortunately fell in with some New-York friends, who, following the general custom of the passengers on board the boats plying on that river, were whiling away the tedium of the voyage at cards. They courteously invited me to play; and as I knew them to be gentlemen with whom it would be considered no dis-

grace to be seen with even at cards, and having also a slight knowledge of the game, I accepted the invitation, and sitting down, took a "hand." "To make the game interesting, nothing more!" as they termed it, each man threw a dollar on the table for his share of the stake. Unfortunately for me, I won; a fact which so astonished me, and gratified my vanity, that I became fascinated with the "papers," as cards are called by gamblers, and an interest in them that I never felt before, rose up in, and took complete possession of my mind.

The stakes on the next game were doubled, and, as if fortune had taken me under her special protection, this, like the former, resulted in my favor.

The third and fourth ended with the same result, which so mortified my companions and elated me, that I jumped instantly at a proposition to play for a four hundred dollar stake. In this as in the others I was also successful, and I could scarcely restrain a proud smile of triumph. One of my companions, noticing my elated condition, and vexed perhaps at his own losses, now proposed that we play for a still higher stake.

"How high?" I asked, with the air of a man who could stake up any amount.

"A thousand dollars each," he replied, glancing at his two companions.

The latter, who were sufficiently excited, as much perhaps by my manner as by their own losses, readily agreed, and four thousand dollars, in bank bills, were at once placed upon the table.

My hand was high, I saw that at a glance, and felt perfectly satisfied as to the result of the first count. The stake was sufficiently high to call into action all the wits of the party; as even millionaires, which we certainly were not, do not venture a thousand dollars in a lottery even less precarious than cards without a few palpitations of the heart as to the result. At length the game was ended, and, as before, I coolly swept the money from the table into my pocket.

My companions' eyes were now dry and bloodshot; and their cheeks, which, during the game, had gradually paled, wore now the pallor of so many corpses. Their fingers trembled as they rested on the table, and by a nervous twitching of the skin around their eyelids, I saw that the game had entirely unmanned them.

As for myself, I was as cool and self-possessed as possible; nothing disturbed my equanimity except the fear that my companions would not allow me to follow up my fortune; that is to say, the fear that in despair at their losses, they would altogether abandon the table.

They glanced around the table at each other as if to read one anothers' thoughts in their eyes; and as if satisfied that there was but one sentiment between them, they simultaneously put their hands into their pockets and drew out their wallets.

"Well, gentlemen?" said I, interrogatively.

"Three thousand each," was the reply, in a dogged tone, of the gentleman on my right.

"Three thousand each," continued the gentleman on my left.

"Yes, three thousand," added the gentleman sitting directly opposite. And they each drew forth their bills, and counting out the requisite sum, laid them on the table.

"Well, then, gentlemen," said I, patronizingly, laying my share down upon the pile, "three thousand be it!"

I saw by the blank countenances of my antagonists that their individual chances of "raking down" the money were of but little or no account, and I could scarcely restrain a chuckle of triumph, for in my hand I held the four highest cards in the pack. Of course, with these advantages, I won the first count. The same result followed the second and third; and on the fourth I just won the count by a single card—an ace! The game was mine!

My companions were now speechless! They fastened their eyes on me with a fierce and somewhat eager look as I raked in the pile. Their faces were, if possible, of a still more pallid hue than before; their eyes gleamed with a dry, uneasy light; spasmodic twitchings scized their lips and eye-brows; and their fingers fairly danced upon the table. They breathed with great difficulty, and tried in vain to recover their equanimity. At length, the gentleman on my right signed to a waiter. The latter approached, and demanded his wish.

"Brandy!" answered the gentleman in the tone of one whose very vitals were parched.

The bottle was brought and placed upon the table, and each of the three helped himself eagerly to a deep glass of the burning liquid in its raw, unadulterated state. They then pushed the bottle towards me, and, not to appear too scrupulous, I also drank half a glass of the fiery poison. Unused to liquor in that unwatered shape, I almost instantly felt its fierce fumes flying up to my brain and swathing it with its hot breath like a cloud of fire. As to my companions, the only observable effect of the liquor on them was to recall the lion to their nerves, the blood to their cheeks and lips, and the recreant moisture back to their throats. Their eyes were still bloodshot, but the dry, fierce light which had previously shone in their pupils, had vanished. The liquor had recalled them to their senses, but it had driven away mine.

"Gentlemen," said the individual on my right, with a quiet glance around the table, "what say you to one more game, and let it be the last?"

"Agreed!" cried the others. "But for what shall it be?"

"Gentlemen," continued the other, "our friend here has been so fortunate as to win every game that has been played thus far; and it is but fair, seeing that he has won all, and we lost all, that he should comply with the proposition I am now about to make."

"What is it?" asked the others, and as they spoke they intuitively turned their eyes, not on the speaker, but on me.

"Gentlemen," resumed the speaker, and like the others, he bent his eyes on me; as also did all the crowd who had gradually drawn around the table to witness our play, "Gentlemen, I now propose that we empty our pocket-books on the table; that we then draw one card each, and let him who holds the highest, take all!"

"It is but fair!" exclaimed the others, fixing their eyes on me.

"Yes, it certainly is but fair!" cried voices in the crowd; "for he has won terribly of them!"

And I felt, unsettled as I was by the fiery liquor I had drunk, that every eye was on me, and that, so dangerous is it for a man to run counter to the opinion of a mob, that they would tear me to pieces if I refused. For I was conscious that my manner of playing and raking down the stakes from the first game to the last was of that supercilious, patronizing character which is at all times offensive to a crowd. There was, besides, every reason to suppose that the severe losses of my companions had called up their own bad blood, as well as summoned into action the sympathies of the spectators around us. Under the influence of these

reflections, and impelled also by that confidence which had never yet deserted me, I at once acceded to the proposal, and emptied my pockets and pocket-book at one sweep upon the table, for which I was rewarded by a low murmur of admiration from the crowd.

The cards were now carefully shuffled and re-shuffled, and then shuffled and re shuffled again, so as to cut off all possibility of trickery; then cut, and then dealt. As each man laid his hand down to take up his solitary card, the interest was so profound and the silence so deep, that we could detect the noise made by the beatings of each others' hearts.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried a voice among the spectators, take up your cards!"

No one looked around to see who had spoken, for all felt that that voice had but uttered the general wish. And at that moment we lifted the cards, and at the same instant looked at each other, and asked this question with our eyes—"Whose is it?"

"Show your cards—show your cards, gentlemen!" repeated the same unknown voice.

And as though we were but obeying the voice of one whom it was death to resist, we laid our cards upon the table, with their faces upward and in sight of all. The gentleman who had made the proposal for this singular game had held the highest card.

I had lost! The spectators instantly gave three cheers at my defeat, and, baffled and confused, I started up and hurried from the cabin amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd!

I subsequently learned that the winner had generously divided his vast winnings amongst his companions, and would have done the same with me, if I had not been so patronizing and supercilious in my manner. On counting my losses, I found that over and above my original winnings I had lost just nine thousand dollars. This was a severe and galling lesson; but it had no other effect upon me than to fascinate me still more with the demon enchantress who presides over the card table.

On reaching the town where my bankrupt correspondent resided, I found just enough of assets remaining for my share to pay my expenses back to New-York. This was a serious blow to my affairs, for the bankrupt was on my books to a considerable amount. Making the best arrangements, however, that I could in the premises, I hurried home, to chew the cud of mortification at my losses.

As if my western trip were not enough to satisfy my ill stars, they had raised up in my next door neighbor a rival whose business tact, energy and shrewdness were not to be despised. man, whose name was Grafton, had long been an eye-sore and an annoyance to me. As we were both in the wholesale way, and in the same business, he made it a point to entice my customers, by various tricks, into his store, where he invariably sold them stock two, three and five per cent. cheaper than my lowest rates. By some means or other he always contrived to keep himself and clerks familiar with my tariff of prices, and rated his goods accordingly to those who were and had been accustomed to purchase their stock of me; and in this way he had succeeded in depriving me of a large amount of trade. On my return, I discovered that he had succeeded, during my absence, in enticing away two of my best customers, as well as three of my most valued clerks. I went into his establishment to remonstrate with him upon the unfairness and injustice of his conduct; but he would not hear me, and even had the temerity to order me out of his store.

Burning with rage and indignation, I now determined to punish his insolence and underhandedness in a summary and very signal manner. I kept my own counsel upon the matter, however, and watched my opportunity. It came around, at last.

Mr. Grafton's stock was worth from forty to fifty thousand dollars; of which about one half was paid for—the rest, as a matter of course, having been obtained upon credit. As we both insured in the same office, I obtained, by a little management, a clue to the date of his policy of insurance, and knowing, both by hearsay and observation, that in such matters he was somewhat careless, I now conceived the diabolical idea of gratifying my long-pent hatred by plunging him into a sea of ruin and disaster from which he would find it almost impossible to escape.

With this fiendish idea running in my brain, I set about the accomplishment of my scheme with all the carefulness, secrecy, and deliberation necessary to the success of a heavy and daring operation. Myown insurance policy had as yet about four months to run, and as I had always so managed matters as to have my policy worth more by several thousand dollars than my stock, I felt perfectly satisfied that, independent of the gratification of removing and forever ruining my rival, I should make at least ten

thousand dollars by the scheme—that is to say, by burning him and myself out! I took my measures accordingly; and watching the day and hour when Grafton's policy should expire, I that very night fired my establishment in five different places, and then, under cover of the darkness, made my escape.

So well had I taken precautions to ensure the thorough success of my fiendish operation, that it was not till the whole interior of both establishments had been rendered wholly worthless, that the flames burst out. In a few minutes after the discovery of the fire, the whole lower part of the town was alive and hurrying toward the scene of the conflagration. The alarm bells rang, summoning the firemen to work, and in a very brief period the roar of the engines as they dashed through the streets—the heavy tramping of the populace as they sped along the pathways—the noisy shouts of the firemen as they ran with untiring and unremitting speed, trying to pass each other, like coursers in a race, each eager to be the first to reach the scene of action—the wild and mournful clanging of the bells—started the city from its repose and hurled it into the wildest commotion.

While running down Broadway, I encountered Grafton, who was also on his way to the fire, conscious that it was in his direction, but little dreaming that it was his establishment which was now gilding the sky with its broad bright sheets of molten gold. By the time we came in sight of the burning pile, every avenue to it was blocked up by a dense, packed crowd, through which it was almost impossible to force one's way. By great exertions, however, in penetrating through the human mass, and passing the officers who were stationed in lines to prevent the spectators from approaching too near the engines and hindering the operations of the firemen—we broke through the police lines. As we came in full view of the burning buildings—as we watched the direction of the streams which the firemen were hurling at the blazing mass—as we looked in vain for, and only found a large pile of hot, flaming, hissing bricks in place of, the two buildings that had stood there but a short two hours before—Grafton uttered a low, faint cry, of frightful anguish, reeled to and fro a step or two, then raising his hand to his eyes as if to shut off the sight of some dreadful phantom, sunk back like a log, and, but for the friendly aid of a fireman standing near, would have fallen to the earth.

A heap of smoking bricks—the black frames of windows that had been ablaze, but which the streams of water had quenched, high, cracked and naked walls, iron doors half falling from their hinges, the streets black with cinders and thick mud, told the next morning to the halting spectator as well as the passer-by, the disaster of the preceding night.

As early as six o'clock, I was up and down at the scene. I saw Grafton standing on the opposite side of the way, gazing at the ruins. He was pale as a sheet; his brow was shorn of its insolence, his eye of its pride. He stood with his hands clasped, crouching in a door, his eyes humid, his lips livid and tremulous, the very personification of despair; and for a moment, I pitied him.

I moved towards the spot where he stood; but as I approached, his moistened eye fell on me, and then, as if ashamed to be caught thus by his rival, as if detesting the very sight of him whom he considered an enemy, he made a very cold bow and moved away, bracing himself up with his accustomed pride, and passing off with a step as lordly as a king's.

And yet he knew, and so did I, that he was a crushed and ruined man; for beneath that heap of smoking bricks and timbers lay the ashes of all his hard-earned wealth—his stock and business; and mingled with that ashes was his policy of insurance which had expired at eleven o'clock of the preceding day, and which, having failed to be renewed, was not worth to him a solitary mill; added to which notes, were out against him for all of his credit stock, and he now had scarcely a dollar in the world that he could call his own. He who was yesterday a man of wealth and standing, was to-day a wretched, broken, ruined man!

A brief delay, that is to say the time consumed in getting, fitting up and stocking another establishment, was all the inconvenience I experienced by the conflagration. I was soon re-established, and once more in the full tide of success.

The passion for gaming, however, which I had caught on the Ohio steamer still held its sway over me, leading me, night after night, to the club-houses, or gambling hells, with which the metropolis abounds. I need not say that my unlimited indulgence in that frightful passion ended in plunging me first into embarrassment, and then into ruin: the reader would naturally guess that of any and every man whose folly so overpowers his

good judgment as to lead him a willing captive into those dens of vice and crime.

The crash came at length, and with my bankruptcy my father's death, who died leaving, after the payment of his debts, scarcely enough to bury him. I was now comparatively a beggar; with the odium hanging to my back of a bankrupt and a gamester: two things which sever from all men at one blow two others, without which he can never again set his foot in the field of business, confidence and credit. Added to this, I had a proud, showy, expensive and very useless wife, who led me a life of frightful misery. She was my penance, my punishment; for the infamous wrong I had committed on Grafton, my ill starred destiny had appointed her as the avenging angel who was to lash me into madness.

In vain I looked around for the means of re-entering business; my friends turned coldly from me, refusing, with the utmost coolness, to let me have either loans or credit. Every avenue was closed against me; and, to crown my wretchedness, my wife at this time eloped with a young Southerner who was on a temporary visit to the metropolis, and had been introduced to her by her father at the residence of the latter.

Her abandonment had not alone robbed me of her society; it had also cut me off from the means of living which, since my failure, her father had generously supplied me.

I was now in a state of bewilderment—of despair. In vain I looked around for the means of holding myself up in that society in which I had been accustomed to move, and which was fast driving me out, and compelling me to associate with men who had neither position, character nor influence.

In this position, in an hour of bewilderment, I forged a check, for a large amount, on an eminent down-town merchant. I was too inexperienced in this particular branch of crime to carry it through triumphantly in all its details, and consequently was detected. Pending this trial and its issue, Grafton, who had long suspected my agency in the destruction of his establishment, and who had neglected nothing that would fasten it upon me, now made his charge, prepared to prove me guilty

I was therefore first tried and condemned for the forgery, and then tried and condemned for the arson—and on both counts sentenced to solitary confinement for ten years. Had I been early trained to truth and virtue—had one-twentieth part of the time and effort been spent upon my moral culture, that had been lavished on my worldly education, I had not been the creature of guilt and passion that I have been, nor the disgraced felon that I am.

In closing, I would say to parents, Train, oh! train up your children in the love of the Pure and Right, and in fear of the False and Wrong; so that, in the days of their young manhood, they may flee at the thought of guilt, and march clear of crime and shame all their days.

## THE RECALL.

AIR - "Sleeping I dreamed, love."

#### BY LINA MORRISS

Sister, I miss thee—sad is my song, Mem'ries around me mournfully throng: Ever at night-fall, gently they glide O'er feeling's ocean, soundless and wide, And as their music floats o'er the sea, Sister, thy dear voice lingers with me.

Sister, I miss thee—spring-time is come, Bird-tones and violets welcome it home— Beauty and gladness'round me they fling, But to my spirit sadness they bring: Spring-time is joyful no more to me. Sister, my lone heart pineth for thee.

Sister, I miss thee—chide not my lay,
'Tis but the sigh, love, thou art away!
When thou art near me, changed shall it be,
Joy hovers o'er me, waiting for thee.—
When shall thy presence bid me rejoice,
And our sweet home-haunts echo thy voice?







Ever-Geoming Mr.



# THE LIGHT OF HOME;

#### OR A SISTER'S LOVE.

#### BY HELEN IRVING.

ALICE HEYWOOD stood before the mirror in her own room, and although it reflected a gentle, earnest face, and a graceful figure, and although the lamplight set off finely a gauze-like dress, whose soft blue color made her white neck and arms still more fair, the picture seemed hardly satisfactory to the lady, for she adjusted and readjusted her transparent berthe, and alternated again and again, from a cluster of white rose-buds which well contrasted with her dark brown hair, to a light wreath, admirably suiting her head's fine contour. It was very evident that Alice wished to look particularly well that night, for the color came and went in her cheek, as she glanced into the mirror, and the fingers trembled nervously, which tried to clasp a blue, enamelled bracelet.

Yes—for that was Fred's gift, and Fred had come home—her dear, only brother—and he would see her in evening dress tonight for the first time; and would he think her looking pretty or graceful, and would he praise her dress? And then she wished she were very, very beautiful, so that Fred might always be proud of her, just as she was of him, and hear people say those delightful things about her, that are so pleasant to hear of one we love; and so she stole softly down stairs, her heart fluttering with all those emotions which the reader who has dressed for loving eyes will surely remember.

The parlor door was ajar when she reached it, and she caught a glimpse of Fred's superb figure, as he leaned against the mantel, talking with their invalid mother, whose easy chair was drawn up before a great wood fire, for it was a chilly September evening.—She entered, and before he heard her quiet footsteps, laid her hand upon his arm, saying, timidly—

"Are you ready, Fred?"

"Why, Ally!" he exclaimed impulsively, as he looked around, "dear Ally, how pretty you are! How beautiful you are looking to-night! And your dress is so exquisite too," he added, as he

surveyed her with a rapid glance, "but then you were always tasteful."

Dear Alice—how her heart swelled! She would rather Fred would think her pretty, than all the world beside, and she half believed that she must be very much handsomer than the mirror up stairs had told her. Could she have seen her face, radiant with happiness as it was then, she might have discovered that, other than a brother's partial eyes would pronounce it very lovely.

As for Fred, he was looking gloriously to Alice—in fact, it seemed a matter of impossibility to her, that any one could ever doubt his beauty. She was never weary of admiring him in her own thoughts, or praising to her mother his rich, auburn hair, and his deep blue eyes—so deep, and shaded by such long lashes, that only his most intimate friends knew their bright hue. Fred had been handsome from a child, and there was a frank joyousness about his face, and a generous warmth in his manner, which made him numberless friends.

To Alice, he was an embodiment of all that was noble and manly—he was nearly six years her senior, and she had looked up to him with admiration, ever since she could remember. For the past seven years, he had been absent most of the time at Cambridge—four at college, and three in the law school—only returning twice a year at the vacations; and after the death of their father, which happened in the first term of Fred's college course, all thoughts and hopes seemed to centre in him—even time was measured, as so many months since Fred went away, or so many weeks before he would come home.

And now he had returned to stay—to enter upon his profession, in the large and populous town in which his father had for many years practised law, and where he had left to his son the inheritance of an honorable name. To this time, Alice had long looked forward, as a season whose joy would outweigh all cares or light griefs such as had power sometimes to oppress her—the very vision of Fred always with them—dear Fred, with his loving heart and joyeus life—had always been dearer than any reality, and now that he was really come, the happiness which had no words, constantly irradiated her expressive face, glowing in her earnest hazel eyes, and resting in quiet smiles around her lips.

He had now been with them more than four weeks, and their

enjoyment had been most perfect, in talking together of his plans and hopes, in hearing how constantly he consulted their happiness in his arrangements, in walking with him and working for him, in arranging his room, and assisting him in a thousand ways, for which his cordial thanks were more than reward. Every day seemed a fresh dawn of sunshine, over which no lightest cloud had passed.

And to-night as they rode along, Fred in most buoyant spirits, rattling off his university frolics, Ally was half lost in thinking what a delightful thing it was to go to parties now Fred had come, how he would care for her, and be attentive to her, and how proud she should be in hanging on his arm, and how many people would be sure to admire him, and she felt glad it was quite dark, that Fred could not see the foolish tears that were springing to her eyes.

The assemblage to which they were going, was somewhat large for the season, being given to a lately married sister of the hostess, now paying her a brief visit before leaving the country, so that the Haywoods found there most of their acquaintance, beside many faces new to both brother and sister, for Alice had not much frequented large parties, deferring this pleasure with many others, until Frederic could join her.

The evening proved a brilliant one, and sweet Ally's fond sister-pride could not have asked more than the interest her handsome brother excited. Even the haughty Miss Templeton, whose father was a millionaire, and three times richer than any one in town, had inquired who was that splendid young man, and the hostess had introduced him. Then, all his old friends welcomed him cordially, and those who had known his father, spoke most kindly, and hoped and prophesied his success—and one bright-eyed girl, whom Alice took to her heart at once, "laid the rose-leaf" on the full cup of her enjoyment, by saying, she should have known herself and Fred for brother and sister, any where, "they were so much alike!"

It was somewhat late in the evening, that Alice observed, standing at the entrance of the drawing-room, and conversing with the son of their host, two young men, who appeared to have just arrived. They attracted her attention by a certain dashing, though elegant manner, and at the same time she noticed Fred,

who had been conversing with a knot of friends, in a corner not far distant, as he accidentally glanced that way, gracefully release himself, and darting forward with his usual impetuous ardor, seize the elder of them by the hand, with the most enthusiastic greeting—evidently a joyous meeting on both sides. Then followed an introduction to the younger, whose face Alice recollected to have seen before.

She was eager to know what friend her brother had found, but while they were chatting, supper was announced, and Fred glancing across to where she had been standing, and seeing her already provided with an escort, bowed assent, and continued his conversation. It was not until some time after her return to the drawing-room, that she learned that this was an old college crony of her brother's, whom he had not seen for several months—'Tom Hawley. He had left the University some time before Fred, and gone to New-York, and was now on a visit to his friend Joe Canning, the young gentleman whom Alice had noticed.

"Are you not going to introduce him?" she asked, as Fred finished his account of his friend Tom.

"I do not think he will come back into the drawing-room," rejoined her brother. "He only came in town this afternoon, and they did not think of coming here, although the Cannings were among the invited, but Tom proposed their dropping in for an hour or so, in the probability of finding me."

There was a very slight constraint about his manner, which Alice hardly remarked at the time, but which she recollected, when shortly after, as they were entering the carriage to go home, she saw young Canning and Hawley, who were just leaving, come down the steps. They spoke to Fred, who stept back for a moment, and as the brilliant light fell full on Tom Hawley's face, she saw that it was flushed and excited, and although his manner was still graceful and not boisterous, his voice was somewhat elevated and hurried, as he arranged with Fred the hour when he should call at his office next day.

Alice saw at once why her brother's friend had not been presented, and thinking how much trouble and chagrin the little occurrence must cause dear Fred, she resolved, as he sprang into the carriage, to make no allusion to Mr. Hawley, and chatting of the pleasant acquaintance they had met, she had half forgotten

the circumstance, when her brother suddenly asked, if she knew the Cannings.

Alice had only met Mrs. Canning once or twice in large assemblies, and the young men Joseph and Lawrence, (or Joe and Lawrie as they were usually called), had been at home of late years so little, that few of their own town's people knew much of them.

"You know," said Fred, "they came to S— only about a year before I left for Cambridge, and I knew nothing of them then. They went to Yale and afterward to New-York, where Joe read law, and Lawrence medicine. Tom, who became acquainted with them there, says they are splendid fellows. They came home a short time ago to stay awhile, before going to Europe, and Tom has come on, to join them for a few weeks. Lucky dog," he added with a half sigh, "he has money enough to do what he will. I dare say he will go with them on their tour."

Fred was interrupted by their arrival at their own door, and entering the parlor softly, as was their custom, after their mother had retired, Alice, after lighting Fred's lamp, took her own which stood by its side on the table, and with her sweet "good night," which always sounded like a blessing, went to her own room.

Poor Ally! Now that she was alone, the evening did not seem, some how, quite so beautiful to look back upon, as she had thought it would. Although she had seen pleasant people and heard pleasant things, and Fred had looked so handsome and praised her most tenderly, her heart did not seem as light as when she stood by his side in the early evening. She did not wholly understand why it should trouble her to think of Tom Hawley, but she half wished he were not Fred's friend; and then the Cannings, she was very sure she had heard them called "wild." She knew their father left them large fortunes-they had no sisters, and their mother was a fashionable woman, who inquired little how they spent their time or their money, so long as they appeared to her elegant and accomplished. And then it grieved her, that dear Fred should care because they were not wealthy. Indeed he ought not, when he was so handsome, a thousand times handsomer than the Cannings or Tom Hawley, and so talented, and with such a host of friends-then their home was very sweet, and had many comforts—they had always been most happy.

That night was the first for many weeks, when the thoughts of

to-day, had chased from Ally's busy brain the dreams of to-morrow, and she went to sleep with a throng of restless wishes in her heart, which were none of them for herself.

But the next morning, when they all met in the sunny little breakfast-parlor, and her mother was looking better than she had for weeks, and Fred was in such spirits, and the day was such a glorious one, she wondered how she could have felt at all dull last night—and they talked gaily of the people they had met, and Fred told them of his first client, a law-loving old man, who was to come to his office that morning at nine o'clock—and he proposed taking his mother to ride, as she had long promised he should do, as soon as she was able, and Ally's heart was once more light as a bird's.

Days passed—the Cannings and Hawleys had called, and although their manner was courteous and gentlemanly, they left upon Ally's heart the same unquiet feeling, which had disturbed her on the night when she first saw them. And now they began to engross much of Fred's time; particularly those evening hours which had heretofore been most delightful, when they had read with their mother, or walked out together, or spent an hour or two with friends; and although Alice chided herself for her selfishness in wishing it otherwise, the thought would rise that they were both happy before this Hawley came.

Fred's open and cordial manner, as well as his fine talents, soon drew to him clients, so that with his studies his days were all occupied at the office—though occasionally an afternoon was broken in upon for a ride or a shooting expedition, for he said he must accept the invitation of his friends once in a while, they would so soon be gone. They were constantly seeking his society, and Alice never dared to step into her brother's office in her morning walk, for fear of meeting one of them, as she had for all three an indefinable dislike, for which she constantly chided herself; especially when her mother, who had merely had a glimpse of them, expressed her pleasure at their being in town, "it would have been so dull for Fred to break at once into the wearisome routine of business life, without something to enliven him."

The weeks glided on, and although the afternoons were now so short that Fred never left his office, the evenings were seldom un-

occupied. Now it was a drive with Joe's new bays, and now a supper at the Cannings own house, which could not be declined, or it was the night for their club, or it was extra duty at the office, so that Ally's dreams of delightful home evenings, with Fred reading in his rich voice from the poet's he loved, while she sat with her work by his side, and her mother watched him with her fond eyes, were fast disappearing. And the visions of the social circles where she would watch his shining, had not been very often realized, for their acquaintance was not extensive, and on account of their mother's health, they seldom received guests at their own house.

Fred could not know how Alice had lived for the past few years, on the thought of his coming home to stay, nor all the girlish fancies that had busied her brain in that time; but sometimes when he rose from the tea-table, and mentioned an engagement for the evening, he would catch the disappointed, half-pleading gaze of Ally's soft eyes, and would stoop down and kiss her, as if he read her thought, and say, "These troublesome fellows will soon be gone, Ally, and then we will begin the books, and have a cozy winter of it." And Alice would return the kiss, although she could not speak, and think what a dear, good fellow Fred was, and add another reproach to the many in her heart, for wishing his merry friends away.

Ally's admiring, almost passionate affection for her brother, never admitted the thought that he could be neglectful, or that he owed the devotion of some part of his time, to the home which cherished him so tenderly. Fred had in truth a most warm and generous nature, and it is about these gifted and noble spirits, that society and pleasure weave the strongest chains. He had been a star among a brilliant set at college, and now to the constant claims of his friends here, he had not the courage to say no.—They were young men of talent as well as himself, and to the fascinations of their wealth and wit he made little resistance, constantly assuring himself by the thought that they would soon be gone, and then he should per force settle down into a quiet, business life.

It was now the middle of November, and Alice, who had recovered from her first disappointment, had begun to give up the hope that Tom Hawley would *ever* go away. The Cannings had

postponed their tour to Europe until spring, and she was trying to look cheerfully upon the breaking up of all her pleasant plans for the ensuing winter. It was the evening of her birthday, dull and gloomy as November evenings often are. It had been one of her mother's feeble days, and she had kept her room, and Ally felt disappointed, that no one had remembered that she was just nineteen. She had thought Fred would recollect it, and when she heard his footsteps in the hall, a half hour earlier than usual, the hope sprung up that he had thought of it, and was going to spend the evening at home, in her honor—and when he entered the room and set down before her an exquisite little writing-desk, saying playfully, "You see I did not forget, Ally, that you were getting old enough to have a place to hide your love-letters," her heart fairly overflowed with happiness.

When the tea equipage was brought in, Alice took her place before it, so radiant, that Fred thought his little sister was really getting to be very beautiful, but when he mentioned an "engagement," the light fled from her face with such celerity, that Fred smiled in spite of himself. But he felt regret for her disappointment, and said with sincerity—

"I wish I were not obliged to be away to-night, indeed I do—but the fact is, my friend Hawley leaves to morrow morning, and the Cannings give a little supper in his honor, to a party of select friends, and I could not be away."

"Indeed you could not," replied Alice, who in her joy at hearing that Tom Hawley was really going, was quite as happy as before. "Don't think I shall be lonely—I shall be so busy with my new desk. I owe two letters now, and I shall set about answering them immediately, on that beautiful French paper—and then I have not read a word yet in the new book you brought from the club."

After Fred's departure, Alice sat with her mother until eight, reading aloud in her low, soothing voice, and when she saw that she was gently sleeping, she went down into the drawing-room and commenced her writing. She had finished two joyous letters, and it was but little past ten. Ally was an early riser, and this was her usual hour of retiring, but the fire was burning very brightly, and she was very happy and wide awake, so she resolved to sit up for Fred, and taking up the new volume, she was soon lost in the scenes of adventure on the pages before her.

It was not until the little French clock on the mantel struck the half-hour after eleven, that she laid down her book, and began to expect her brother. She sat looking into the fire, her brain busy with pleasant thoughts, and the visions of bright evenings, of which Fred was the charm, came up stronger than ever. Tom Hawley would soon be gone, and the Cannings, who were new friends, would have their own affairs to occupy them, and Fred would be free. Then as she dwelt upon his perfections, she fell to wondering, as was very natural for a young maiden just nineteen, whether she should ever see any one she should think as handsome, or love as well as her beautiful brother, and she had just arrived at a negative conclusion, when the clock struck twelve, and at the same instant she heard Fred's key in the door.

She spoke to him as he stood in the dimly-lighted hall, divesting himself of his coat and hat, to let him know she was up. She had imagined, how he would playfully chide her, for spoiling her eyes by sitting up late, and yet be very glad to see her, and she felt a pang of disappointment, as she detected a slight tone, not only of surprise but vexation, in his, "Why, Alice, you are not up!"

But what was it, that sent the color from her cheek, and a dizzy faintness to her brain, as her brother entered the full light of the parlor! Could that be Fred, with that flushed cheek and unsteady eye, which reminded her so forcibly of Tom Hawley, as she had seen him on the night of the party! Alice turned suddenly to the fire, leaning one hand against the mantel, and under pretence of arranging the fallen brands, with one great struggle summoned all her strength to calm the wild rush of feeling that threatened to overpower her. But it was like the icy arrow of death to her heart, when she turned again to meet the glance of those eyes which had always been to her frank, affectionate and joyous—the beautiful light seemed all gone out of them, and there was a strangeness in her brother's manner which chilled her more than all. Fred was evidently conscious of his situation, and painfully anxious lest his pure little sister should perceive it.

Alice read his thought with a woman's intuition, and forcing to her lips, with a mighty effort, a faint smile, she said—

"I was so intensely interested in that new book, that I read on and on, quite forgetful how late it was growing—only think of my sitting up till twelve! Why, I shall never awake in the morning. I will light your candle, and leave it on the hall table,

and you must come up stairs very softly, for mother is not quite so well to-night," and with her usual "goodnight," and another effort at a smile, she closed the parlor door, and hastened up stairs.

She reached her own room—she felt she was alone, and then she flung herself upon the bed, in an agony that seemed to make almost a chaos in her brain. For an hour she could only bury her face in the pillows and sob passionately; and when the violence of her grief had passed away, with an anguish, silent but deep, she lay revolving the dreadful thought, that her brother, her noble brother, could ever suffer his glorious intellect to be clouded and dimmed as she had seen it that night—that he could ever come home with that unsteady hand and eye, and his beautiful nature so humbled, that he dared not moet her eyes, who loved him so well. His image as she had looked upon it then, with all his manliness and nobleness shrinking from him, burned like fire into her soul, and seemed to scorch into sudden death every flower of happiness blooming there.

That this state of his was of rare occurrence, perhaps had never been before, her reason told her,—but oh, if he could once veil thus, the greatness of his manhood, might not the time in the future come, when the cloud would remain there. To save him from even the shadow of evil, to win him from all temptation. seemed to rise up and form itself into the great purpose of her life. In the hours of that night, childhood and girlhood passed away. and womanhood with its depth of feeling, its far reaching thought and care, arose within her. She was no longer the dependent sister, looking up unquestioningly for guidance and love and happiness at his hands, but with her bitter secret in her bosom, she stood, though none should know it, alone, with every pulse of her heart a prayer and an endeavor to bless the beloved, thinking not of self. She who had never veiled a thought from those she loved. must only utter to Him whose ear is ever ready, her hopes and her sorrows.

With tenderness unutterable, she thought of her brother's goodness and kindness, all the beautiful impulses of his generous heart—and if his convivial life were indeed a snare to him, she yearned with a yearning which was almost pain, to win him from it.—But how could this be done? With a sinking of the heart, the question came up. He must never know that his absences from home were other cause of sorrow to her, than because they de-

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prived her of his society—and, she had so little power. All she could do, she *felt* it was all, was to love him so unselfishly, to make home so beautiful to him, that it should be more attractive than any other place. It seemed to her a slight foundation for so great a hope, but when a woman's heart is strong in love, it is stronger in faith.

(Concluded in our next.)

## LINES,

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY READING ABBOTT'S YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

ART thou then a "Young Christian," maiden fair ? And hast thou even in thy early years Taken the Saviour as thy dearest friend-One that will never fail thee, though thy way May lead through many a bitter, stormy scene, Where thy own strength unaided sure would tire, And dark despair, with all her cruel train, Seize on thy spirit, causing all its chords To thrill with its great depth of agony, Too painful e'er to be expressed by words, And which can ne'er be known unless 'tis felt In all its strength of anguish by ourselves? Oh! if thou art, as I would fain presume, A meek and humble follower of Christ, Then hast thou gained a treasure which will be Thine own forever-indestructible. A brighter gem than earth could ever boast, One that shall ever grow more radiant still, Whose glorious light will shame the stars of heaven, And shine more brilliant on thy onward path. Than the bright God of Day when he has reached His full meridian height, and pours around Such floods of glory from his burning orb. And when at last thy final hour shall come, And thou be summoned hence, and leave behind This earth with all its pleasures and its woes, Then shalt thou find a guide forever nigh Whose gentle voice shall whisper in thy ear Words full of comfort to thy trembling heart-Whose arm shall well support thy sinking frame When crossing o'er that dark and angry stream Whose farther shore shall burst upon thy sight, In all its glory, charming thy glad soul With happiness that man cannot conceive-Bliss that shall last throughout eternity.

### THE PAST.

BY CELIA.

Thou hoary Genius of the Past!
On the pedestal of Years,
In clouded drapery, dim and vast,
Thy spectral form appears;
Gathering the blasting rime
Scattered by relentless Time
O'er the silent Dead—
Hoarding, with a miser's care,
The golden dust of ages, where
The light of life has fled!

Thy locks are whiter than the snow
Of arctic purity,
And dark is thy deep-furrowed brow,
And sad thy hollow eye,
Forever piercing through the gloom
That shrouds the myriads of the Tomb
From anxious mortals' ken—
Gazing through deep vistas, where,
Beyond the graves of Years, afar,
Old Chaos holds his reign!

The millions that have lived and loved—
That were—and passed away—
In thy dim solitudes have proved
The Empire of Decay;
The hero's wreath, the poet's bays,
The Nations' offerings of praise,
In thy vast censer burn—
The dust of Hymen's rosy gems,
The ashes of proud diadems,
Are mingled in thy Urn!

The crumbled palaces of yore
Beneath thy feet are spread,
And mouldering mosses cluster o'er
The hearth-stones of the Dead:
Their tones of laughter and of woe
Have died in echoes sad and low,

As fleeting as their breath—
And silent are the Temples, where
Arose the voice of praise and prayer
From lips now sealed in death.

No mortal hand shall e'er unroll
The sombre mysteries
That crowd thy huge and ancient scroll
With quaintest traceries!
In hieroglyphics strange and bold,
The marvels of Tradition old
Are graven on each page—
And Superstition's finger pale
Has there recorded many a tale
Of every clime and age.

Within thy mausoleum vast,
Wrapt in cerements of gloom,
The gorgeous cities of the Past
Are gathered to their doom;
The towers and domes that gemmed the Plain,
For centuries have darkly lain
Beneath the sullen wave—
The Desert spreads her heavy shroud,
And owls and dragons shriek aloud
O'er Ilion's lonely grave!

Insatiate Hoarder! ever watching
For the golden moments' flight—
Ever gathering, ever snatching
Life and beauty from our sight!
Too soon shall all the fond and true
Have passed away like early dew,
To thy dark keeping given—
Too soon shall Love's delicious wreath
Be seized to deck thy Halls of Death,
Its roses crushed and riven!

Yet not for aye shall Darkness spread
Her wing of rayless gloom,
A night so deep, a pall so dread,
Above the silent Tomb;
For, at the dawning of the Day,
Like morning mist shall roll away
Earth's dun and shadowy even—
And Past and Present shall unite
In broad Eternity's pure light—
The radiance of Heaven!

### A SKETCH.

#### BY LELA LINWOOD.

A BRIGHT April morning had dawned upon the little village of S—. In a little parlor of one of its neat cottages, sat three young girls, waiting the arrival of the carriages, which were to bear them away from the home where they had spent four happy years together. Their thoughts reverted to the day, when they first became members of Mrs. L's. boarding school, and though with joyous smiles and bounding hearts, they look forward to a return to their early homes, yet ever and anon, a recollection of the happiness enjoyed in that quiet retreat, would dim for a moment their bright eyes, and hush their glee.

Their companionship was about to be dissolved. They who so long had shared the same apartment, participated in the same studies and pastimes, were to be severed. Memory was busy

with each one, and they relapsed into silence.

Who does not know the tediousness of waiting for public conveyances! How slow the minutes wear away, and every one seems lengthened to an hour, especially when from urgent business or anticipated pleasure, we long to be on the wing. At length one of the school-mates broke the silence by an impatient exclamation at the long delay, and begged her companion to devise some plan for whiling away the tedious moments. Lottie, for such was the name of her addressed, sat for a moment in thought, then with a bright smile, she exclaimed—

"I have found it! Let us each choose the course of life we most desire for the future, and narrate her wishes for the amusement of the rest."

At the request of her mates she commenced.

"Do not smile at me for repeating an oft told tale, when I wish for literary honors. May the Goddess of Fame twine her laurels about my brow—may she give me power to waken the deep and hidden chords of the soul, and make them vibrate to my touch—may I breathe the loftiest and sublimest strains of poesy—may I melt the heart with its softest, most hallowed lays. I would wish

to see Genius bending low at my shrine, and to hear my name repeated by the learned and honored."

She ceased—and those who heard knew that the poetic flame was already kindled in her breast, and felt it possible for her to attain the summit at which she aimed. The second, Gertrude,

spoke:

"Give me," said she, "to mingle in the delightful whirl of fashion and gaiety—to be admired and envied by the throng—to reign in the ball-room and the gay levee—to be courted and wooed and flattered—to lose myself in a perpetual round of festivity and mirth."

And the picture seemed to absorb her mind, for the last words died away in a low murmur, and she sat as one in a trance, till rousing from her reverie, she joined with Lottie in calling upon Alice, the remaining one of the trio, to follow their example. A light stole from the depths of her dark eye, and a shadow rested on her sweet face as she replied—

"Let me live for Him who died for me."

She would have said more, but her low, earnest tones were interrupted by the tramp of horses and the sound of wheels.

Their conversation was forgotten. They rushed to the door. A hasty kiss was imprinted on cheek and lip, a hurried farewell spoken, and they parted—forever.

Again, six years have rolled away. To some, they have brought trial and sorrow. Some frail barks, they have launched into the boundless ocean of eternity. But to Lottie, Gertrude and Alice, they have spared life, health and joy; and unlike the frequent experience of mortals, to them have been realized the dreams of their girlhood. The first, is worshipped and honored in the literary world. Her name is every where known and admired. Thousands do homage to her genius, and the power of her song thrills in cottage and palace. But amid it all, she sighs for kindred hearts; for the warm tones of true affection, which no where greet her ear. There is a thorn among her roses, a drop of gall mingled with her cup of joy.

In a lower walk of life, the fair Gertrude moves, yet the belle of her circle. She shines brightest amid the beautiful, gayest amid the gay. The praises of her throng of admirers wait on her every step. All are conquered by her magic sway. But

Gertrude has quaffed deep the intoxicating draught of flattery.— She has become dead to all but self, and the hearts with which she has trifled understand too well the idolatry—yet in better moments, her heart yearns for some nobler object to fill the aching void which sinful pleasures have left in her breast. Had she known the delight of living for others, perchance selfish joys would have grown less in her esteem.

In a church of the city of B—— is assembled a vast crowd to witness the marriage of one who is about to leave his native land to bear the glad tidings of salvation to a heathen world. The young missionary leads to the altar a bride exquisitely fair, in whose form and features we cannot but recognize those of our beloved Alice. Yes—that short wish of hers was full of meaning. Her lip quivers as she takes the solemn marriage vow, which involves a rending of all the ties that bind to home and country—but the light of faith glows in her earnest eye, and the firmness of high resolve is written on her calm brow. She, too, has realized the beautiful aspiration of her early youth—"Let me live for Him who died for me."

## EVER-BLOOMING OR MONTHLY ROSE.

SEE FLOWER PLATE.

This beautiful rose should decorate the parlors of every family. Its language is, "Your charms only fade to be renewed." The Ever-Blooming Rose is a native of China, and blossoms in every month in the year. We are induced to consider the Rose here represented as one of the most desirable plants in point of ornament, ever introduced into this country. Its flowers, large in proportion to the plant, are semi-double, and with great richness of color unite a most delightful fragrance. They blossom during the whole of the year, but rather more sparingly in the winter months. The shrub itself is more hardy than most green-house plants, and will grow in so small a compass of earth, that it may be reared almost in a coffee cup. It is kept with the least possible trouble, and propagated without difficulty, by cuttings or suckers.

# THE BIRD'S NEST.

BY ASAHEL ABBOTT.

SEE ENGRAVING.

Poor little birds! Alas! you're caught!
'Tis vain to struggle with your fate—
To flutter and cry avail you nought—
Ye call for liberty too late!

Yon rustic holds ye for his prize;
The thoughtless youth thinks to obtain
High favor in the maiden's eyes,
Nor cares a rush for all your pain.

Long has he watch'd your shelt'ring tree,
And destin'd your young heads to woe—
Soon as ye've breath'd the wild air free,
His mate to please—his love to show.

With cruel hands she will repose Your tender limbs in you rude cage; Nor heed your sorrowing mother's woes, Indiffrent to her grief or rage.

Oh! should some giant hale away
The cruel pair and bar them strong,
Far from the light of cheerful day,
To make them rue their wanton wrong!

But, ah! the strongest have the sway
In this ill world; and ye must pine
With cold and famine, day by day,
While hateful bars your wings confine.

Alas! poor birds. But not alone
Ye perish; for the life of man
Is nought but one continued groan,
And quick we meet our fleeting span.

The eye of a good mother is like the sun: it shines on a world that would be dark without it, and its brightness is as that of love.

## TRUST NOT-LOVE NOT.

BY ANNIE R. SMITH.

When the world is fair, entwining
Many a garland for thy brow;
When around thee wealth is shining,
Friendship's hand is near thee now.
But when storms and clouds shall gather
Round thy pathway, rough and drear;
Few will cling as fond as ever,
Few will prove to thee sincere.

Friendship's ties too oft are riven
By the slightest word, or deed;
Oh! trust not love's tokens given,
Lest thy heart with anguish bleed.
Trust not—hopes we fondly cherish,
Crushed and wounded leave the heart;
Love not—its bright flowers perish,
Bloom to wither, then depart.

Love's sweet strain, like music flowing
Drink not deep its melting tone;
Eyes that now so gently glowing,
Beaming fondly in thine own—
Lips will smile, but too deceive thee,
Tender glances, heed them not;
For their coldness soon may grieve thee,
Soon thou mayest be forgot.

Lavish not youth's tender feeling,
Warm, confiding—keep it true,
Ere dark shadows o'er thee stealing,
Bitter tears the cheek bedew.
Trust not—change may, ere the morrow,
Rob thy cheek of beauty's bloom;
Love not—it may bring thee sorrow,
Haste thee to an early tomb.

Solemn vows are lightly spoken,
Joys and pleasures fade and die;
Fondest, truest hearts are broken,
Golden dreams like phantoms fly.
Trust not—(vows are falsely plighted)
Lest thy rashness give thee pain;
Love not—for its "flowers once blighted,
They may never bloom again."

## THE NEW MINISTER.

BY E. G. B.

A PLEASANT family group had assembled in the piazza of a tasteful dwelling, a little remote from the central part of the sweet village of M—. The air of refinement, visible in the construction of the house and the arrangement of the spacious grounds, proved their owner to be a man of taste as well as wealth, while the site of the residence had been most advantageously selected, as it commanded a fine view of a broad extent of hill, vale and river. The setting sun was throwing its mellow glories over the summer landscape, giving new beauty to the rich vivid hues with which June had mantled the earth, and it was not strange that one, at least, of that family group sat gazing upon the fair landscape in rapt silence, drinking in the inspiration of the scene.

The group consisted of a middle aged gentleman, of a particularly good natured and benevolent aspect, his wife, an agreeable woman of a dignified yet winning deportment, their son, a boy of ten years, who was teaching an amiable kitten the art of walking on two feet, and a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, whose pale handsome countenance was fairly lighted with enthusiasm, as he sat a little apart from the rest, while his book lay unheeded beside him, as he gazed upon the dying sunset. The middle aged gentleman, whom we shall designate as Mr. Selwyn, had but a few moments before entered the verandah, evidently just returned from a visiting tour to the post office, (an office of no small distinction in a country village,) for he carried several papers and letters, one of which, whose exterior bore a delicate female chirography, he handed to Mrs. Selwyn, while he unfolded a newspaper, and glanced over its contents.

"Well, what does Lizzie say?" he enquired at last, taking off his glasses, and slowly wiping them, as Mrs. Selwyn finished the perusal of her letter.

"Why, that she is well and happy, and ready to come home next week, which is the close of the term. I had hoped that she

had grown more sedate, but the letter shows her to be the same thoughtless creature as ever," said Mrs. Selwyn, though the want of sedateness of which she complained, respecting her daughter, did not cloud her kind motherly face with a very deep shadow.

"We must not expect old heads on young shoulders, must we, Mr. Fisher?" said her husband with a smile, turning towards the young man before mentioned. "Our daughter Lizzie we were speaking about," he continued in an explanatory tone. "She has been absent from home for a long time, and we are now gladdened with the intelligence that she will soon return."

"I am happy to hear it, for your sakes," said the young man, rousing himself from his revery, and speaking in a tone of interest. "It is always delightful to meet with beloved friends, and I suppose Miss Lizzie is no exception to the rule. Your daughter is yet quite young I should conclude."

"She is almost seventeen," replied Mrs. Selwyn. "Old enough to appear less like a child than I fear you will find her, but I hope your advice and instructions will produce some effect upon her."

"I believe I must decline becoming your daughter's mentor, at least if she is to consider me as such," said Mr. Fisher, smiling pleasantly. "If she is what I imagine her to be, she will be far more easily influenced when her confidence and friendship shall have been secured, than if she were to regard me as one who would keep strict surveillance over her conduct, or interfere with advice."

"Still as her pastor, she would undoubtedly pay great deference to your opinions," said Mrs. Selwyn, "although I am sorry to say she entertained an unaccountable aversion to our former minister, a very worthy man, but somewhat bigoted, and rather averse to young people's society."

The conversation now turned upon the pleasure the parents anticipated in their daughter's return, and as the time passed away, the evening came on, and the family retired within the house.

Arthur Fisher, the young minister whom we have introduced to our readers, had lately been called to fill the place of an elderly minister, who had accepted an invitation to become the pastor of a church in a distant city, and as the old parsonage needed repairs, he had taken up his abode with the family of Mr. Selwyn, who was, par excellence, the influential man in the village. He

had come with high hopes and anticipations to his new field of labor, and, with a peculiarly winning address, and an ardent desire to do good, he had already succeeded in winning the affection and interest of his new charge. For the young people of his congregation he felt a peculiar interest, inasmuch as the austere manner of his predecessor had produced an unhappy effect upon their minds, not only against himself, but the cause he advocated, and the new minister resolved, in the first place, to endeavor to conciliate them by making apparent his interest in them.

The appointed day brought the expected arrival, for late in the afternoon a carriage stopped at the door of Mrs. Selwyn's residence, and Lizzie, radiant with health and happiness, alighted, and sprang to the arms of the little group, who had hastened to the gate at the sound of carriage wheels. A thoughtless, happy young girl she was, with large dark eyes, that looked as if no shadow of care had ever crossed their clear depths, and dark wavy hair, that utterly defied comb or pin to keep it in order, and was always flying about her face in a very independent manner. She was one of those young girls, whom it is a pleasure to see or describe, loveable in spite of their faults, and those faults such as are frequently associated with an ardent enthusiastic temperament.-Though heedless and thoughtless, and particularly impatient of interference or restraint, she was equally generous and confiding, eager to make amends when convinced of being in the wrong, and perhaps not more wilful than one in her circumstances, accustomed to the gratification of almost every wish, would naturally As she alighted from the carriage, and exchanged the cordial greetings of the occasion, the father and mother gazed fondly upon her, and could not but acknowledge that she had improved both in manner and person during the time that she had been absent, even though she fairly hugged old Don, the house dog, just after saluting her mother, and ran with such violence to greet aunt Priscilla Smith, a venerable maiden lady just coming down the gravelled walk, that she crumpled the border of her best cap, and knocked off her glasses.

"I say, Lizzie, have you seen Mr. Fisher?" enquired Master Charles, the brother before alluded to, bursting into Lizzie's room about an hour after, and stumbling over the trunks and packages which had just been deposited there, as he bore a kite almost as large as himself.

"No, Charley, (don't upset that basket)—who is he?" enquired Lizzie, making an attempt to unfasten her traveling bag.

"Why, don't you know? He is our new minister, that lives with us."

"Lives with us!" ejaculated Lizzie, dropping the traveling bag, while her countenance suddenly elongated as a recollection of the stern, hard-visaged man, who had filled the pulpit of the village church, when she left home, crossed her mind. "Oh, dear me! Where is he, and how long is he going to stay?"

"Oh, he's lived with us a week, and he is going to stay till the parsonage is finished," rejoined Charley with great vivacity. "He ain't a bit like a minister. See here, he made me this kite," and the young gentleman displayed said kite with much complacency.

This assurance, however, did not allay his sister's disturbance of mind. She could only think of a hard-favored individual, very dignified and solemn, who was to act as a perpetual spy upon the family, and constantly reprove her for her inadvertencies, so she said, with a very determined voice, that "she did'nt want to see him."

"You won't see him to-night," said Charles. "He is gone away, and won't be home until to-morrow noon. He said he was glad you were coming home."

"I dare say," remarked Lizzie, with fresh annoyance, "I suppose he thinks I shall be a fine subject to lecture. I had expected to enjoy myself so much this vacation, for I had invited two or three girls in our school to come and spend two or three weeks with me, and we were going to have such delightful pic-nics, and sailing parties, and now I suppose this new minister being in the house, will put a stop to it all. I wish now that Dr. Fielding had made up his mind to stay, for he would have been at home, and not in the very house with us. At any rate, I am determined to have nothing to do with this Mr. Fisher."

"I guess you will have something to do with him," remarked Master Charles, thoughtfully, "for I heard mother tell him that she heped his advice would have some effect upon you."

"What did he say to that?" enquired his sister, with some curiosity.

"I believe he said he was afraid you would be a hard case, or something like it," replied Charley, who was not remarkable for accuracy of narration. "He told the truth there," said Lizzie, with a kind of indignant triumph. "He will find me rather harder to manage than he thinks. But at any rate, I'll enjoy myself till he does come," and the young lady's countenance, which had looked somewhat unamiable for the past few minutes, resumed its usual good-natured expression, as she ran lightly down stairs with her brother.

The next day brought the dreaded Mr. Fisher, and as Lizzie heard the sound of his footsteps, ascending the steps of the verandah, she hastily retreated into the parlor, resolved to wait until the last moment before she made her appearance, while Master Charles ran down the steps, in high glee, to meet him, and the sound of a very winning voice, chatting pleasantly with the little fellow, fell rather strangely on her ear.

"Our Lizzie's come!" said Charley, triumphantly, as he entered the hall with his friend.

"Has she, indeed?" rejoined Mr. Fisher, kindly. "I am glad to hear it. I want to see her."

"I am afraid she don't want to see you," said Charley, regretfully. "I told her you was going to live with us, and she said she was dreadful sorry. Just now, I expect she ran up stairs—no, she's here," and in happy unconsciousness of having been heard to say any thing which could possibly be productive of embarrassment to either party, he suddenly ushered Mr. Fisher into the presence of Lizzie, who with a face like scarlet had started for the opposite door, and was just half a moment too late to make her escape.

"Lizzie, this is Mr. Fisher," said Charley, in a tone of voice which seemed to indicate that there never was, and never could be, another Mr. Fisher, in the world, while his luckless sister, who had heard every word of his remarks in the hall, looked up with a half intelligible attempt at a greeting, and then colored more deeply than ever from surprise, as her eyes rested upon the frank, handsome face of the dreaded guest, and read in the almost mischievous glance of his penetrating eyes, that he was aware that she had overheard Charley. The entrance of Mrs. Selwyn relieved her from her embarrassment, and before the dinner hour was over, she found her prejudices rapidly vanishing. There was something so winning in his tones and manner, in the sentiments he advanced, something so gentle and serious in the ex-

pression of his eye, that she found herself involuntarily making comparisons between him and his predecessor, which it is hardly necessary to say, were extremely disadvantageous to the last named individual. She even came to the conclusion, that if he should undertake to dictate a little respecting her pursuits, it would not be so very disagreeable after all, and as a proof that she valued his good opinion, she took Charley aside after dinner, and positively forbade him to repeat any more of her remarks to Mr. Fisher.

Day after day passed on, and brought the young friends that Lizzie had invited to visit her; and though in spite of some misgivings respecting the minister, there was a great deal of talking and laughing, and various excursions, and walks by morning and moonlight. Mr. Fisher seemed to think it all a matter of course, and when one morning one of them suggested that it would be a delightful day for a pic-nic, and Lizzie looked with some alarm at the minister, expecting to hear him at once avow his disapproval of such proceedings, she was absolutely astounded to hear him say, in a tone of interest, that it was just the day for a pic-nic, and as he was obliged to leave the village on some pastoral business, he would carry their baskets in his carriage to the place they had appointed.

One evening, however, the young ladies were invited to a ball, which was to be held in a neighboring village. Lizzie had never attended such a place of amusement, but her friends had, and they gave such a glowing description of the pleasure to be enjoyed, that her curiosity and interest were all aroused. It was to be held in the evening of a public day, and many of her acquaintances from adjacent towns were to be present, besides a certain Walter Langdon, the brother of one of her school-mates, whom she had once or twice met, and who was more than suspected of quite a partiality for her; and so Lizzie, not without some misgivings, ventured to ask her parents' permission. She was not surprised to hear them deny her request; but still she fancied that had Mr. Fisher been absent, and had he not declared his objection to that species of amusement, so decidedly, when his opinions were consulted, she might have gained their consent to attend-"just for once," as she said-and, therefore, when her young friends, who being visitors were at liberty to follow their

own inclinations, had departed in high glee for their place of destination, she retired to her own room, to spend a solitary evening, resolving to make herself as disagreeable to Mr. Fisher as possible, and wishing most heartily that the parsonage was completed, and he finally established in it. There was a kind of satisfaction she felt too, whose source she did not stop to ascertain, when on that evening he produced a new and interesting book, and avowed his intention of reading it aloud to the family—she saw an expression, very much like disappointment, cross his face, as when he seated himself by the table, with the book, she hastily gathered up her worsted work, and left the room.

How true it is, that, sometimes, any slight grievance from another, one in which our wishes are thwarted, will completely overshadow for a time, in our estimation, all former favors that person may have rendered us. So it was with Lizzie. His disapprobation of the whole affair in which her anticipations, hopes and wishes had been centred, completely changed, for a time, her favorable opinion of him, and in her now distorted view, even the very sermons with which she had been so much delighted the preceding Sabbath, and which, with their glowing inspiration, warm with the ardent feelings of the heart, had suddenly opened to her views of her own accountability, and a conviction that she had a nobler part to perform in life, than the aimless existence of the mere butterfly of wealth and fashion-these very sermons, which had also gratified her naturally fine taste, were now denounced as common-place, and the reflections they had awakened were resolutely thrust from her memory. But with her honest convictions of right and wrong, we will not deny that she felt very unhappy, and completely dissatisfied with herself before the evening was over; but the return of her friends, accompanied by Walter Langdon, the next morning, with their glowing descriptions of the brilliant scene, and their enjoyment of its festivity, together with his condolences at her disappointment, awakened her dissatisfaction once more. She resolved to make herself as unsocial as possible, as far as Mr. Fisher was concerned, and she made her displeasure so apparent to him, that although he made several attempts to conciliate her, conscious that he had only done his duty in the matter, he was at last obliged to relinquish his efforts as fruitless.

Thus several days passed on, until her young visitors left her, but Walter Langdon still remained in the village, and his attentions were so constant and flattering, that Lizzie, almost unconsciously to herself, became more interested in him than she cared to acknowledge. Walter Langdon was a young man who possessed a certain fascination of manner, an appearance of being perfectly absorbed in the individual he was addressing, which to one new to the world or conscious of personal attractions, was very gratifying. He had that insinuating address, also, which clothes even vice in an attractive form, and though he did not openly scoff at religion, there was a certain something in his manner, when speaking of serious subjects, which proved him no less a sceptic at heart, than the openly avowed unbeliever, so that while Lizzie was fascinated by the elegance and insinuating grace of his manner, she could not help acknowledging to herself that he was a dangerous companion.

"What, going out again, my dear!" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking up from her sewing, as her daughter entered the sitting room one morning, equipped in bonnet and shawl.

"Why, yes, mamma," replied Lizzie, "I forgot to tell you that I had promised Mr. Langdon to ride with him this morning to the Lake."

"I am sorry you promised to ride with him," said Mrs. Selwyn. "He seems to be becoming a very frequent visitor here. Be very cautious, my dear, how you encourage an aequaintance with him. Mr. Fisher tells me that he knew him in college, and does not seem to have a very fa——."

"Of course, Mr. Fisher would have something to say about it," interrupted Lizzie. "I am sure I wish most heartily that the parsonage was done, and he was settled in it. I have not had any peace since he has been in the house."

Mrs. Selwyn looked up in amazement at these words, but the expression of surprise on her countenance was nothing in comparison with the mingled astonishment and mortification which overspread Lizzie's face with the deepest hue of crimson, for there, just outside the open window, in the verandah, sat Mr. Fisher, with his book, and as for a second his eyes rested on her, she read plainly that he had overheard her remark, which had been made in a louder key than usual.

The flush of wounded feeling had mounted to his usually pale cheek, and it was with a feeling of shame and self-reproach she had never experienced before, that Lizzie hastened out of the room without another word. She hastily ran up stairs, and selecting her writing materials, despatched a note to the village, while Mr. Fisher, knowing that Mrs. Selwyn was unconscious of his proximity, waited until a favorable opportunity to make his retreat, and as Lizzie descended from her room, she saw him passing out of the gate, which opened upon the highway.

"I believe I shall not go to ride with Mr. Langdon, after all, mamma," said Lizzie, entering the sitting-room again. "I have sent him word that he must excuse me to day, but I think I will

go and see old Sally instead."

"I am glad you have made up your mind not to go with him, though you seem to make resolutions very suddenly," said Mrs. Selwyn. "I think you have done right," she added approvingly, for although a young man of fine appearance and of good family, the little I have seen of him has, I confess, impressed me somewhat unfavorably, and what Mr. Fisher happened to mention incidentally respecting him, this morning, made me anxious about his acquaintance with you."

"What did he say about him?" asked Lizzie, affecting a tone of indifference which she certainly did not feel, for her cheek crimsoned again, and she cast a hasty glance toward the window.

"Why," rejoined Mrs. Selwyn, "Mr. Langdon's name was mentioned, and though Mr. Fisher spoke highly of his talents, he said he should consider him a dangerous companion for a sister of his—for he knew him to be perfectly heartless. In college he had professed attachment for two or three individuals, and had formed matrimonial engagements with them, only to break them for new ones, while his reputation, otherwise, was not a very exalted one."

Lizzie said nothing, and her mother proceeded to fill a basket with various articles for old Sally, while the young lady equipped for her walk, remarked that she should perhaps stop at her cousin's and dine, and then taking the basket, she wished her mother good morning, and tripping down the steps and the gravelled walk, she opened the gate into the highway, and was soon lost to sight.—Old Sally was an infirm and aged woman, who lived some little distance out of the village. The family of Mr. Selwyn had been

very kind to her, supplying her with many little comforts necessary in her infirm state, and Lizzic, thoughtless and heedless as she seemed, had often braved the cold and storm of a wintry morning to carry her some delicacy. But her step was not as right as usual, as she turned into the path which led to old Sally's dwelling. Many conflicting emotions were in agitation, among which mortification and self-reproach were predominant, together with a sudden revulsion of feeling toward Walter Langdon. The conviction which she had always felt that he was not to be trusted, was now realized, and she at once resolved, that her intimacy with him should at once be discontinued. But Mr. Fisher! pride could not yet brook the idea of the espionage which she had persuaded herself, from the first, he was disposed to exert over her, but the consciousness of her incivility- nay, downright rudeness, again flushed her cheek with shame, as she recalled it .-'What injury has Mr. Fisher done you?' enquired conscience. Has he not tried to promote your pleasure in almost every instance excepting that of the ball? That was something in which duty required him to express his honest convictions concerning it—and she acknowledged to herself, that had he spoken otherwise, he would have forfeited, in her estimation, the respect which she could not help awarding him. Then, too, added conscience, he did not interfere. Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn had enquired his opinion, and he had frankly expressed it.

"It was not his fault after all," thought Lizzie. "After hearing the silly remarks which Charley repeated to him, he had good cause to be prejudiced against me, and yet he never showed me any dislike. Respecting Mr. Langdon, I have reason to be obliged to him for the solicitude he felt with regard to my acquaintance with him. I ought to apologize for my unladylike remark at least: but——"

At this period of her cogitations, she arrived at old Sally's dwelling. Opening the door softly, she crossed the room to the old arm chair, where Sally sat reading.

"Good morning, Sally," she said. "I hope you feel comforta-

ble this fine morning."

"Why, if it isn't Miss Lizzie!" exclaimed the old woman in a tone of joyful surprise, and lifting her glasses from her eyes to the top of her cap. "Take a chair. I thought may be you'd come

to-day—for somehow you always seem to think of me. I was afraid when you came home, after being gone so long, and so many to see, that you'd forgot all about a poor lone body like me; but as I was telling our new minister yesterday, it wasn't three days before you was over to see me. I told him it was as good as sunshine to hear your footsteps, for I could tell it among a thousand."

"Our new minister," said Lizzie, with some surprise, as she set down the basket—" does he come to see you?"

"Oh, yes," said old Sally, in a tone of gratification, "he came to see me the very next week after he began to preach, and has been two or three times a week since. He talks so good and kind too. I wish you could hear him. To my mind he's a blessed creetur."

There was something which gave Lizzie mingled pleasure and pain at hearing Mr. Fisher thus spoken of. She could not doubt his goodness or benevolence, for it had led him to this humble habitation, and the consciousness that she had treated him unjustly, only made her feel more unhappy than ever, while she staid and chatted for awhile with old Sally, and presented her with the various articles Mrs. Selwyn had sent. Then she turned her steps towards the house of her uncle. She would have preferred returning home, but she dreaded meeting Mr. Fisher at the dinner table. So she spent the afternoon chatting with her young cousins, though ill at ease, until near sunset, when she set out on her homeward way. A delightful path lay through a small grove near the road, and into this Lizzie turned, and strolled slowly along.

"The long and short of the matter is," thought Lizzie, "that I shall not be happy till I have apologized to Mr. Fisher, and confess how prejudiced I have been against him. Weak and childish as he thinks me, he shall yet see that I have the moral courage to confess myself in the wrong. I will see him this very hour."

And thus saying, she quickened her pace, but stopped again involuntarily, as she heard her own name repeated in a familiar voice, and looking a few paces behind her, she saw Walter Langdon, seated on the fence which bounded the highway, with a fishing rod in his hand, and speaking in a tone which evinced great vexation, while near him, and also leaning on the fence, stood Mr. Fisher. They had evidently been talking for several minutes

before, but while Walter Langdon spoke in a quick, excited tone, Mr. Fisher seemed perfectly calm.

"Then I am indebted to you for Miss Selwyn's refusal to ride with me this morning," Lizzie heard Walter Langdon say hastily.

"I was not aware that Miss Selwyn had refused to ride with you, though I will not deny that I believe a remark I made to her mother, respecting you, may have influenced her," replied Mr. Fisher calmly. "Excuse me, Mr. Langdon, if I talk plainly. I have no wish to injure you; but your reputation—pardon me—your principles, if they have undergone no alteration since we were class-mates, are such as no confiding and enthusiastic girl, such as I believe Miss Selwyn to be, ought to trust."

"And you have given her advice to that effect, I presume," said Walter Langdon, with a sneer. "You probably make the most of the very excellent opportunity you enjoy, for whispering a word in her ear occasionally."

"Miss Selwyn has received no advice from me, respecting your-self or any one else," replied Mr. Fisher, as calmly as before. "I believe her to be a young person of naturally correct and sound judgment, and warm, generous, confiding heart, but with enthusiastic impulses, and an impatience of restraint, that sometimes lead her to act unjustly, and blind her better judgment. As for the opportunity for advice of which you speak, I shall not have it any longer, if I were inclined to improve it, except by her own seeking, for I shall leave her father's house to-morrow."

Lizzie staid to hear no more, for retracing her steps noiselessly, she gained the highway unobserved, and hastened towards home. Mr. Fisher did not make his appearance at the tea-table, but this excited no surprise, for he was often absent at that hour; yet Lizzie found herself nervously awaiting his arrival, for she had resolved to seek his forgiveness, and if possible induce him to recall his resolution of leaving them. She sat for a long time in the silence of her room, till at last in the gathering twilight she heard his well known footstep ascending the stairs, and presently he entered his apartment. Lizzie knocked gently at his half-opened door, and his always kind voice bade the intruder enter, so she stepped lightly over the threshold. He was sitting by the open window, with his hand supporting his head, and looking paler and sadder than usual—so sad, that Lizzie entirely forgot the little

speech with which she had thought to address him, and laying her hand on his arm, she burst into tears. Mr. Fisher started up in surprise, the color mounted to his face, and he involuntarily took her hand in his, as he placed her a chair and kindly requested her to be seated.

"My dear Miss Selwyn, you alarm me!" he said, as Lizzie's tears fell faster than ever, and she struggled to speak. "What can I do for you? What afflicts you thus?"

"Oh, Mr. Fisher," exclaimed she, amid her sobs, "will you, can you forgive me for all my injustice to you—for the unkind, cruel remark I made in your hearing this morning?"

Mr. Fisher seemed almost as much agitated as Lizzie, for he looked earnestly at her for a moment, and seemed trying to speak calmly. "Do not think of it again—it was forgiven long ago," he said. We shall be better friends in future, I am sure."

"Then you will not leave us," said Lizzie, eagerly, as she smiled through her tears.

Mr. Fisher started with surprise.

"I was not aware that you knew my intention of leaving your home," he said, with some curiosity.

"Forgive me.—I overheard, accidentally, part of your conversation with Mr. Langdon, this afternoon, as I passed through the wood, and I heard you say that you intended leaving us to-morrow. Do not let me be the cause of your departure. Say that you forgive me, and I am sure you will stay, and think of this house as your home for awhile."

"My dear Miss Selwyn—Miss Lizzie—you remind me, and have ever done, of a dear beloved sister, of about your age, from whom I have long been parted," said Arthur Fisher, in a voice unusually sad and sweet. "The tones of your voice, this evening, bring forcibly to mind that gentle sister, so pure, and good, and womanly."

"And where is she now?" asked Lizzie, with interest.

"With the bright ones up yonder, I trust," he replied, as he looked up to the serene sky, with a smile almost unearthly in its hope and sweetness.

Lizzie sat for a moment in silence, and then, while suddenly formed resolves gave a beautiful and noble expression to her countenance, she said in a low, earnest tone—

"Let me be a sister to you, in the place of her you have lost. Oh! stay with us, and be our friend and brother, and teach me to be gentle and good and loveable as she was."

Mr. Fisher sat long in the stillness of that summer twilight, unfolding to his young listener nobler aims and higher duties in life than any which had before awakened her aspirations—and the vows which she made that evening, in the silence of her own apartment, communing with her heart, were not idly or rashly made. Future years found her, not the heedless, thoughtless, aimless votary of fashion, but the ardent, true-hearted Christian, laboring in the various spheres of action to which she was called, with an energy and decision of character that told powerfully on those around her—and our readers will not be surprised to learn that not many years elapsed after Mr. Fisher took possession of the parsonage, its loneliness was enlivened by the accession of a new inmate, our Lizzie, prepared to fill well and nobly the responsible position of the "new minister's wife."

### SONG-GIVE ME A HOME.

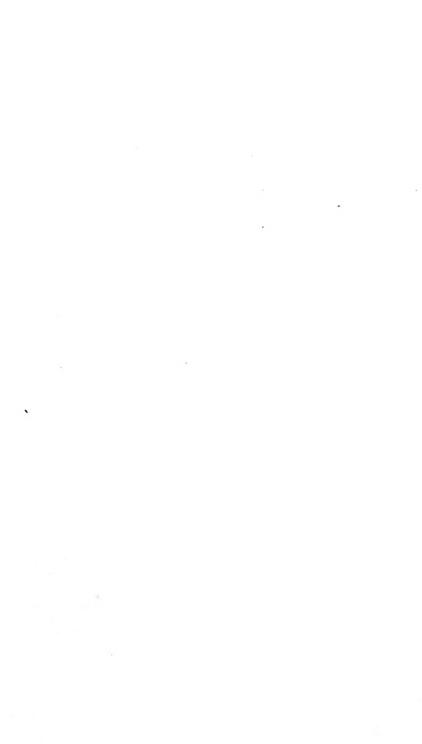
BY J. M. FLETCHER.

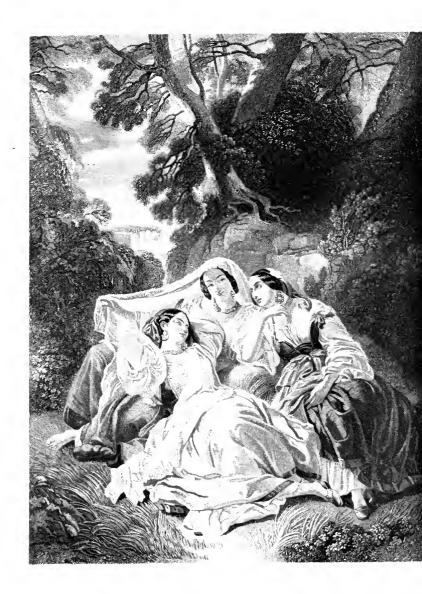
Give me a home where evening's banners
Gaily wave o'er the twilight strand—
Life is sweet on the broad Savannas,
Far away in the sunset land.

Give me a home where freedom's pinion
Waveth her snow-white folds on high,
Far in the broad and brave dominion,
Closed around by the sunset sky.

Soft is the blue of the star-gemm'd azure,
Green are the fields where the bison roamAll things add to the hunter's pleasure,
Far away in his western home.

Oh! it is sweet when the heart is weary,
Far from the busy world to fly;
Give me a home on the boundless prairie,
Closed around by the sunset sky.







Tersian Tulip.



# THE FLAG OF THE FREE!

Words and Music by ASAHEL ABBOT.









### THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

BY ASAHEL ABBOTT.

The Flag of the Free! Oh! for aye let it wave
O'er the land while our sires live in story!
Let the stars and the stripes ever glance o'er the grave
Where great Washington sleeps in his glory!
Let Oppression grow pale in his blood-reeking cave,
At the sight of her folds streaming lightly
O'er the land of the Pilgrim sires holy and brave,
O'er the land of the free and the mighty!

The Flag of the Free! let it shine o'er the sea
Where the brave of all lands meet in thunder!
Let her proud Eagle wing far his flight bold and free,
Nor from war-signs the olive branch sunder!
He wars on the lawless, but spreads o'er the weak
The shade of his terrible pinions;
And if Tyranny's hirelings his least harm will seek,
He'll sweep them from Neptune's dominions.

The Flag of the Free! In the dark bloody hour
Of our Country's oppression and sorrow,
It rose like a star o'er the tempest's grim lour,
To foreherald a brighter to-morrow.
It waved o'er the fields where our sires nobly bled,
The proud foe's hireling minions dismaying,
When the fierce British Lion turn'd murm'ring and fled
At the sight of fair Freedom's arraying.

The Flag of the Free! Still it waves in its pride
O'er the land and the sea to defend us,
When Disunion and Anarchy boast they can ride
The pale horse to war that must end us.
Let our foes amply rave! give the traitors their day
Till they rouse up our Eagle to slay them:
The stars are to guide us along our bright way,
But the stripes are for traitors to flay them.

The Flag of the Free! all the nations afar

Hail its light from War's fields red and gory,

While to them too rides orient fair Liberty's star

And they joy in the beams of its glory.

Hail! land of the brave! Soon their shackles shall fall,

And thy true sons exult in their freedom;

While the Furies scourge Tyrants round Pluto's grim hall,

And the ghost of Hungaria shall lead them.

## COUSIN CAROLINE;

### OR, THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthift,
Its sunny light on all around;
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the loveliest and the best."

"IT is the most splendid story, of its kind, that I ever read," said Horace Hanford, turning another leaf of the fashionable magazine from which he had just finished reading, aloud, to an apparently delighted circle, the "story" whose rare fortune it had been to call forth the emphatic encomium with which our story commences:—"the very best—but it never can have been written by a lady."

"And why never?" asked a gentleman whom we will call Col. Tyng. "It contains nothing which would be unbecoming a lady to write."

"Nothing, certainly," echoed Mary Hanford. "It is full of the most delicate sentiment, expressed in the most charming manner."

"Such beautiful language!" chimed in Miss Fanny Hanford.

"Just what a lady should write."

"In my opinion," remarked a lady more mature in years and in thought than either of those who had before spoken, and whom we will designate Mrs. Field—"it would do credit to either a lady or gentleman; though it does appear to me, more likely to have proceeded from the pen of the former."

"You have formidable opponents, young sir," said the Colonel.
"Have you the hardihood to engage such a trio?"

"So far as to defend my 'first impressions,' responded Horace, with a dash of the consequence of the man of twenty. "I maintain," he continued, half seriously, half jestingly, "that the story which I have, this evening, had the honor of reading to you, ladies and gentlemen, is marked by a consistency of tone, a boldness of position—defying certain established customs of the 'best society'—a vigor of expression and strength of argument," which

few female writers ever attain; and which, in my view, render the conjecture that its writer is a lady altogether improbable."

None of the ladies present appearing inclined to dispute this somewhat supercilious critique, the gallant Colonel again raised a lance in their behalf.

"I admit," he said, "that our story does exhibit the sterling characteristics which you have named, in a remarkable degree; but, are not these prominent features so harmonized, and touched with such softening tints, that their beauty delights as much as their truth impresses us? and this with a grace that only the delicate tact of woman can effect? It is, indisputably, a production of rare power and merit, and does honor to its author—whoever or whatever that author may be."

An animated discussion succeeded this generous essay, in which the whole company joined, with distinctive variety of spirit and emphasis, but acquiescing with each other in one point—high commendation of the fortunate article under disquisition. I said, "the whole company," but, reader, I erred in so speaking. Observe, seated at the centre table, on the side opposite Horace, a figure habited in a dark dress, and surmounted by a head of most symmetrical contour, covered with glossy smoothly braided black hair, but pertinaciously keeping this classic head bent over a workbasket, and a set of fingers that are moving as busily as if their owner's bread depended on the completion of the task on which they are employed. The person to whom the figure, head, &c., thus indicated, appertain, has continued silent during the lively colloquy of which we have spoken; but she is about being forced to abandon her reserve, and contribute to the conversation.

"We have not yet heard Miss Colden's opinion," remarked Mrs. Field, interrupting, rather unceremoniously, one of Horace's confident declamations.

The lady whom we have described, though tardy in responding to the friendly appeal, at length raised her eyes from her needle-work to the face of Mrs. Field; exhibiting, for almost the first time that evening, her own face to the observation of the company. Few could have read, in the lineaments thus displayed, any explanation of Miss Colden's studiously retiring manners.—'The features, it is true, were not perfect—the complexion was not roseate; but the mouth was small and well defined, giving to the

countenance a character at once firm and sweet: the eyes were dark, lustrous, and, just now, brimming with an enthusiasm which, to those accustomed to her habitual quietude, appeared somewhat singular. She did not, however, speak, until Mrs. Field again addressed her.

"We wish to know what you think of the story we have been

talking of."

And then merely saying—"It expresses my thoughts and feelings, better than I could have spoken them," resumed her industry and her silence.

"Not very extravagant praise," said Horace, in a rather low tone, but one that permitted his words to be audible to every per-

son in the room.

"It does not appear so, on first hearing," answered Mrs. Field, "but perhaps, like the narrative to which it refers, it will bear reconsideration. Let us try,—we have perpetrated a noisy argument, but what has any one of us said, that amounted to so entire an adoption of every sentence, such an endorsement of the whole, as Miss Colden's brief comment implies? It is 'multum in parvo'—a lesson in rhetoric for which we should accord her a vote of thanks."

"Whether the author of the article so endorsed be compliment-

ed, or not, I suppose," said Horace.

"But is not an author complimented, by the admission that he has depicted those voiceless movements of the mind of which we are all, at times, conscious, so truthfully that we almost believe his pen has been wandering among our fancies and feelings, and

'What he has written seems to us no more 'Than we have thought, a thousand times before?'"

"But, madam, some minds are but half finished, and can never, justly, be suspected of coining an idea. It is treason against all talent, to compare a production like this, with the vapory rubbish that some people mistake for thoughts."

Every eye involuntarily sought the countenance of Miss Colden. A slight color became visible in that lady's cheek; excepting this, no change of look or manner betrayed her sense of the insult implied in Horace's last rally: but, after a momentary and instinctive silence on the part of all present, she quietly arose and with-

drew from the apartment. An indication of sympathy not to be mistaken was visible in the faces of the company she had left; conveying, to the delinquent young gentleman, a more effective rebuke than that which his mother and sisters did not hesitate to administer plainly.

"Your rudeness, Horace, is inexcusable," said Mrs. Hanford. "Caroline had done nothing to provoke it."

"Nothing, mother?" retorted Horace. "Is it nothing for a person of her flimsy intellect, to pronounce such gems as these her thoughts, and afford them no higher praise than barely to admit that they are expressed in better style than she could command? Such presumption is provocation enough."

"Cousin Caroline is reserved and cold, it is true," said Mary, "but never presuming. I am sure, brother, you mistook her meaning."

"And you are wrong, too, in so decidedly declaring her intellect inferior," said their mother. "I begin, lately, to think we have never understood her."

Mrs. Hanford was right; they had never understood her .--Caroline Colden had been two years an orphan. Until the death of her parents, she had known only the fond and anxious kindness proverbially inspired, by an only child, in a home of which she is at once the delight and the pillar. The feeble health of both Mr. and Mrs. Colden induced a life of great retirement; and their daughter might, perhaps, have pined for those associations and amusements which the young naturally desire, but for the judicious manner in which they sought to divide her time, and vary her pursuits. Caroline was endowed with a mind at once active, reflective and enquiring. The love of study, innate with such a mind, was fostered by the solitude in which she lived .-Her parents did not discourage her mental industry, but carefully strove to guide her judgment and improve her taste. Her progress in knowledge amply rewarded them. They marked, with indescribable solicitude, the rapid development of her fine, clear intellect. They rejoiced in her ready perception, and intuitive adoption of the pure, the true, and the beautiful, in whatever she saw, heard or read; yet, while they proffered heart-warm gratitude to the great Source of good, for the high qualities of mind and heart that were so apparent in their beloved child, they silently, also, gave thanks hardly less fervent, that she had escaped the dazzling,

dangerous, gift of genius. So guarded, so taught, so cherished, could her life be other than happy, or her fine mental powers fail to be daily expanded, strengthened, and refined?

#### CHAPTER II.

"However humble, desolate, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life, they preserve also, shivering near that pale ember, a starved, ghostly longing for appreciation and affection."

We will attempt no delineation of the sad phases of Caroline's transition, from the estate of an only and idolized child to that of a solitary orphan,

"Whom there were none to praise, And very few to love"—

in the house of a relative, it is true, not one whom, before her entrance into his family, she had scarcely ever seen. only say that three melancholy months accomplished all. Her father had foreseen the loneliness that awaited her, when the grave should have received her parents, and, just before his death, had effected the arrangement which resulted in her removal from her pretty and endeared homestead, to become a permanent member of the family of her mother's cousin, Mr. Hanford. That gentleman, a former chum of Mr. Colden, was remembered by him only as he had been when a boy, and in early manhood: in selecting him as Caroline's future protector, and his house as her home, the dying parent believed he had done all that could be done, to preserve his daughter from the horrors of friendless orphanage. But twenty-five years of the storm and calm of mortal life will change most men, and they had changed Mr. Hanford. He was no longer a warm-hearted boy, though he was still a kind man, and wished all human beings happy-but was too much absorbed in business to find any leisure for exerting himself to make them so. His family-well, he was engaged in amassing a fortune for them; and they, meantime, occupied and amused themselves, with but little hindrance from any interference on his part. We have already introduced them, by name, to the reader, and, perhaps, have also given some idea of their individual tempers. They had heard much of "Cousin Caroline," but had seldom seen her; and when, in little more than a month after the death of her father—her latest surviving parent—she came among them, pale, silent and melancholy, a sense of disappointment chilled their more kindly emotions, and gave an air of constraint to the greeting with which they received her.

The orphan could not, at once, arouse herself from that indifference to exterior things which her sorrow had created. Day after day passed, and she continued silent and dejected. The family of Mr. Hanford, with the thoughtless injustice to which many, otherwise generous, are prone, pronounced her uninteresting and dull; and decided that parental partiality, alone, could have invested her with such qualities and capacities as they had heard ascribed to her.

Mrs. Hanford was an example of that rare class of fashionable ladies, who are also efficient housewives-her time, of course, was fully occupied. Horace, fresh from college, and his sisters, hardly vet out of school, regarded Cousin Caroline as somewhat old maidish, and altogether insipid and tiresome. Their mother, with scarcely sufficient leisure to observe for herself, glided tacitly into most of the impressions accepted by her children; the demeaner of all soon corresponded with the unfavorable conclusion which they had hastily adopted, and had little tendency to dispel the sadness of their mourning guest. The breath of sympathy would have fallen on her bruised heart like dew on a drooping flower; even palpable unkindness might have had a vivifying result, by awakening her spirit to rebellion; but she had nothing to complain of, nothing to resent; she had only to endure—first, repeated evidence that her relatives had failed to appreciate her character, and then-a consequence of that failure-an entire carelessness of her opinions and feelings.

She could not forbear contrasting her present position with that in which she had so lately rejoiced. Memory, despite her efforts to subdue it, would refer to the past. When the native buoyancy of youth would have restored lustre to her eye, and the vanished smile to her lip, a vivid sense of the false light in which she was regarded repressed the happier tendency of her feelings, and her returning cheerfulness languished for lack of genial sympathy.

On the evening which we have chosen as a proper point of

time for the opening of our history, several individuals of the elite of N-, were assembled in Mrs. Hanford's parlor. On such occasions, Caroline was rarely called on to speak. Most of the visitors at the house imitated the demeanor of the family, toward the unobtrusive orphan, and her presence among them appeared hardly to be observed. The lady whom we have designated as Mrs. Field, had, once or twice, of late, addressed a remark or question to her, and had been struck with the instantaneous lighting up of her downcast eyes, and the intelligent vivacity assumed by her whole countenance, on finding herself appealed to as a rational human being. Mrs. Field drew her own inferences from this and many other observations, and benevolently determined to make some effort to improve the modest stranger's situation. what that effort should consist, she had not exactly decided, when the annual visit of her distant relation, the rich and accomplished Col. Tyng, gave the signal for a round of select parties, in the aristocratic circle of which she was a prominent member.

Through Mrs. Field's management, most of the invitations received by the Hanfords included Miss Colden's name; but, as her cousins never seemed either to wish or expect her to accompany them, Caroline invariably declined doing so. And when the distinguished coterie assembled, in due turn, at Mr. Hanford's own house, the poor girl, because of some word or action which had deeply wounded her, during the day, felt unfit even to occupy her mute station in the drawing room, but confined herself to her own apartment. Mrs. Field, foiled in her kind purpose, and more intent than ever on its accomplishment, resolved on another stratagem. She would, at least, contrive that her cousin, in whose judgment of character she placed great reliance, should see Miss Colden, and see her, too, in such circumstances as would reveal as far as possible, her situation in the family in which she resided. With this view, she proposed to several acquaintances, who were spending an evening with her in a social manner, to "drop in," without ceremony, at Mr. Hanford's. The proposal was acceded to, and acted upon at once. The family—the father excepted were all at home, engaged as we have intimated-Horace in reading, and the rest in listening to, a tale of rare attraction, entitled "Grace Murray." On "motion of the whole," the reading wasnot suspended on the arrival of company. The story was read

through to the end, and afterward commented upon as we have described.

"Miss Colden appears, to me, to hold an unfitting position among her relatives," remarked Col. Tyng, when again seated before the cheerful fire in Mrs. Field's parlor.

"I have thought so, for some time," rejoined Mrs. Field. "It is true, as long as she has been with them, I have heard her say little more than she said to-night; but something about her, when she does speak, tells me that she has mind—it may be talent also—if not forbidden, in some way, to divulge it."

"She must have, at least, fine sense—with such eyes as hers. Can you not devise some plan to draw her out?"

"I have tried to do so, but all my plans have failed. I know she has been invited to most of the soiries we have attended since you came, but she has appeared at none."

"What if you should give one yourself, and invite her?"

"If you will remain another week, I will try it."

"Then I will remain."

Next morning, accordingly, preparations were begun, and invitations dispensed for the intended soirie. The note dropped at Mr. Hanford's was couched in such terms, that the family could not forbear joining in Mrs. Field's urgent request that, "for this once, Miss Colden would afford them the pleasure of her company." Gratified by the kind importunity of the invitation, and encouraged by the politeness of her cousins, Caroline appeared, on the appointed evening, in Mrs. Field's elegant drawing-room.— The amiable manœuvres of Mrs. Field, in behalf of her unconscious protege, seconded by the valiant and recherche Colonel, succeeded most happily. Caroline's tasteful, half-mourning dress set off her figure to fine advantage, and harmonized well with the pensive character of her features when in repose. A slight agitation at finding herself, for the first time in so long a period, an object of marked attention, called a soft bloom to her cheek; her eye beamed, as of old, with intellect's purest ray-while gratitude to her excellent hostess imparted a sweetness to her demeanor, which might be felt, but not described. Beguiled of her timidity, she yielded to the enlivening influences of the scene and so much unwonted kindness, and joined in dance, song, and conversation, almost with the gaiety of former years. The Hanfords, to their

astonishment and almost dismay, saw their undervalued cousin exalted, by general impulse, to the envied position of "belle of the evening."

"I had no idea that Cousin Carrie could look so well," whispered Horace to his sister Mary: "and such a voice!—I hardly knew, before, that she could sing. She is, really, almost hand-some—and that superb Colonel, I believe, thinks so too."

This was said, partly because Horace thought as he spake, and partly for the purpose of giving vent to his own vexation by annoying his sister. But the more generous Mary instantly responded—

"Almost! brother: I think there is absolute magic about her. How much it must have cost her to conceal it so long, and to live as she has with us."

"Then why has she lived so? She was not obliged to. We never forbade her to show off, as she is doing now."

"No, but we certainly never encouraged her to do so. She is too modest to display herself—she waits to be drawn out, which we never had the wisdom to do. See her now, as she replies to Mrs. Field: how her very eyes speak!—what elegance in her attitude, and what animation in her whole manner!—so different from the silent, joyless being she has always passed for in our house."

"Yes: I certainly never saw such a contrast presented, by different moods of the same person. At home, she seems 'a thing without either sense or soul—head or heart.' But, if the fault is ours, I think we, too, must be losers."

"Beyond question we are; greater, by far, than she. In spite of our neglect, she still possessed herself; but we—'a mine of wealth so rare,' was within our reach, and we remained shamefully ignorant of its very existence. We are startled, at last, into a knowledge of the truth; but we shall never redeem what we have lost."

It is, we presume, needless to say that, from this evening, Caroline's situation, both at home and in society, was greatly improved. The Hanfords looked on her as a treasure whose value had just been revealed to them; while society regarded her as its latest and best acquisition. Nor was this the only result of Mrs. Field's soirie. Col. Tyng had engaged in it, with the benevolent motive of rescuing, as he believed, a deserving young person from un-

worthy obscurity. In pursuing his laudable purpose, he unwarily ventured within the charmed circle of a magnet, whose power was greater than he had anticipated. Miss Colden's grace, intelligence, good sense, and, above all, modesty, appeared to him unequalled. Every recurring opportunity of seeing and conversing with her, rendered his impression of her virtues the more real. His visit was prolonged another week, and repeated, after an interval of six. In fine—(reader, we are not apt at delineating the progress of love and courtship)—the fashionable world of the town of N was, one morning, electrified by intelligence of a soon-to-be-consummated matrimonial engagement, between the well known and admired Col. Tyng, and the agreeable Miss Colden. The marriage, it was asserted, would take place at the end of two months; and this interval would be spent by the Colonel at his country residence in the valley of the L-, which charming retreat he was remodelling, and converting into a complete rural paradise for the reception of his bride.

Rumor, more correct than her wont, had, in this instance, spoken the truth. Such was the disposition of our most prominent dramatis personæ.

To be Continued.

## GIVE ME A HEART.

BY PARK MOODY.

GIVE me a heart with one bright chord, Love-strung in unison with mine, Whose mystic thrill is the reward Of love self-lit at Virtue's shrine.

A love whose changeless depths alone Responsive find in mine the key; Whose life is but a ceaseless tone Of deep unwavering constancy.

## THE LIGHT OF HOME;

#### OR A SISTER'S LOVE.

#### BY HELEN IRVING.

#### CONCLUDED.

It was near dawn before Alice, exhausted, fell asleep, but she awoke with the first breakfast-bell, and quickly arose. Her face looked wan as she met it in the glass, but the exciting fear that Frederic or her mother might notice its paleness, sent a rosy flush to her cheek, which gave it its wonted brightness.

Her mother was better, and came down to breakfast, and Alice, eager in showing her new writing desk, and talking pleasantly of the book which had kept her up until twelve o'clock, felt quite sure that her brother did not suspect she had sat up awaiting him, or that there had been any thing in his manner last night to alarm her. He was somewhat less cheerful than usual, she fancied, but it was not remarked, and he soon left for his office.

Oh, what a new life seemed to open upon Alice that morning! Her affectionate and joyous nature had always made her a bright presence in her home, and much of her happiness, although she was unaware of it herself, originated in the unselfish love and devotion, which her mother's delicate state of health for the past few years had called out. But since Frederic's return, to which she had so long looked forward, she had suffered many of those disappointments which are ever ready to take us by surprise, when the thought of receiving comes before the thought of giving. Ally was most affectionately devoted to Fred, and only following her heart's impulse, in all her kind attentions—but her dreams had always been, of how much he would do for her, and be to her, and that he would interest himself in all that made her happy, as she would do for him—and she had been restless and uneasy, that things were so different from what she had fancied.

But now all thought of self was lost in the beautiful idea that filled her whole soul, and she went about the house in the performance of her light duties that day, earnestly seeking in her thought for some new source of pleasure, which might add to the charms of home.

And now it was that Alice bitterly lamented, what had never before given her an hour's regret, that her taste for music had never been cultivated in any degree. Fred was passionately fond of it, he had a voice of rare compass and richness ef tone, and played with taste and skill upon the flute, and she knew that one of the chief attractions of the new club was, that it comprised among its members three or four fine musicians, among whom was Lawrence Canning. Although Alice had a good education, and her fine taste and intellect had been cultivated by extensive and discriminate reading-a cultivation so far beyond what mere school-training can bestow-she had none of what are termed "accomplishments." Not that talents were wanting which might have been developed, but from the time of their father's death, which happened when she was but little more that twelve years old, their income had been limited. It took necessarily a large sum to support Fred at the expensive university to which he had been sent, and whenever her mother proposed to Alice to attend to the "ornamental branches," she had always refused, with the plea that she could not become a proficient, and that the money could not be spared from dear Fred.

But for all that, Alice had an exquisite ear for melody, and a sweet, though not powerful voice, and her brother had more than once since his return home, as he heard her trilling some light air, praised her soft tones, and wondered she had never learned music. And now in truth she mourned that she had neglected to acquire what would have been so powerful a home-attraction for her music-loving brother; and as she thought of the hours which would give him so great happiness if spent in his favorite recreation, she wondered if it were not possible for her to acquire something of the art. She recollected that her brother admired the guitar, and thought it a peculiarly sweet accompaniment to a female voice, and she had some trifling knowledge of this, caught from a school-friend. It was but a few days previous, that this very friend, a half-spoiled only daughter, had been telling her how weary she had grown of her guitar, and that she had not touched it for months, and into Ally's hopeful little brain came the thought to borrow this of her friend, and enjoining her to secrecy, contrive to take lessons and surprise Fred. She felt sure that her warm-hearted friend would be more than happy to oblige

her—then confiding to her mother that she was going to learn music, as a pleasant surprise to her brother, she would diligently practise every hour and moment that she could secure when he was away—and when she had progressed sufficiently to play to him, how happy he would be in her companionship, and how much he would aid her by his sympathy and advice!

There was so much excitement in these thoughts, that it was not until Alice sat quietly down by her mother's side in the afternoon, that she felt in her throbbing brow and heavy eyes the effect of last night's sorrow and sleeplessness, and there crept into her heart that dreariness that will come sometimes, when we have sorrow and illness together. But she rallied as night came on, and when Fred entered, pale and dull and weary, she met him with a cheerfulness which he little thought cost her so much effort to attain.

He had had a most wearisome day of it, he said, and in truth it was so. He had felt it his duty to see his friend Hawley off. which had consumed more time than he supposed, and had driven the business of the day into a few hours, so that he had been intensely occupied until he left his office at six o'clock. Alice saw that he would surely stay at home that night, and when he stretched himself wearily upon the sofa after tea, she asked rather timidly if she should read to him. It was a new proposition for her, for though she had been in the habit of reading to her mother, she had never done so before him, and she felt a painful consciousness of Fred's critical taste. But her brother was evidently pleased, and particularly so when she proposed that Tennyson should be the volume. It was a new work to Alice, but she had heard Frederic speak of it warmly, and it was his pleasure she wished to consult. She rose and brought the book, and commenced-somewhat tremously at first, but gaining courage, with her interest in the beautiful thoughts before her, whose melody her finely-modulated voice admirably interpreted.

It happened that she had opened at "Locksley Hall," and the color fluttered in her cheek as she found herself, ere she was aware, upon one or two passages painfully appropriate to the thoughts that had occupied her that day. Her face was averted from the sofa where her brother lay, and she read on without betraying emotion; but had she glanced that way, she would have seen

that it was not her alone whom the lines affected. Until then, Frederic had been admiring the beauty and feeling of Ally's intonation, but when she uttered the words,

"Curs'd be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!"

the color mounted to his brow, and he became absorbed in thought. His last night's excess had been to him all day a bitter remembrance-it was the first time that he had been led so far, and though perhaps it was his refined taste, more than his moral sentiment, that was wounded, it was nevertheless a source of chagrin and discomfort. And now he felt humbled, before his mother's calm, fond eyes, and by the sound of his sister's gentle voice, and a constant repreach to him seemed the sweet peace that pervaded his home. He felt how the knowledge of his weakness would have filled them with sorrow, and he fervently resolved that it should never be again. Languid and weary, he appreciated as he had never before done, the quiet happiness which always awaited him here, and contrasting it with the cold splendor of his friend Canning's home, felt that he had not his excuse for yielding to the temptation of a convivial hour. When Ally's voice ceased, she met with his thanks for her kindness in thus soothing and entertaining him, and expressions of such tenderness as filled her heart with new hope and love.

And now life grew more beautiful than ever to Alice. Fred was frequently at home, the long-talked of readings were fairly commenced, and when they wearied of these, he would play to them airs from the most beautiful operas, or teach her chess, of which she soon grew to be very fond. And in her music she was succeeding beyond her expectations—with her natural taste, and eager desire to excel, she made rapid progress. Her friend Mary, the owner of the guitar, was enthusiastic in her admiration, and protested that she already played better than herself. Never was a brighter, more hopeful being than Alice, and had it not been that the occurrence of her birth night had stamped itself upon her soul, in lines too deep to be easily effaced, it might have been almost obliterated by the pleasant waters that flowed through her heart from day to day. As it was, a consciousness of what had been, left a nameless fear there, which never wholly forsook her.

It was when the home-sunshine looked brightest, that an event

occurred, which seemed to throw a dark shadow over Ally's new hopes. Her mother became very ill—not dangerously so, the physician said, but she would be feeble for some time, and it was necessary that she should keep her room, and have quiet, and constant care. In the first season of her mother's illness, Alice forgot all else in her anxiety for her, but as she gradually learned that there was no cause for alarm, and that care and time were alone needed to restore her, her heart grew heavy with the recollection, that to one with the health and spirits of Fred, their home would now hardly be very cheerful. He had shared her anxiety at the first, and had devited himself affectionately to her, as well as to his mother, but she felt that as time passed away, and he found the house always quiet in the evening, and she perhaps often watching in her mother's room, there would be other places more cheerful and alluring than his home.

It was a bitter trial to Alice, but her faith was in Him who "doeth all things well," and she felt that it was only for her to do the duty revealed to her, and trust to Him for the result. She had discovered that with all Frederic's graces and noble traits, the grand fault of his character was a lack of firmness, and she meekly trusted that the future might develope and strengthen a principle that would overcome this weakness.

It proved indeed as Alice had feared—the evenings became more and more rare, which Frederic spent at home, and had it not been for the daily society of her warm-hearted friend Mary, who added to her pleasure and happiness in many ways, she would have been often lonely. It might have been well, perhaps, if this friend had not been so often with his sister, for it afforded Fred an excuse to himself, whenever he had any compunctious visitings for going out to seek the society of his friends. He usually came home on these evenings at an early hour, and Alice had a happy consciousness, that the excess which she had so mourned, had never been repeated, and it was more the ultimate than the immediate consequences of this fondness for convivial life, that she most feared.

It was one evening toward the close of the winter, that Frederic was detained at his office longer than he had ever been before.—He had gone thither after tea, to look over some papers in a difficult case, and his client coming in, had kept him in conversation

until ten o'clock. It was one of the nights of his club, and he had intended to be there, but the evening was now so far gone, that he gave up the idea, and set out for home. As he passed the room, however, in his walk homeward, he turned back and went in for a moment, to speak to his friend Joe, and get a book, which he suddenly recollected having promised to bring to Alice some days before.

He ascended the stairs, and as he opened the door, he saw three or four gentlemen at a table not far distant, playing cards-one of them was a stranger, another his friend Canning. He was surprised to see Joe's usually pleasant face, flushed and angryhe was evidently unlucky, and on the verge of a passionate outbreak, for a fierce oath escaped his lips, and he struck his closed hand heavily on the table. Fred advanced toward them, but as he drew near, he started and stopped suddenly, as though he had received an electric shock, to see lying on the table, silver and bank notes to a large amount. A mist seemed to come before his eyes-he closed them hastily, and then looked again. Could they be gambling? It was but too evident—they had been too much occupied to notice his approach, and with a shudder at his heart, he turned away. He could scarcely realize, that he was indeed among those whom for months he had called friends. He had been taught from his earliest childhood, to look upon gambling as a most fearful sin, involving in itself more of evil consequences than almost any other; and since his maturer years he had seen that this practise warred against the whole harmony of God's system—this winning or losing by a blind chance that which He commands shall be ours in reward of earnest endeavor. seemed almost stunned by this sudden discovery, and half doubting that he had seen aright, passed on to the library at the lower There were but two gentlemen present, beside end of the room. the group at the table-Lawrence Canning and another member of the club, who were quite unconcernedly looking over some just received music together. They greeted Fred cordially as he advanced, and soon the sound of his voice in conversation attracted the attention of the players.

"Halloo, Haywood," called out young Canning somewhat brusquely, turning his flushed face in the direction of Fred's voice, "How long have you been here?"

"I came in but a few moments ago," replied Fred, quietly, "I was too much engaged to make an evening of it, and merely dropped in for this book," pointing to the one which he now held in his hand.

"But you're going to stay awhile now you are here, are'nt you?" rejoined Canning, flinging down a card at the same time, in answer to his adversary's call—" See what confounded luck I have," he added, in a sullen, half-deprecating tone, for excited as he was with wine and play, he had a consciousness that this was not exactly the scene he could have wished Haywood to stumble upon.

"Thank you," said Fred, rather coldly, "I have no time this evening," drawing out his watch with the announcement that it was half-past ten, "and unfortunately, I take no interest in play."

Canning, irritated already, took fire at what he received as an implied reproof, and scornfully rejoined, without looking at his friend—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Haywood, for tempting you to remain beyond your usual hour—I had forgotten for the moment, that you were fitting yourself for a model husband, quite too dutiful to wish for a latch-key."

The color mounted to Fred's temples, but he checked the angry word that rose to his lips, and answered coldly—

"Mr. Canning forgets that Mr. Haywood has an invalid mother," and walking hastily to the door, descended the stairs, and was soon in the street.

His hot cheek burned against the cold air, and the tumultuous rush of feeling which agitated his whole frame, had hardly resolved itself into form, when he reached his own door. There was no one in the parlor, but as he passed his mother's room, on the way to his own, he noticed that the door was open, and pausing before it, he saw that Alice was yet there, making some final arrangements for her mother's comfort, before leaving her for the night. She had been alone all the evening, and her face looked pale and thoughtful, and there was an expression of sorrow and care upon it, which Frederic had never seen before, and which smote him to the heart. And when on perceiving him, there came to her lip its accustomed smile, and to her voice its cheerful greeting, he stooped down and kissed her with a remorseful pang,

and trusting himself only to say goodnight, passed on to his room. -And now had come the time for Frederic to lie sleepless and sorrow-stricken. In the solitude of his own chamber, the scene which he had witnessed that night at the club-room, stood before him with terrible distinctness-Canning's angry face and insulting words, and his evident familiarity with a vice from which his very soul recoiled. It would have been to him a sight of pain, among strangers, and what bitterness he felt that revelation to be, in one to whom he had given his friendship, and whose faults he had supposed to be only those of a thoughtless but generous nature. And a question, which he hardly dared to answer, rose up before him. Had he not seen this vice, at once, stripped of its allurements, and in all its repelling aspect, might he not have learned to regard it with less of horror? He remembered how often, and again and again, he had been weakly led against his better judgment, and he shrank from the thought of the peril there might have been in a gradual and skilful initiation into the fascinations of gambling.

And now in contrast to the selfish, irritated countenance of Canning, arose the pale, sad face of Alice-it was as though the veil were suddenly drawn from his eyes, and with a bitter, remorseful regret, he thought of all her patient watchings, of her unvarying gentleness and cheerfulness, and the constant kindness she had always shewn to him. He remembered her naturally light and merry spirit, and felt how much had been denied her of the gay life that she could so truly have enjoyed. And then more bitterly than all, come back to him his own neglect and selfishness. Night after night rose vividly to his thought, when he had stifled whatever slight reproach might have touched him, and gone to spend the evening in careless glee, night after night, when he might have cheered his sister by his society and sympathy, or added to his mother's happiness by his presence and kind attention. In the solitary darkness, the shame burned on his cheek, as he remembered the many hours passed merely in convivial excitement, when the wine-cup had too often touched his lips, and the song and the jest had drowned the low, sweet voice of the angel of home,

And for whom had this been done—for whom had he neglected the loving little sister, to whose lips had never risen a reproachful

word? For those whose companionship had never strengthened his moral nature, in whose society he had never grown stronger or purer—those from whom one hour had sufficed to wean him.

It is only to noble and generous natures, that there comes such bitter remorse as visited Frederic's heart that night. Every wrong that he had done to the beloved of home, set itself in array against the devotion and purity which made that home so sacred, and strong within his soul, rose up the resolve to turn from a life which he felt had for him hidden snares, and strive to bless even as he had been blessed.

No morning had ever seemed so beautiful to Frederic, as that with whose dawning he awoke to the fulfilling of the new resolves which beat within his heart. In memory of the events of the last night, he was serious and thoughtful, but unconsciously to himself his voice took a gentler tone, and his manner a more considerate kindness. All the morning at his office, he was restless and uneasy, unable to concentrate his thoughts upon his duties, and striving to devise some new means of displaying to his mother his affection, and to make atonement to himself for the many times in which he had really, though not palpably, neglected her.

Thinking thus, he recollected having seen, the day before, in the window of a large horticultural store, an advertisement of rare hot-house fruit, and springing up with alacrity, he started off on the impulse of the moment, and possessed himself of a prize, in the shape of a few delicious grapes for his mother's invalid taste.

It was about eleven o'clock when he entered the house, an hour at which he was never accustomed to return, and which Alice almost always improved for practising her music, so that when Fred, after depositing his treasure in the china-closet, ascended the stairs in search of his sister, he was surprised to hear, and apparently proceeding from her room, the sound of a guitar, accompanying a voice which he was sure was Ally's. He paused a moment before the door, and then opening it noiselessly, looked in. There sat Alice alone—her face averted from him, and intently fixed upon the music before her. Frederic stood rapt in astonishment—the air she sung was a favorite one of his, and it was given with such expression and feeling, and her touch of the guitar was so light and graceful, that his admiration equalled his surprise.

As her voice ceased, Alice turned carelessly around, and their

eyes met! She sprung to her feet, the color rushed over cheek and brow, and bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands, she sank again into her chair.

"Alice, dear Alice, what does all this mean?" said Frederic,

seating himself beside her, and folding his arm about her.

"Oh," sobbed Alice, who, taken by surprise, involuntarily spoke the truth that was in her heart, "I was trying to learn music to please you—I thought if I could play and sing with you, you would love to stay at home more in the evening. I knew it must be very dull to you here, but we were so lonely without you!"

Frederic's broad chest heaved, and the tears, manly tears, stood in his eyes, as he drew the timid face toward him, and said—

"How long have you been learning, Alice?"

"Oh, a long time!" replied his sister, while a smile overspread her face, "all winter I have been practising whenever you were gone."

I know not what originated the thought that flashed across Frederic's brain, but he started, and bending his eyes earnestly upon Alice, said, in almost a whisper,

"Ever since your birth night, Alice!"

A sudden paleness overspread poor Ally's face, and with a pain ful shudder, she buried her face on her brother's shoulder, without a word.

Who could measure the tumultuous tide of feeling in the hearts now throbbing side by side! For a few moments not a word was uttered, then Frederic lifted the pale face from his shoulder, and said in a voice tremulous with emotion—

"It needs not that any should tell me, Alice, of your suffering for the past three months—my own soul measurer its height and its depth—but as God lives, and gives me strength to do the right, such sorrow shall never come to your heart again. Never, Alice, have I wandered from the path of duty, without a reproachful memory of your love and constant kindness, and when last night was revealed to me, among those whom I had called friends, evil and recklessness of which I had never dreamed, bitterly in contrast came up to me your life of purity and truth, and self-denying devotion. Alice, my sister, you have saved me from folly in the present, and our Father in Heaven alone knows, from how much sin in the future. And our mother, Alice, who looks upon me so

tenderly, and holds me to her heart with such a faith in my honor and uprightness—God make me to her a better son than I have ever been!"

There was a solemnity in his voice and manner, which awed Alice; she could utter no reply, but rising, she pressed her lips upon his forehead, and breathing from the depth of her true heart the prayer, "God bless you!" she left him aloue.

When the old friends of his father, who had watched the course of Frederic, saw that he had suddenly turned from the spirit and the life which had been gradually absorbing him more and more, they said within themselves, that his good sense had shewn him its folly and its danger, and warned him from it in season. But they knew not of the thousand sweet influences which had drawn him from his wayward career, which had strengthened and kept alive all that native goodness of soul, which was now more powerful than all else.

But when Frederic, as time wore on, heard of his friend Canning in a distant city, reckless and dissipated, a pitying sadness came over his heart, as he remembered that to him had been vouchsafed no home light to illumine the narrow path of duty—no mother's or sister's love, to hover about him in all places, like the protecting wings of an angel.

# THE MERMAID'S SONG.

### BY ESTELLE LIVINGSTON.

A MERRY, merry mermaid am I,
With a heart ever joyous and free,—
Far down where the coral beds lie,
I sing my wild songs of the sea.

The tempest may whistle and rave,
I care not how hard it may blow—
Securely under the wave
I'll hide where the sea mosses grow.

I pluck the sea flowers that twine
Where the mullet and gold fish hide;
And the wealth of the deep is mine,
The pearls and gems of the tide.

## THE OLD HOUSE.

#### BY CELIA.

Behold the ruin of a home! the sad Dilapidated wreck of what was once The kindly shelter of a household band! The gray, old-fashioned roof has fallen in, And left the broken beams and rafters open To the snows of winter, that with decent Pall of spotless white, has covered them. The large, wide chimney, too, is fallen—piles Of damp, discolored rubbish lie where once The hearth-stone lay—the open sashes stare With frightful grimness on the passers by—The low and narrow doors are half unhinged, And creaking in the blast, that wails among The tenantless apartments, and along The empty, cheerless passage.

Yet was this. Of yore, a loved and pleasant dwelling-place! Around this simple porch the Lilacs bloomed In early spring, and Daffodils beside The narrow path, in golden beauty smiled,-And summer roses budded round the sash. And shed their fragrant leaves upon the sill: And merry-hearted children played in glee About the open door, and silvery laughter Echoed through the quaint and low-ceiled chambers. Loving friends have met rejoicingly Around the wide and spacious ingle-side-Here has been heard the infant's cry, the shout Of joyous boyhood, and the maiden's song-The moan of sickness, and the smothered wail Of mourners, as the coffined dead was borne Beyond these portals to its resting place!

Behold that aged man, whose feeble footsteps
Linger still with sad reluctance round
The cheerless homestead! See him gaze again
Within those vacant windows, and among
The melancholy ruins of his home!
This was his childhood's dwelling-place—and here,
In all the pride and happiness of youth,
He brought a chosen bride, a daughter fair
Of wealth and iuxury, and here he reared

His many sons and daughters, and rejoiced, With all a father's fondness, in their childhood's Promise. But a Demon of the foulest shape Was cherished in that household, and its hateful Spell of blight and woe was weaving fast—Intemperance, in kindly, social guise, Beguiled the husband-father of his noble Manliness, and drained his golden wealth Of health and purse, and still allured him on, Till, fully yielding to the baneful sway Of Appetite, he sunk a wretched slave!

And to the sorrowing wife the Demon gave Deep draughts of fiery poison, till the throne Of Reason tottered at its base, and fell—And she became a fearful wreck of all The womanly and lovely that her Maker Moulded—and her hollow eyes were ghastly With their frenzied stare, and words profane Were heard in angry accents from her lips; And thus that home became a frightful scene Of jarring discord—thankless children grew Amid the fierce disunion—and they breathed Harsh maledictions on their parents' name, And wandered forth in misery and disgrace, Bearing the weight of poverty—the burning Seal of the inebriate in their foreheads.

Years passed—and deeper still the drunkard's curse Was fastened on that father—hoary age Came on apace, but brought no crown of honor To his brow—his trembling limbs grew feebler With their bloated weight—his swollen eye, And coarse distended cheek revealed too well His frequent draining of the poisoned cup. At last grim Povetty her heavy burden Laid upon his form, and drove him forth With his sad-hear:ed wife, to seek another Shelter than the home where vice and discord Long had darkly dwelt.

And strangers now
Possess the homestead of his fathers, and the old
Neglected mansion, by the changing hand
Of modern progress shall be leveled soon,
And not a fragment shall remain to mark
Its site—and other homes, perchance, shall rise
Where now these ruins lie—and those who found
A shelter here, shall soon have passed away,
Unhonored and forgotten.

### THE SIESTA.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

O SLEEP—thou grandson of Chaos and Darkness, who inherited from thy mother Night a visage so fixed and a step so stealthy, that thou art often mistaken for thy twin-brother Death—how welcome, notwithstanding such terrible ancestry and connexions, art thou to the wearied children of Earth! At thine approach, grim Care flies from his usurped throne; the toil-worn sinew relaxes its rigid tension: the fever-stricken patient ceases his restless moanings; the eye of sorrow, no longer burdened with the outpourings of grief, lets fall its fringed curtain, and the desolate heart is at peace. Thou art no sycophantic attendant upon the mighty; the poor wayside wanderer crosses his hands at thy presence, and is blessed of thee as graciously as if he were a monarch; the veriest outcast upon his bed of straw, nay, even the guilty one in his lonely dungeon, refreshes himself in thy coveted embrace.

It is true thou comest not at every call. Those who seek for thee only to secure for the moment the attendance of thy fabled sister Lethe—those selfish ones, who desire but to blunt their sensibilities to the strokes of a Father's chastisement, are often disappointed, even though they watch for thy coming through the lagging moments of a dreary night. But when thou dost come, whether to palace or cot, fatigue and care, pain and grief, the petty burdens of the day, or the woes of a long life, are alike forgotten beneath the shadow of thy dewy wing.

Thy presence is courted in every zone, and thou art welcome to every clime; but beneath bright and burning skies thy visits are doubly grateful. There the excited passions rage more fiercely, and the quickened pulses all the sooner exhaust the feeble frame. No wonder then, that the dwellers in classic lands, ignorant of the true Divinity, recognizing thy beneficent presence, and looking upon thee as the soother of many woes, enthroned thee among the gods!

The engraving in the present number represents an afternoon scene in sunny Italy; but she whose gentle slumbers are the theme of the artist's task is not a daughter of that passionate clime. Her early home was enclosed by the Ægean sea, and her beautiful form and face descended to her from a mother born among the hills of Albania.

During the first three of the memorable seven years' struggle which Greece made for liberty and independence-while her bravest sons were martyred in the cause of freedom, and her fairest daughters ravished or sold to gratify the capricious lust of Turkish despots—there was one little nook undesecrated by the foot of the foe. This was Ipsaria or Psyra, a small island in the Ægean, about seven miles northwest of Scio. Here some of the noblest sons of Greece had settled, when the Turkish yoke first began to gall their unwilling necks, and here the beautiful Zoe bloomed like a desert flower in the cleft of the rock. Her father had been among the first to flee from the grinding tyranny in the peninsula, and had established this little colony in a position considered almost impregnable. The island itself is about five and a half miles long by five broad, and is a rock covered with vegetable mould. Here Kanaris brought his beautiful Albanian bride, in the almost selfish hope that he might not see the black cloud which had gathered above his beloved country; and here was his only child, the gentle Zoe, reared and nurtured.

But the revolution which broke out in 1821, roused the patriotism of the Ipsariats, and their subsequent deeds of valor will live forever on the page of history. The Moslem had never such bitter foes; and we shall not severely blame their fierce hatred when we remember its provocations. First, they were burdened with enormous taxes collected by an armed force; then their schools were suppressed, their arms seized, all who dared to remonstrate executed without even the form of law, groups of men cut down with the sword even when assembled for their sports, women and children cruelly murdered with the scymetar, or thrown into the sea, the noblest females openly outraged, and the whole land stained with blood and crime, until all Europe cried out with horror, and every voice in our sympathizing Republic was raised in indignant exclamation. In April, 1822, the beautiful Scio, that paradise of sweets, was changed to a scene of fire

and blood, and with the exception of a few hundred who escaped almost by a miracle, all of its dense population were either murdered or sold into slavery. Among the Sciots who were spared for a fate worse than death, were forty thousand women and children! The Turkish fleet then sailed to visit Ipsaria with the same barbarities. But here they were foiled. Forty-three of the bravest of the islanders devoted themselves to death for the general safety. Having prepared fire ships, they sailed with them into the midst of the enemy's forces, and having thus destroved a vessel of the line in which was the Turkish commander with two thousand two hundred and eighty-six of his men, they averted the stroke for that time. Nor did they rest with this exploit, for while the fleet was at anchor off Tenedos. Kanaris and George Mniauly, with fifteen others, attached a fire ship to one of the largest of the Turkish vessels, which blew up, killing eighteen hundred men. This, with other kindred annoyances, so enraged the Moslem authorities, that they determined to destroy Ipsaria at all hazards. The expedition was entrusted to Khosru, the Capudan Pacha, and on the third of July, 1824, (less than three months after Lord Byron had died in the cause of Greece at Missolonghi,) he sailed from Mitylene with two ships of the line, six frigates, several brigs and galliots, a great number of newly built gun-boats, and more than eighty transports, containing in all a force of twenty thousand active men, beside those engaged in navigating the vessels. The island was defended by five thousand Greeks, and besides being difficult of access was strongly fortified. Anxious to break up this nest of patriots, the Turkish commander three times sent offers of pardon to all the inhabitants if they would deliver up their arms. But the brave islanders knew too well what sort of mercy to expect from their oppressors, and refusing to surrender, prepared themselves for the conflict. Even the women left their household employments to engage in the strife. The Turkish fleet surrounded the island, and poured their fire into the devoted spot from every side, but without effecting their object. They were met at every point, and the artillery from the forts did fearful execution among the troops in the crowded transports. Thus Ipsaria had stood to this day—the only point washed by the Ægean where the Turkish seymetar had drunk no Grecian blood-but for treachery, that blight which sets at nought the valor of the bravest. The traitor

Goda, who commanded an Albanese battalion, not only furnished the Pacha with a full description of the various defenses, but after a mock resistance, consummated his villany by abandoning a battery on the rear of the island to the invading troops. But the latter had no easy victory. The ground was disputed step by step, and it was not until the Turks had gained possession of the heights back of the principal city, that the struggle was considered hopeless, and the women and children were put on board the small vessels and boats lying in the harbor. The parting on this occasion was one of the most affecting scenes which occurred during the conflict. The helpless ones who were thus embarked in full view of the blockading fleet, had little chance of escape, while their husbands and fathers, and brothers who returned to the fight, had no success to hope for, no mercy to expect. But few tears, however, were shed; with a heroism almost unparalleled, each thought but of the sacrifice demanded for country and for liberty, they nerved themselves for the worst with the spirit of martyrs. Kanaris held his wife and daughter a moment to his breast, and then waving a sad farewell, dashed again into the strife, while the gentle Zoe fell fainting into her mother's arms, and was borne to the boat.

The city was now attacked on all sides, and darkness came on to heighten the horrors of the struggle. But the Greeks, although gradually driven in, still fought from street to street, and from house to house, throughout the long night. The morning of the fourth of July (fit day for such heroic deeds!) found them still struggling with their faces to the foe. They now held but two small forts, and the convent of St. Nicholas, yet they fought on with all the courage of despair. Seeing that the conflict could not be prolonged much farther, they resolved upon a deed, which, as most of our readers will no doubt well remember, made the ears of all Christendom tingle, and kindled every Grecian heart anew with the flame of patriotism. They constructed a mine at Tabia, which was the last fort to be taken, and while the Turks were storming the walls set fire to the train—thus, like Samson, nobly revenging their death by the destruction of thousands of their enemies.

Meanwhile the vessels in the harbor, containing the families of these devoted heroes, in attempting to escape, were mostly destroyed. A few escaped to Hydra, and other few were received on board two French frigates then cruising near. Among the latter

were Zoe and her mother, who were thus landed on the shores of Italy. They had seen from their little vessel the last defence destroyed, and needed no one to tell them the fate of him they loved. For awhile life was a mere blank to them, and their hearts seemed buried in memories of the past. They lived from day to day by earning a few bajocchi with the needle, embroidery being an accomplishment in which all the daughters of Greece are proficients. But Zoe could not long be hidden from the world, and the beautiful Greek had many suitors. Men of rank and wealth won, not only by her faultless face and form, but by the gentle spirit which animated the whole, laid their homage at her feet. For awhile all were refused; but the struggle still went on in Greece, and they were exiles, whose native land, now reeking with gore, offered no asylum to their returning feet. So after two years of sorrowing, Zoe became a bride, and has thus secured a place in a noble family, and a palace home. Although she still shuddered as she thought of the last scenes she had witnessed in her island home, she became at last tranquil and resigned, if not absolutely happy. One of her chief delights was to steal from the palace walls, where she felt as if still in bondage, and seeking out a quiet spot beneath the spreading boughs of the wood, close her eyes upon Italy, and dream herself away to her native land. Thus we find her in the engraving, asleep in the lap of her attendant maidens, while her thoughts are in Greece, skirting the now desolate heights of Ipsaria, or searching amid its mouldering ruins for the sleeping dust of her valiant sire. And in dreams she still looks forward to the time when the desolate island shall once more be gladdened with the hum of merry voices, and she be as free as in childhood to walk on its craggy summits.

For us, my gentle readers, there is a holier faith, and a more aviting hope. When wearied each day with the toils and cares of life, until our hearts are ready to sink under their heavy burdens, then may we commit our ways unto One who careth for us, and go quietly to our repose. But, oh! weary pilgrim of earth, let us remember that this is not our final rest. What sensible child, distant from its father's house, would drop by the wayside and sleep in the wilderness? Let us then press on to our home; and then at the last, having simply trusted in His mercy, and listened alway to His calling voice, we shall be enfolded in His arms, and repose in His bosom—"For so He giveth his beloved sleep!"







The Honey suckle



# COUSIN CAROLINE;

# OR, THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

BY ALICE CRAIG. - (CONCLUDED.)

### CHAPTER III.

"Write often for thy secret eye—to lure thy thought from sorrow, To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of speech; That telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth or wisdom, Enabling to please without pain, to impart without humiliation."

But, though Col. Tyng resided in the country, he was a frequent visitor in town. One evening, a few weeks after the promulgation of the engagement of which we have spoken, Mrs. Hanford's parlor was the scene of another "reading." As in that with which we began our chapters, Horace was performer—his audience consisting of nearly the same individuals as before.—Another narrative "by the author of Grace Murray" was read and analyzed, with even more unqualified commendation than had been bestowed on that fortunate production.

"We are promised a portrait of the writer," remarked Horace, when the hum of applause and of criticism had, in some measure, subsided, at the close of the reading—"in the next number of the——. It may, or may not be a likeness, but it will, at least, decide the question whether a lady or gentleman merits the laurels of authorship."

"And if a lady," responded young Edward Barton, "I, for one, am prepared to adore her."

"Without regard to collateral possibilities?" asked a gentleman who was addressed as Mr. Lyon. "Suppose, now, she should be disagreeable in appearance?"

"That is not a possibility. A woman who can so think, and so give forth her thoughts to instruct and delight others, must possess that order of beauty which is independent of features or complexion: and, having which, no countenance can be really disagreeable."

"I will not quarrel with your taste, but I prefer to fancy her beautiful as her intellectual creations. If she so prove—perhaps,

too, she is one of our acquaintances—how we, the unshackled, will rejoice in our freedom! Will not our superior privileges provoke a sigh from those in bonds?" with a glance and a smile at Col. Tyng, who returned the smile, but replied, promptly—

"I hope and trust not. For my own part, I shall be amply content to worship at a distance what you propose to adore. The gifted authoress may, it is true, be one of our friends, but the knowledge of such truth will add no weight to the bonds I wear.

I aspire only to her friendship."

"But you, more than all the rest of us, observe and promote talent in woman. It can hardly be that you would not, if you could, appropriate to yourself one of such singular endowments,

and to whom the world has paid such tribute."

"You are mistaken, believe me. The star that illumines half a hemisphere at once is glorious to contemplate, but what man in his senses would invoke it to his fireside? I do, indeed, honor talent in woman; but do not aspire to engross the heart and soul of one who is qualified to instruct and charm a world. Such a woman would be ill at ease, restricted to the bounds of a single household."

"I am afraid, after all, you are one of those prejudiced sophists who think that a woman who can write is good for nothing else."

"By no means, 'good for nothing;' only less likely to find enjoyment in that routine of common-place cares and duties which, however unpoetical in performance, are, as we all know, most important to the harmony of domestic life."

"But may not a woman employ her leisure in reducing to visible words and sentences, such thoughts as she may wish to preserve, because she has found pleasure in them, without becoming

careless of any evident duty?"

"I will not presume to deny that she may, though I venture to doubt that she often does. The practice of repeating our thoughts by writing them, will give rise, unavoidably, to the habit of thinking with a view to writing. An innate disposition to communicate with other minds, oftener, I have no doubt, than a mere thirst for the world's notice, impels to a first essay at publication. If success encourage the debutante, her ambition is aroused, her energies stimulated. To a person prosperously entered on the paths of literature, the minutiæ of house affairs must, inevitably,

become uninteresting and tiresome. A resolute woman may, now and then, so far conquer herself as to give nominal attention to those dull details, but her life will be a continual warfare between inclination and duty."

"Some literary ladies—Miss Leslie and Mrs. Child are examples—have given proof that the theory of housekeeping is not so distasteful to them as you imagine."

"The theory, I know, employs their pens, but I doubt their taste for the practise of what they recommend."

"Then you entirely disapprove of a woman's writing," said a gentle voice from beside the work table—a voice always sufficiently low, and now, so tremulous that not only the Colonel, but many others, looked with surprise at the speaker—our modest Caroline, who appeared painfully embarrassed, either by the observation which she had involuntarily attracted, or by some innate emotion that she would willingly have suppressed.

"You mistake me," I repeat, answered Col. Tyng, speaking very earnestly. "I acknowledge, with respect and pride, the happy tendency of woman's efforts to refine and elevate the human race. I would no more debar her the privilege of writing, than that of worshipping Him who has endowed her with the power she wields. Let the woman of genius discharge her high mission; let her continue to proclaim how glorious is virtue, and to scatter flowers in the way to knowledge: but"—and he relapsed into his customary tone of pleasantry-" I hope to be pardoned if I again intimate a fear, that she who can thrill a phalanx of mind with a stroke of her pen, and wear, at will, the wreath of fame, will see little to gratify her taste in an unembellished programme of domestic life. To such a woman, I would cheerfully accord the place of honor that is her due, and my own highest tribute of esteem and admiration; but would lay my heart's wealth at the feet of one who, while enriching society from the stores of a cultivated intellect and expansive sympathies, dispenses her brightest, holiest influence, in woman's true sphere, 'sweet home.'"

A scarcely audible sigh was Caroline's only response to this emphatic expose of her lover's opinions; and the Colonel, on taking leave soon after, wondered at the deepened pensiveness of her countenance.

Three weeks afterward, the same company met by particular

invitation, at Mrs. Field's. In the course of the evening, when several ordinary topics of conversation had been successively proposed, discussed and dismissed, our acquaintance, Edward Barton, introduced another, which had already, more than once, been canvassed in the same circle—the authorship of "Grace Murray."

"I am anticipating the next number of our magazine with some impatience," he said; "I am curious to see if the half made

promise about the portrait will be performed."

"I am glad to be able to gratify your curiosity," said Mrs. Field. "I embraced an opportunity of sending to P-, yesterday, and procured the number that is not yet in circulation. I will bring it to you:" and she left the room to find it.

"Have you finished your cuffs, Carrie?" asked Mary Hanford, as she saw her cousin folding her needle-work, and disposing it in ber reticule.

"Not quite, but I recollect that the collar you wish so much to wear to-morrow, and some other preparations for our excursion, are not completed. I think I had better go home now."

Mary, though on the whole an amiable girl, had accustomed herself to depend in such matters on her cousin, and really saw no impropriety in Caroline's withdrawing an hour or two earlier than usual. Miss Colden rose, and, notwithstanding the polite remonstrances of the company, was taking her leave, when she was met at the door by Mrs. Field, with the magazine in her hand.

"My dear Miss Colden, you surely are not going so early."

"I have two or three reasons for doing so, and beg you will excuse me."

"I shall do no such thing. The evening is not half spent, and I expect a singular treat in these pages. You must stay and enjoy it with us."

"But I really wish to go. I entreat you to permit me."

"And I really wish you not to go-and entreat you to be seated again. You would spoil the effect of my plan, entirely," she persisted, in a lower tone, "by leaving now. I can on no account agree to it."

Miss Colden submitted to be led to the chair which she had left; but with such visible reluctance, that those who remarked it, thought the determined civility of their hostess gave her friend more pain than pleasure. Mrs. Field gave the magazine into

Horace's hand. His first movement was to glance at the list of embellishments. "Portrait of the Author of Grace Murray" stood conspicuously at their head. He turned over the leaves hastily.

"A lady!" he exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment; which emotion, however, seemed immediately to give place to wonder. "What?" he continued—"Whom does she resemble? Yes.—No.—It cannot possibly be! And yet it certainly is!" And with a look of astonishment verging closely on the ludicrous, he resigned the book to a lady who sat next him; and who, after corresponding manifestations—first of surprise, then of incredulity, and lastly of irresistible conviction, in her turn relinquished it to her nearest neighbor. The curiosity of all present was completely awakened: all were eager to obtain a glimpse of what was creating such strange surprise—yet nearly all had secured that glimpse before a sentence was uttered, sufficiently definite to signify the source of its speaker's emotions. At length, the pamphlet was placed before Colonel Tyng, and many eyes were turned on him, with observant scrutiny, as he received it. He regarded the portrait intently, for several moments, and passed it into other hands without pronouncing a syllable, or so far raising his eyes as to allow their expression to be even guessed.

All in the room had now seen the picture, and recognized it as that of one whom they knew and esteemed, and who sat, even then, in their midst; for none could mistake that noble, though strictly feminine head, those characteristic lineaments, and deepfringed, eloquent eyes. Yet no one spoke: each seemed looking to his neighbor to suggest some fitting method of expressing the general feeling. The scene was becoming very uncomfortable to one individual, and very awkward to all, when Col. Tyng, as if just recollecting where he was, and in what circumstances, suddenly asked—

"Have we nothing to say? Is silence a becoming demonstration of our sense of the distinction that must accrue to our circle, from the disclosure that has found its way to us through the medium of this engraving? The world-lauded authoress is one of ourselves! To us is allotted an opportunity of tendering the first leaves of those laurels, which have been brightening, during many months, for her acceptance. Speaking, I have no doubt, our united voice, I proffer our common tribute. Will she who has

so many times ministered to our best and highest perceptions, receive, from my hand, this miniature memorial of our thanks and our approbation?"

He had, while speaking, disengaged a knot of evergreens from a fruit-basket which they had been employed to decorate, and now; in his own inimitable manner, approached, and presented them to-Miss Caroline Colden! It had been impossible, when Col. Tyng commenced speaking, to decide whether irony or compliment might be inferred from what he said; but, as he proceeded, his voice assumed a more earnest and more agreeable cadence; and when he closed, it would have been severe, indeed, to challenge the sincerity of his words or of his action. Miss Colden, at first, appeared desirous to shrink within the chair on which she sat, but rallied herself with visible effort, and, by degrees, regained almost her wonted placidity. Her cheek had paled under the doubtful tenor of the Colonel's first words, but warmed again into more than its native bloom, as he concluded. Rising from her seat, she confronted him with a dignity equal to his own, but so womanly in its unabated modesty, that none-even those most prone to censure, could accuse her of departing from the golden standard of her sex. She mildly, but decidedly, repulsed the significant bouquet which he proffered, and replied to his address—

"I have not coveted fame,—I do not ask to be decked with its symbols. I have written because I found pleasure in doing so; my toil has ever wrought its own reward, and the commendations which so many of those whose friendship has, of late, shed light on my life, have so flatteringly bestowed on my poor efforts, satisfies my most soaring ambition. I would, willingly, have avoided so public a revelation of my secret—so marked a display of myself; but it was the wish of one to whose counsels I am often indebted, and I lent myself to her plan, though dreading its denouement."

She paused, and glanced hesitatingly at Mrs. Field. "Go on," said that lady's encouraging smile, and Miss Colden proceeded.

"In concealing my literary practices, I acted, simply, from a dislike to becoming an object of general remark, and, of course, of general criticism also. I always purposed to declare the truth, in due time, to every one on whom circumstances might have conferred a right to know it. I anticipated—foolishly, perhaps—but

I did anticipate imparting an agreeable surprise by the communication. I have, lately, been made aware of the existence of opinions which would have defeated my hope of giving pleasure. The knowledge of these opinions has shewn me what I ought to do. Though as much averse as ever to publicity, I feel constrained to acknowledge the crime of authorship. I cannot, if I would, recal what I have done; I cannot fetter my soul by promising to write no more; but I can, and do pronounce all contracts to which I am a party, and which affect the freedom of one who deprecates the course on which I have entered, 'null and void,' from this moment, as far as word of mine can so render them. I esteem 'the harmony of domestic life' too sacred to be lightly risked; and would not, wilfully, dim the brightness of a fireside, by casting an incongruous shadow on its hearth."

She resumed her seat, and again, for some moments, "sileuce prevailed."

"Miss Colden cannot, I am confident," at length began Colonel Tyng, "suspect that sentiments, adduced by way of supporting a half playful argument, bore any reference to a subject of which I was profoundly ignorant; neither, as I hope, will she decide that an inadvertent disclosure of those sentiments should be punished as a willful offence."

"I have received no offence," replied Caroline, "nor would I presume to punish. But, sir, to know that you hold such opinions, is to know that our engagement, if persisted in, so far from insuring our happiness, would make us fast in most undesirable thraldom. But the present is scarcely a proper time or place, for such discussion. It is important that I return home immediately, and I leave the task of more complete explanation to one on whose generous friendship I rely with entire confidence."

Miss Colden withdrew, accompanied by her cousins, but not, as usual, by Col. Tyng. Her manner had plainly signified her wish that he should remain, and he did so. Mrs. Field, in accordance with Caroline's intimation, related to her visiters a tissue of circumstances which had led to the scenes of the evening. We shall make no effort to record her precise words, but endeavor to give our reader the substance of her recital in our own way.

We have, already, described the isolated position, and weary mental bondage into which Miss Colden sank, during the first

months of her residence in Mr. Hanford's family. A mind such as hers, though it may be paralyzed, for a time, by irresistible grief, cannot long remain inactive. Her reviving powers demand ed their wonted exercise—how should she direct them? With the family, she employed herself as at first, in assisting Mrs. Hanford in the management of her house affairs, or the girls in the weighty affairs of dress: but in the solitude of her own apartment, her pent up thoughts struggled like caged birds for freedom; utterance they must have, and she had recourse to her pen. Writing, resorted to merely as the natural release of a burthened soul, soon became a source of untold enjoyment. Through it and her books, she once more held converse with kindred minds. The loved ones of happier days were again around her, in the thousand memories which now, permitted to emerge from their long thraldom, "rushed o'er her spirit in their wholming force." These priceless themes, her long repressed thoughts, and others, to which coincident circumstances every day gave rise, were poured out, in her loneliness, with the glad energy with which an escaped bird may be supposed to carol forth its first song of joy. But her regained vivacity was manifest to herself alone. Silence had become habitual to her; the family, accustomed to her taciturnity, and looking on her as we have described, never, by any appeal, encouraged her to speak, except on thoroughly common-place topics. Once or twice she ventured to give utterance to an idea above the standard which they had ascribed to her, but the look of wonder with which her essay was received, sufficed as an effectual check to all further advances on her part.

The employment of her pen dissipated, as I have said, the gloom of her sorrow, and supplied, in some measure, the want of intimate companionship. Yet there were moments when a natural yearning to reciprocate thought with other human beings, stole over her; moments when, but for the higher sentiment of resignation to the will of Heaven, all her resolution would have failed under a sense of utter desolation. But she drew near to the throne of the All Merciful, and the orphan's God was her friend. The practice of writing gave method to her thoughts, and correctness to her expression; but the idea of improving others, as well as herself, by this delightful recreation, had never, as yet, occurred to her. She was one day looking through one of the popular

periodicals of the year, when she observed, on its cover, an invitation to writers to offer stories on specified subjects, in competition for certain prizes, to be paid for those which should be pronounced best. This advertisement would probably have received very cursary notice from Caroline, but, in glancing her eye over the list of subjects proposed, it lighted on the term—Self-reliance. It happened that she had committed to paper, during the last few days, a chain of incidents to which, as a whole, this title would be very appropriate. An idea, dim at first and ill-defined, peeped up in her brain; with her habitual diffidence, she tried to repel it, but, like other obtruders, it returned, stronger for having met with resistance. Suffice it, she yielded, at length, to the impulse thus insinuated, prepared and forwarded her story to Messrs.——, Publishers of the ——, and, with surprise amounting nearly to consternation, learned, in due season, that it had been adjudged worthy of the highest premium.

From that time, "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream." She continued to write, and to be accepted, approved, admired.— Her productions attracted the attention of readers by a piquancy of style, and a pervading vein of original and unique sentiment, which often provoked the cavilling of critics, but addressed itself to the heart of every lover of the just, the refined, and the beautiful. Still she concealed her adventure and her success, from every one but those to whom they must be revealed. Timidity was, perhaps, natural to her, and had now become an established feature of her character. Besides, she had not written for fame, but for relief, for improvement, for pleasure, and substantial enjoyment had she found therein. She listened, it is true, with secret delight, to the encomiums of others on her works—particularly those of her half scornful cousins. She believed that many of their praises would be retracted, could they obtain the most distant hint of the source whence emanated those sublime and classic sentences; but she saw that, without this knowledge, they appreciated her through these emanations, at something like her value. The world, too, through the same charmed medium, knew and esteemed her. She was modest and sensitive, almost to weakness: she believed her personal appearance insignificant, and her bearing ill adapted to the laurels whose bright leaves were so rapidly growing: she shrunk, therefore, from every approach toward discovery.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Searchings after truth that have tracked her secret bodes, And come up again to the surface world, with a knowledge grounded deeper,"

"The part which my cousin assumed," continued Mrs. Field, in our first discussion of the beauties of her favorite performance— "the seeming magnanimity of his sentiments awoke her gratitude. and prepared her for the admission of other emotions, which he might never, otherwise, have been able to inspire. Her disappointment at hearing him, on a more recent occasion, give utterance to stale prejudices, totally unworthy of the nobler theories which had won her esteem, was great in proportion as her feelings are intense. Her affection was wounded—her confidence disturbed-her hopes crushed. She could not at first decide what to do -she felt incapable of any resolute step. But time brought calmness to reflect, and strength to determine. Her first resolve was to release my cousin from bands which, she was sure, would be irksome to him, if he knew the truth. That truth, however, she was still unwilling to declare; and her reluctance in this particular delayed the performance of her purpose.

"Accident gave me an intimation of her well kept secret, and furnished, at the same time, a solution to many incidents of behaviour, which I had before found it difficult to understand. puzzling embarrassment while listening to the emphatic harangue with which Col. Tyng favored us, two or three weeks since, on the subject of womanly talent, was no longer inexplicable; and the source of her subsequent dejection was, also, easily defined. One day, when we were alone together, I hinted my discovery, and the thoughts to which it had given rise. She frankly and modestly admitted the truth of my suspicions, and spoke freely of her proceedings, their results, and her present perplexity. opportunity of opening her heart, and permitting its load of disappointments and anxieties to flow, without restraint, into a sympathizing bosom, was the very relief her soul had craved. own heart bled as she rehearsed her trials. I entered warmly into her schemes of future conduct, for I heartily approved them. On one point only we differed—her disposition to preserve her secret yet longer. Her dread of notoriety prevailed, even, over her consciousness of the injustice that she would do my cousin, in dis-

carding him without imparting her real reason for doing so. But, I knew that protracted concealment was no longer possible. The same circumstance which had revealed it to me, would soon make it known to others. I urged her to shake off her timidity, and accept the celebrity to which she was justly entitled. I questioned her concerning the portrait that was hinted it in our last magazine, and she confessed that she had been asked for one, but had decidedly refused to comply with the request. I insisted that she should do so: it appeared to me the most graceful and least troublesome method of emerging from her incognito, that she could possibly resort to. I had, lately, secured a daguereotype of her features—an excellent likeness—and proposed sending that to the publishers. She remonstrated, but I was resolute, and acted promptly on the impulse. I next cast about for a becoming manner of communicating with our immediate circle; the plan of procuring the all-important number of the magazine, directly it issued from the press, and bringing our friends together as I have done to-night, suggested itself, and I arranged accordingly. Miss Colden shrank, nervously, from the idea of a scene in which she must become so conspicuous; but, in my view, Col. Tyng deserved one, and I resolved that he should have it. He had boldly and openly proclaimed his notions, and they merited a chance for open reaction. It has cost me much labor, to inspire Caroline with courage enough to act well her part in my drama. spirits fell, as you saw at the precise moment when they should have been at zenith; but, on the whole, she sustained herself admirably. I am delighted with the success of my manœuvres, and commend myself for having managed so well. It will require, I am afraid, quite as much address, on the part of Col. Tyng, to reinstate himself in his former position—if he wish to do so, which of course I do not know."

"You are severe," replied her cousin, "and, perhaps, I have deserved it, though all unconscious of what I did. I had made the prejudices of others my own, without due inquiry into their truth or falsehood. With regard to your last remark—I may see that I have adopted mistaken notions, as you call them; or I may find my heart so irremediably enslaved as to be insensible to her chains, or bid defiance to danger. In either result, I shall, assuredly, try to regain my lost footing; whether success or failure crown my efforts, must rest with the future."

Next day, after a two hours' conference with Miss Colden, the purport of which can only be inferred from subsequent events, Col. Tyng left town. In the course of a week, Mrs. Field received a letter, informing her that he was about to leave home on a tour, which would probably consume several months. "You will hear from me again," he wrote, "from ——, and other places which it is my purpose to visit." The months of which he had spoken passed away.

Miss Colden had borne the "shadows, clouds and darkness" of her lot unmurmuringly, though she had felt their baleful weight on her very heart of hearts. She now wore her well won and profusely awarded honors quietly, and without ostentation. There was no perceptible change in her demeanor, if we except an increased frankness and confidence towards those around her, springing, as all could see, from a sense of being known and valued as kindred and equal with them. Her intimacy with Mrs. Field continued unabated. What effect the prolonged absence of Col. Tyng had on her tranquillity, could not easily be decided. She never, voluntarily, pronounced his name, and when he was spoken of in her presence, appeared not to hear what was said. Had she became indifferent where she had so lately loved? Or, satisfied with celebrity, did her heart no longer crave affection? Reader, either supposition would wrong her greatly. She was not elated by fame, nor had she ceased to value respectful love. But she was calm in conscious rectitude of purpose, and left the issue of all her vicissitudes to Him who alone could control it. What hopes or fears agitated her at times, we cannot know, for she never revealed them.

And how had Col. Tyng improved those months which he had devoted to travel, and for aught that could be asserted to the contrary, to investigation also? Let him answer for himself.

"You ask me," he wrote to Mrs. Field, "if I still cherish 'the

"You ask me," he wrote to Mrs. Field, "if I still cherish 'the dogmatical whims' concerning which we quarreled, more than half a year since. You hint a belief that my 'pilgrimage is one of observation—its object, to establish or vanquish the arrogant gant and false creed' toward which you are so merciless.

"Believe me, cousin mine—your suspicions are correct only in part. My journey was undertaken with no other definite object, than to divert vexatious thoughts, and to revivify my mental and

physical nature, after the stunning collision in which you so adroitly assisted had thwarted my plans, and suspended my improvements. But travel brought me into contact with many varieties of human beings, and my observant faculties naturally directed themselves, with greatest avidity, toward that class which I had lately been called to regard with particular interest: you will understand me to mean women of letters. My knowledge of them had, hitherto, been very limited. The few whom I had met, had neither inspired me with very exalted ideas of their qualities as individuals, nor incited me to seek a more extended acquaintance with the genus. On throwing myself, again, into the whirlpool of society, as it exists in our large cities, I again encountered specimens of that class which I had mentally—you will say, openly proscribed; proscribed, that is, as heads of families, etc. I freely confess, what you will as readily believe, that, this time, I have not neglected opportunities of knowing them better-of seeing them in their home life, as well as in society. My observations have not, perhaps, led me to any unalterable conclusions, but they have shewn me that the home character of an authoress is as much controlled-nay, created-by circumstances, as that of any other person. Among women who have attained distinction in the ranks of literature, I have seen those who often write when they would joyfully be doing something else; write, when 'the soul is sad, the wing (of fancy) is weary;' write, because the pecuniary profit arising therefrom is important to those whom they love .-Some of them have families whom they must support, or aid in supporting; some have parents, or other relations, whom they must assist in providing with the means of comfortable subsistence.

"We do not blame the sempstress for a partial carelessness on the minor points of housekeeping, when we reflect that she has to toil the greater part of the day, and often encroach on the night, also, to earn the pittance without which she cannot procure, for herself or others, needful food, clothing, or shelter. Why should we censure the authoress for a like neglect, induced by like necessity?

"That there have been, and are, women eminent in the world of letters, whose qualities as 'mothers, daughters, sisters, friends, or —wives,' none can applaud, may not be disputed; but is it just to affirm that in them, we see the entire family to which they belong?

Would such an affirmation with respect to individuals of all other professions, be accepted by the world? We well know that it would not—and why should one class of valuable and efficient laborers in the broad field of human advancement, be stamped with peculiar and injurious reproach? I fancy you smiling at my zeal in a cause that I so lately regarded with indifference, if not with disapprobation. I submit myself to your laughter, notwith-standing which, I am confident of your pronouncing my reformed opinions better grounded, and more worthy 'a liberal and sagacious man,' as you are pleased to say you once thought me, than those you so unsparingly condemned."

The Colonel's next letter to his cousin announced that he was journeying homeward; and, as the route he was taking lay directly through N——, he might, possibly, find it expedient to tarry a few days in that town.

One more phase in the life of our heroine, and we have done. Let our readers imagine themselves, once more, in Mrs. Hanford's tasteful rooms, and forming part of a carefully selected coterie, who are there assembled. A marriage ceremony has been enacted within the last few hours, and the solemnity of that service seems yet to linger in the aspect of the wedded pair. Our friend Horace appears making an effort to disturb the bridegroom's serenity. Hear what he says.

"I am amazed, Colonel, at your so tranquilly taking so hazardous a step. I tremble for the harmony of your future life."
Col. Tyng—(smiling.) "The secret of my tranquillity is, a

Col. Tyng—(smiling.) "The secret of my tranquillity is, a thorough confidence that I have insured the harmony of which you speak."

HORACE.—"With what enviable ease some persons glide into new conclusions. Pray, sir, favor the listening company with an explanation of your last."

Col. Tyng.—"Willingly; it will be but fair, since they are all well acquainted with my former uncharitable theories. The truth is, I have, within the past year, suffered myself to see where before I was wilfully blind; to be assured of facts which I would once have cavilled with, as wanting satisfactory proof. I have seen with my own eyes, women who are distinguished alike for literary abilities and for practical usefulness; women whose written thoughts have shed a benign light on the pages of history and

poetry, and whose fireside virtues are 'far above rubies' in value. I am convinced that I was as unfair in arguing that literary talent in woman, however admirable in some of its bearings, is inimical to the exercise of other useful attributes, as I should have been in making a corresponding assertion with reference to authors of our own sex; many of whom, as we know, engage, and successfully, in pursuits entirely distinct from the profession of letters."

Horace.—"I admit that what you say is probable; or, rather, I cannot prove that it is not so; but, sir—pardon me—but I cannot help fancying that your wishes have assisted your judgment,

in arriving at that conviction."

Col. Tyng.—"I was, certainly, willing to be convinced; still, I am convinced. I firmly believe what I have now said. Mind, I make no sweeping assertions. I do not say that every woman who can write well, is an example of every other valuable qualification—I only say that many are such examples; and that literary tastes and habits, restricted within becoming limits, do not, necessarily, create a disrelish for household cares and employments."

CAROLINE.—"You appear to lose sight of one certainty which, to me, seems worthy a place in your consideration."

Col. Tyng.—"I will receive instruction gladly,—what have I forgotten?"

• CAROLINE.—" Merely this. A woman of correct views and feelings, if not impelled by necessity to persevere in the labors of the pen, will cheerfully suspend that or any other cherished pursuit, when conscious that the interest or the happiness of her family and friends is impeded thereby."

HORACE.—" And so you think of resigning the pen, and wielding only the needle and the broom! Well resolved, my cousin—your husband may now look on the future with hope."

CARCLINE.—"I have made no promise of such resignation, and he has taken me 'for better or for worse.' But, whenever I see that I ought to relinquish, either permanently or for a time, a practice that I have found so precious—I trust never to shrink from a visible duty."

I believe that my friend Caroline has never felt constrained to act according to her last rigid suggestion, but still, occasionally, contributes a page to the literature of the day in which she lives.

# THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY HELEN IBVING.

They tell me that the buds have burst,
That Summer's feet are on the hills,
Her joy is flushing all the heaven,
And sparkling from a thousand rills.

They say the grass is moist and green, And king-cups golden all the dell, And swings amid its templing leaves The silent, silver lily-bell.

My feet are on the upland path,

The morning light around me lies—
But can I deem the Summer here

Without the sunshine of thine eyes!

The light leaf-shadows gaily dance,
But not as when in morns ago
They wavered on thine upturned brow,
And died amid thy locks' dark flow.

The murmuring pine the South wind stirs,
In mockery sounds the olden tone
That filled the pauses of thy voice,
When love's low utterance claimed mine own.

And what are all the wilding flowers

To those once twined about my hair—

The withered buds thy lips have pressed

Bloom in my memory thrice as fair!

The oriole's music harshly jars

The song, that soft, with folded wings,
The nightingale within my heart

Through all this night of absence sings.

Within my heart! The light and bloom
A score of morns like this may wear,
Were pale as days of dawning Spring
Before the tropic Summer there—

Where dreamy airs Hope's blossoms stir, And Memory's golden fruit disclose, While folding all its waiting world Thy love like tropic moonlight glows!

# MENTAL IMPRESSIONS IMPERISHABLE.

BY REV. CARLOS SMITH.

If it be a fact that no impression made upon the human mind is ever entirely and forever effaced, it affords strong presumptive inference of a future state of existence; and for this plain reason, that we cannot conceive of any adequate end the memory answers in this present life. That nothing is made in vain, is no more a principle in religion than in philosophy. If the structure of the human mind is such, that every image it entertains is stored up and never parted with, it certainly seems to contemplate a purpose never realized in this world; and refers us therefore to another. For certainly most men must be conscious that the great balance of their mental impressions are not recalled in the present life; and if death be the end of their being, that great store of impressions is utterly lost, and the memory that obliged the mind to lay them up, falls to the ground void. They certainly look like a material to be used hereafter.

Now men often come upon facts which indicate that mental impressions are absolutely imperishable. The power of recalling them is for the present often lost. The impressions are there, and need nothing but the suitable exciting cause, to call them up in their original freshness. Delirium has often so stimulated the brain, as to call up before the mind's eye, the long-forgotten thoughts and feelings and images of childhood; and sometimes the subject has repeated entire discourses heard many years before. One such individual, an English servant-girl, often repeated in her delirium long passages from Greek authors with entire correctness, having never studied the languages; because many years before she had heard her employer, a learned man, often reading them aloud walking in his hall. Instances have been known, in which a public man, overpowered with fatigue and the loss of sleep, while dictating to an amanuensis, would fall asleep for the few moments the writer was recording his sentence, and in those moments have recalled to his mind's eye, the entire body of events and impressions for many past years. Many individuals have known the complicated mental images of years, to flash

through the soul in a moment. A man falling from a building has been conscious, during the moment of his fall, of all the occurrences of his past life being spread out before him as though painted upon canvass. Every day, all are coming upon occurrences that serve as exciting causes to recall impressions, of the existence of which the mind had lost all consciousness for many years.

Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a sailor received at St. Thomas' Hospital, in a state of stupor from an injury in the head, which had continued for some months. All operation so far relieved the brain as that he spoke, but in the Welsh language.—On inquiry it was found that this was his native tongue; though he had not used it for more than thirty years, and had entirely forgotten it. Now he could speak no other. On his recovery he again forgot his Welsh, and recovered the English.

Dr. Rush mentions an Italian who, at the beginning of an illness, spoke English; during its progress, French; upon the day of his death, he could understand nothing but Italian.

Dr. Abercrombie tells of a child, four years old, who was trepanned, in a profound stupor caused by fracture of the skull.—Upon his recovery, he had no notion whatever of the accident or the operation. But eleven years afterwards, in an attack of delirium, he gave his mother an exact account of the operation, the persons present, their dress, and many other minute particulars.

A distinguished officer in the English navy, a correspondent of the London Christian Observer, once fell into the water and came near drowning. From the moment of suffocation and the ceasing of exertion, the activity of his mind was excited to a degree beyond all description. Visions of the past ran through his mind with a rapidity to others inconceivable. "The events of former cruises," says he; "a shipwreek; my school-boy days; my earliest pursuits; all came up—not in mere outline as I state them, but the picture filled out with every minute event. My whole life was placed before me, as though in a panorama.—Myriads of trifling affairs long forgotten, crowded into the mind as recent occurrences. The length of time my mind was deluged with these images of the past, could not have been over two minutes."

A religious paper published in Richmond, Va., stated not long since, that a gentleman well known to the editor, held a bond

against his neighbor for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When it was due, he could not remember where he had put it. His neighbor not only refused to pay it, but denied that he owed him, and charged him with fraud; and he could not help himself. Several years after, in James' River, he came near being drowned. He lost all consciousness. Upon being taken home, his first act, upon the return of consciousness and strength, was to go to his book-case, take down and open a book, and hand to a friend present his long lost bond. He said that after suffocation, there stood out before him as in a picture, all the acts of his life; and among them, the act of his putting the bond in that book.

I remember a case adduced by a writer a few years ago, in Blackwood's Magazine. It was that of a lady personally known to the writer, and told him by herself, who, in her youth, came near drowning. He speaks of her as utterly incapable of deceivnear drowning. He speaks of her as utterly incapable of deceiving. How long she was in the water before being rescued, cannot be known. But it was long enough to allow her to descend as far into the abyss of death, as any probably may and return. At a certain stage of this descent, a blow seemed to strike her. A phosphoric shining sprung from her eye-balls; and immediately a mighty theatre seemed to open within her brain; and there, in a moment, was arrayed before her every act of her being; every desire of her past life; every thought; every feeling; every impression ever made upon her soul. She could not tell how she knew, but she knew all was there; nothing lacking, and not as a succession, one after another, but as parts of one coexistence; a panoramic view, minute, complete, of all the events and thoughts and feelings which had ever made an impression upon her mind. She knew that she was reviewing her whole life. The publica-She knew that she was reviewing her whole life. The publication of this was withheld at the time, because the public, not familiar with such mental phenomena, would scarce have believed it. But the writer said that afterward, other experiences essential. it. But the writer said that afterward, other experiences essentially the same, were reported by those who had no knowledge of each other, who, at the moment of some great personal convulsion, had themselves experienced this resurrection of feelings and thoughts, that had long lain buried in the dust of forgetfulness. Suddenly, at the command of an unseen power, this pall of forgetfulness is raised, and the secrets of the soul, her long forgotten impressions, are all revealed, sharp and distinct, as when their events made them. The writer most strikingly illustrates this imperishability of mental impressions, by the case of ancient parchments that had undergone the process of palimpsestry, by which one record they had received was chemically erased. that they might receive another. This process went on, until the same vellum had received many different records. Modern chemistry has shown, that it still retains every impression ever made upon it. The chemist retraces and reverses the process of obliteration, and shows again, in an inverse order, every inscription, every impression, not lost, but only concealed. So with the mind. One period after another of life, covers its surface with its layer of ideas, feelings, and images; each seeming to bury those that preceded. But none of them are lost. They wait only their exciting cause, to come forth again in their original freshness. And since this imperishableness of mental impressions is connected with no discoverable adequate end in this life, it is as natural to infer that it is connected with an end not reached in this life, as that the paper, with its surface apparently blank, while yet it has received inscriptions in sympathetic ink, is connected with an end unto which it has not yet come.

# FAREWELL.

BY PARK MOODY.

FAREWELL! may future life to thee, Unclouded by a sunless hour, Be like that clime beyond the sea, Where roses in December flower.

Farewell! there's nought of good below,
In earth or sky, on land or sea,
But what, if wishes can bestow,
Will soon and surely follow thee.

## SABBATH AMONG THE ALPS.

#### BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

'Mid Alpine heights, where blushing dawn
Has touched their crests with rosy glow,
And the warm rays of summer morn,
Float down and fill the vales below.
Where myriad harmonies are heard,
The breezes sweeping o'er the hills,
The morning carol of the bird,
The silver sound of sparkling rills,

Then floating from the heights afar,
Whose base is clothed in summer's green,
Where in the sunlight, like a star,
'The chapel's tiny spire is seen.
The bell's sweet voice, in distance dim,
Steals downward, like a seraph lay—
The silver echo of the hymn
Of angels singing—"Come away!"

And calmly to the smiling sky,
The Alps lift up their brow of white,
A band of watchers, pure and high,
Arrayed in robes of living light.
And on their hoary tops a crown,
Where beams of heaven's own glory glow,
Like angels, calmly looking down,
And smiling on the earth below.

Soon as the bell's sweet tones invite,
Forth comes the hardy mountaineer,
With Sabbath garb, and footstep light,
And all his household gathered here—
He clambers up the rugged way,
His father's feet of old have trod,
To meet in earthly courts, this day,
And bow before his father's God.

And as he climbs his path along,
How Nature every sense beguiles!
The very air is full of song,
The very earth is bright with smiles.
And warm and clear, far, far above,
O'er hill, and vale, and waterfall,
Smiling in beauty and in love,
The summer sky lies over all.

How sweet to go, amid the hills,
To keep this day to worship given,
When every breath the spirit thrills,
And every step draws nearer Heaven.
The hills! the glorious—the free!
On earth, oh God! thy fitting shrine,
How must the full heart bow to thee,
Amid the hills, whose strength is thine!

## A BATTLE PICTURE

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

The smoke of battle roll'd away, The victory was glorious; Around the dead and dying lay Of vanquish'd and victorious.

And many a lip had ashen grown,
Which rang the shout imperious,
And dim full many an eye that shone
Defiant and delirious.

The moon uprose with silver light,
And silence, overpowering,
Behind the clouds that curtained night
With fringes dark and lowering.

And fainting in death's chill embrace,
With soldier-like endurance,
One after one sank down apace
In kindly hope's assurance.

But one who saw the sun uprise,
And met the foeman daringly,
Now turned above his eager eyes
On one lone star despairingly—

Which o'er his home, remaining true, Begemm'd the night-sky cheeringly, Recalling one bright vision to His dying thoughts endearingly.

And slowly as the waning flame
Of life hung low and trembling,
He breath'd that dear remember'd name
In accents undissembling.

And while it woke the zephyr's sigh,
In gently swells harmonious,
That form itself was standing by
With sobbing heart symphonious.

And there in hope's long last eclipse,
With eyes upraised imploringly,
She sank where late those dying lips
Her own name breath'd adoringly.

## ELSIE GRAY-THE WANDERING CHILD.

### BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

#### CHAPTER I.

A LOWERING sky, and the muttering of very distant thunder, rolling in their continued reverberations on the surprised ear, betokened the near approach of a storm.

It was at the sunset hour of a day in spring, and a man, somewhat roughly clad, was pacing thoughtfully before an humble cabin, situated not far from the beach in one of the desolate looking places on the coast of New England, while ever and anon he lifted his eyes to the horizon from the ground, and anxiously scanned the hurried marshalling of the clouds. Save the indistinct growlings of the thunder, no sound was audible. Occasionally, however, a slight gust of wind, already laden with abundant prognostications of the storm that was coming on, dashed itself full in the face of the solitary man, when he would draw his rough coat-sleeve across the same, and without a word wipe away the damp that had been deposited there.

Presently the huge, black heads and crests of the clouds began to crowd themselves upwards from the horizon, and, driven on by the rising wind, wheel and marshal themselves, as if in the array of battle, across the whole of the western sky. Then they began to come upward and onward, each moment gathering increased force and blackness, until the threatening van had rested themselves at the zenith. Here for a brief moment they halted, and the thundering legions in the distant rear began to come up to the contest which the whole body of ærial assailants was about to wage.

"It rains!" exclaimed the solitary individual, pausing to wipe the few big drops from his face that had begun to exude from the pressure of the gathering clouds.

Just at that moment, a heavy burst of thunder startled him from the dreamy repose into which his mind was sinking, and he cast his eyes comprehensively over the whole sky, as if to divine at a single steady look the character of the weather that should prevail for the night.

"There'll be a bad night for somebody, to-night," said he, continuing his moderate pacing, and moving nearer toward his house. "I never yet see them black heads comin' that way, and comin' so thick and fast, too, without thinkin' of the poor fellers on the water. But yet, I hope every thing 'll happen right for 'em; for a braver, truer set o' men than sailors be, ain't no where to be found, whether on the land or the water;" and with these words of unaffected sympathy on his lips, he suddenly placed his hand on the latch of the rude door to his homely cabin and entered.

"A storm, Sarah," said he, addressing a middle-aged looking person, who sat by the corner of the fire-place, leisurely engaged in blowing out the blue-and-white wreaths of tobacco smoke from her mouth, and watching the truly fantastic groupings which they made above her head.

"I thort I heerd thunder," replied she, clapping her pipe back into her mouth, and clutching it tightly between her teeth as she spoke.

"Yes, and it rains, too."

"Does it, really'? Is the wind comin' up?"

"The wind's full o' rain, a'ready," answered he: "I come in because I could'nt well see nothin' out door, and the big drops begin to fall a leetle too thick. I should'nt wonder if we had a tedious night on't, Sarah."

"God save the sailors, then!" ejaculated she, with evident fervor and sincerity.

"Yes, and all that's off the coast to-night!" repeated, he, with an increased warmth of expression.

The room in which sat this very worthy couple, was exceedingly low and confined; in truth, it would better have answered to the description of a *cabin*, than any other building with which we are familiar. The fire-place was high, and broad, and deep; even from down the throat of the capacious chimney came, when the sun shone, the golden sheen from his unclouded disc; thus admitting light, while it likewise answered a purpose more immediately useful in carrying away the smoke from their fire.

In the centre of the room stood an old-fashioned table, whose surface already exhibited numerous evidences of having performed service for more than one generation, while not far from its edge stood a slim, tall hour-glass, whose browned sands were but slowly melting from the one of its chronicling compartments into the other. A couple of time-stained, weather-worn tarpaulins hung over the mantle, ready at any moment to do the service of him who had used them already so often.

There was a comfortable looking, and really quite inviting bed in the farther corner, at whose head was placed a small stand, whereon lay the family bible. This was all that one would have wished to see in that humble house—all that needed to have been seen, to assure the beholder that they whose roof-tree that was, were believers in the power and mercy of a Providence whom no human councils can turn or delay.

"It comes sudden!" exclaimed David—for such was his name—as a fearfully wild gust sent itself down the broad chimney, driving out the smoke from the fire into the room where they sat.

"Yes, it'll be sure to overtake some of the coasters," added his wife.

"Heaven help 'em, then!" said he. "Hark! did you hear that?"
"Thunder." responded his wife.

But the word had scarcely passed her lips, when a vivid, streaming flash lit up the whole cabin, and an instantaneous peal start led them from their very seats.

Then commenced the loud and melancholy wailing of the winds, sweeping like mad all about the frail tenement, careering without curb or restraint over the low, broad-stretching wastes that skirted the sea, and then driving tempestuously on to meet the long and tossing surges, as they came tumbling in from the ocean.

For fully an hour, and possibly it was more, old David and his good wife Sarah sat together in their humble cabin, listening in a silence that was almost unbroken to the increasing rage of the elements without, and inwardly thanking God that their lot that night was not upon the waters. It was an hour of profit to the hearts of both; for they were *driven*, even had they not been so inclined, to lend their thoughts to such subjects as the fearful circumstances around them suggested.

Their silence had been long uninterrupted, when the echo of a distant thunder-peal reached their ears.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Was that thunder?" asked Sarah.

"No, it did'nt sound like thunder," was his response.

"Hark! I hear it again!" said she.

"Yes, there it comes again! I will go to the door!" and with these words, he stepped across the room to the door.

"Mercy! It's a vessel in distress!" exclaimed he, as soon as he had reached the door, and another report followed the quick flash of light, which, even on that dark night, his practised eye could trace. "It's a vessel in the offing! But there's no help for her from here! No boat could live long in the surge that's rollin' in now!"

"God help 'em!" kindly exclaimed his wife.

"If I can't get to 'em, I shall at least set up and watch for 'em to night," said he. "There's no knowin' what a good Providence may put it into our hands to do. So, Sarah, do you build up a warm fire, and get out all the blankets and dry clothes there is in the cabin, and get your warm drinks ready, and I'll keep a close look out on the beach yonder. I wish I could but get to the poor sufferers; but there's no mortal hope of that, sich a night as this is!"

So saying, he hastily turned his steps in doors again, and proceeded to lay on fresh and large logs of wood; after which, he took out from the depths of an old and capacious chest that stood at the foot of his bed, a thick and shaggy weather-jacket, which he commonly called his "sou'-wester." It shielded his person from the storms far below his middle, while its high and substantial collar abundantly screened his neck, and afforded a quite convenient support for his head. Clad in this, with one of his rustiest tarpaulins upon his head, he took his eager departure from the cabin, not forgetting first, however, to place in his hand the dark lantern that had been of so much use to him, on so many important occasions.

He walked rapidly down to the beach, and strained his vision to detect the size and character of the vessel whose signals of distress had fallen with such fearful accent on his ears. But he was able to see nothing out of the depth of that huge abyss of darkness that lay stretched out before him. The booming guns had ceased their melancholy sounds; and the huge waves still came thundering in, obedient as soldiers at "the tap of the hurricane's thunder-drum," and laid their prostrate heads along the beach.

If any thing, the sky was blacker in its aspect than it had been before, thus setting completely at defiance all desire or hope of his to investigate the direction or the condition of the suffering vessel. He could see scarcely his own length before him; and when he thought himself most safe in his pacings to and fro upon the sand, he blundered into some embayed pool, or walked out upon some jutting sand point, where the mad waves beat and lashed his limbs most furiously.

For perhaps the twentieth time had he walked up and down the strand, his hopes at each turn brightening for the safety of the distressed vessel, when he suddenly stumbled upon some yielding substance that lay directly in his path, with a force that nearly threw him down.

"What's here?" exclaimed he, stooping down to examine the character of the obstruction.

Opening the screen of his lantern, he threw the rays of its light fully upon the object.

"My God! A child—it is, it is a child!" said he, in quite a frenzy, snatching it hastily up in his arms, and starting directly for his cabin. "Heaven grant I may do some good, on such a night as this!" continued he, still pushing onward, until he surprised his good wife Sarah at the door.

"Blankets! Blankets! Something warm! Be quick, or it may be too late!" were orders that flew from his lips, altogether more rapidly than it would be within our power to narrate it.

In a few moments, the child lay stretched out in warm and steaming blankets upon the bed of the honest-hearted fisherman. It was a girl. Life had not yet left her, for her pulses were slowly throbbing, though never so faintly, and the breath that escaped her nostrils still had power to stain the small fragment of a looking-glass that Sarah held up to her mouth for the purpose of trying the experiment.

Her hair was of auburn, long and dark; and its many wavy tresses were all bedraggled and intertwisted over her fair shoulders. She could not have been more than six or seven years of age, from appearances, and her features all bore the marks of refinement and youthful intelligence.

"She's an angel, come to us from heaven!" said the deeply excited wife, whose feelings were about equally divided between

joy at her husband's fortunate discovery, and sorrow at the sad calamity that she now knew had befallen the rest who were on board the vessel.

The fisherman made no reply to this remark of his wife, but immediately hurried out doors again to search for other objects of his fully awakened sympathy.

### CHAPTER II.

Morning had dawned, and the sun shot his rays over the still dancing and rolling waves into the hut of the fisherman.

The interior of that hut presented a curious spectacle indeed. On the couch still lay the shipwrecked girl, as feeble as she was the night before, and altogether helpless; but her eyes were opened, and she shewed a slight return of color to her cheek. This alone was encouraging.

David had traversed the beach thoroughly in the immediate vicinity of his house, and even for some distance beyond, but no signs of a vessel, or its passengers and crew, any where met his eyes. He thought it remarkably strange, and tried satisfactorily to account for it by supposing that the wreck and the bodies had drifted, by a sudden change in the wind and waves, in another direction, far beyond his reach.

For days, they made no attempt to have the child gratify their curiosity by asking her the particulars of the disaster that had befallen her, because they feared her strength not sufficiently returned to question her; "and after all," said the kind-hearted fisherman to his wife, "after all, Sarah, I think we'd better say nothing at all to her about the matter; for 'twill only harrow her up agin, and we know enough about shipwreeks a'ready, without gettin' our information out o' sich a poor, young thing as this."—And accordingly it was agreed between them that the entire matter should rest just where it was. Perhaps, too, both were the more willing to come to this understanding, because they were already inspired with an affection for the child themselves, and dreaded the thoughts of any friends—if such she still had—finding her in her present asylum and removing her forever from them.

Day followed day, yet no tidings of any lost ship reached the fisherman's ears. No vessel could have been lost on that coast,

he thought. But then,—how came that young child there upon the beach?

The question vexed him, and he resolved not to try to answer it. He only hoped it would one day answer itself.

When the days began to grow longer and warmer, little Elsie—for such she had declared her name to be—loved to straggle off from the hut and wander by herself on the beach, where she would bare her little feet and hide them in the sand; and then, as a rolling wave came up and washed all the concealment suddenly away, laugh at the deception in which she delighted to indulge herself.

She skimmed almost as lightly and playfully along the beach as the small beach-birds she chased so eagerly; and when she suddenly came upon a little pool of sea-water, closely hemmed in on all sides by the unyielding sand, she lingered over it and smiled, and then innocently beckoned the smiling face she saw in its depth to come out and follow her upon the shore.

The shells she picked up in every direction, she gathered in little heaps, or employed to pave a mimic way from the water's edge back to some idle pool; and whenever a relentless, or a thoughtless, or a toying wave drove far inward, and washed all her pretty paving away, she looked at the desolation for a moment with every expression of childish grief, and then clapped her tiny hands together, and laughed till the ringing echoes were snatched up by the waves and borne far seaward.

The hearts of her newly found parents warmed with delight, at beholding the eagerness with which she entered upon the solitary sports the lone sea-shore afforded her; and they often exchanged congratulatory glances with each other, when they detected in her some new mark of progress, or some unexpected bond of endearment. She was a wonder to them, while they also looked upon her as a pure angel, freshly dropped out of heaven for their companionship and guidance.

An angel she surely was to them—sending pure thoughts into their honest hearts, elevating their never downcast faith, opening the deep well of their warmest affections, linking them to earth by holier ties, and shedding over their souls a ray of contentment in their humility, such as they surely had never known or felt before. Elsie was walking by the shore, one afternoon—it was already midsummer—watching the crests of the distant billows rising and breaking over each other, and baring her forehead and cheeks to the inspiring breaths of fresh air that fell upon them, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a person walking rapidly down the beach towards her. She paused in her slow walk to regard the actions of the stranger more attentively.

The person was a man, of perhaps middle age—though under, rather than over, that—clad in a truly respectable manner, and wearing an expression of high intelligence upon his countenance. He wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, that seemed to defend his face from the influence of the winds, and his hands were carefully protected from the same influence by linen gloves.

As soon as he saw that the child had observed him, he walked directly to her. When he came near enough to read her changing expression, he gave utterance to a few words of surprise, and said,

"Your name is Elsie?"

Little Elsie courtesied to him, by way of an affirmative answer, and blushed up to her very eyes.

- "Where are your father and mother?" enquired the stranger.
- "They are in the hut away yonder," she replied.
- "But they are not your parents, Elsie," pursued the stranger.
- "I know they were not *once*," said she; "but they are now, and they are very good to me, and have taught me to call them father and mother."
- "But don't you want to see your real father and mother?" interrogated he.

The child hesitated a moment to regard the matter, and then anxiously asked—

- "Do you know where my real father and mother are?"
- " Perhaps I could conduct you to them," answered he, evasively.
- "And will you?" asked she in all her childish innocence.

The man's point appeared to be gained. He therefore replied to her—

- "Come with me at once, and I will show you."
- "But David and Sarah —," protested Elsie, her thoughts still upon her benefactors.
- "Oh, they'll get along well enough alone! They've always lived alone. Come! When you have been restored to your friends,

perhaps you may go back and see them again, and make them presents."

The delighted girl's eyes sparkled with the idea he had thus invitingly proposed, and in another moment she had hold of the stranger's hand, and was being conducted away from the smooth beach which she and the tiny birds had so long haunted.

Night came on, and the full-orbed moon hung in the eastern sky. Her chaste rays shed a sweet effulgence over both land and water. The hushed waves just broke their sparkles in her light, that looked like diamonds profusely flung out of the deep of some crystal mine. There was a Spirit of Beauty upon every thing, albeit sadness shaded all with the spread of its raven wing.

Old David, the fisherman, had returned home to his hut from a two days' absence, and first of all he asked for his little Elsie. But Sarah was obliged to answer him by saying that she had not yet come in.

- "But it is night-long past sundown!" said he.
- "And I have walked down to the shore, and called, and called loudly for her; but she has not answered me."
  - "Neither have you seen her?"
  - " No."
  - "Nor her tracks in the sand?"
- "Yes, I followed them a little way, and then—the tide had washed them all out."
  - "Good God!" exclaimed he, in agony-"she is lost!"
  - "Think you so, David?" asked his truly anxious wife.
- "She must be! Where can she have gone, pray? She may be washed far out to sea, this very minute!"

  "Heaven grant she is'nt!" exclaimed Sarah, a large, glistening
- "Heaven grant she is'nt!" exclaimed Sarah, a large, glistening tear rising to her eye, which she immediately raised her hand to brush away.

Instantly the almost dispirited fisherman hurried out at the door, without uttering another word. Directing his steps to the shore, he commenced walking its margin for long and lonely roods. Ever and anon, he called out loudly—"Elsie! Elsie!" but the sighing winds caught up the syllables, and wafted them away upon the surface of the sparkling water.

Backward again he pursued his way, still keeping up the call, and occasionally looking down at the water's edge to see if the

form of the beloved lost one might not even there be lying at his feet. But nothing met his strained and anxious vision, save the same flat prospect of sand and smoothly spreading water.

"Is that her? It is!—it is!" suddenly broke forth from his lips, as he bent his head eagerly forward, thinking he espied a white form sitting down upon a jutting point of the beach. He hastened to the spot, calling on the name of the child as he went along.

But alas! alas! when he arrived at the spot where he thought the cherished form was sitting, his eyes were greeted with no sight but the low bank of sand, and his ears were saluted with no voice save the continued moan of the incoming waters.

An illusion, which his temporarily disordered fancy had conjured up to his senses, had completely deceived him. The form of which he was so earnestly thinking, was there only in his imagination. The deception was one that was most natural, and he was exceeding loth to separate it from his belief. Even that—bereft as he was at that moment of one of his heart's treasures—was a source of far more consolation to him than nothing at all; and he involuntarily stood for some time upon the spot where the apparition had shown itself, as if rivetted to a place it should select for its temporary rest.

It was not long after, when he posted back to his hut again, filled to overflow with wonder at the thought of what he had seen. He narrated all faithfully to his wife, while she treasured it away in her heart. It was manifest that both were affected most deeply with a strange and superstitious belief that their adopted child had for a moment sat alone by the sea-shore, and then disappeared as unexpectedly as she had come—an angel of light for their feet, and of love for their hearts.

To be Continued.

More people are controlled by affection than reason. This shows that we were made to excel in love rather than knowledge; and where affection and reason combine, they make the subjection of the heart the truest empire.





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# MART'S SMILE.

Words by LINA MORRISS. Music by L. B-d. Arr'd by ASAHEL ABBOT.





## ELSIE GRAY-THE WANDERING CHILD.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER III.

It would be our duty, first of all, to follow the immediate fortunes of Elsie, after she departed with the stranger from the seashore; but other personages, perhaps, demand an equal share of our attention.

In one of the towns on England's wave-washed coast, one pleasant forenoon not many months after the event recorded in our last chapter, there was assembled a dense crowd of eager spectators around a gallows-tree. Jibes and profamities were plentifully bandied about in the gathering, whose sole object seemed to be to procure their wonted excitement, even at the cost of a human life.

Presently the excited multitude attested, by their violent swaying to and fro, that something extraordinary was about to happen. The eye naturally ran along to where the commotion was the greatest, and there beheld a young looking man, led on to the place of execution by the officers of the law. It was a terrible scene, well calculated to send a shudder through the coldest veins.

The condemned man ascended the fatal scaffold with a firmness not to be expected in one of his years, and leisurely surveyed the mob that had assembled to witness his final struggles for life. Then he stepped backward upon the scaffold one or two paces, and said in a distinct and firm tone—

"Ye who have come hither to see my last struggling motions, will witness likewise no confession from my lips. I do not confess, because I am not guilty. I deny that I am guilty of that I am charged with. Let him who is guilty, manfully step forth and exculpate me! Let him manfully save me from the gallows!"

The prisoner observed a silence of a moment, which was manifestly painful to all there assembled. He seemed to be anxiously waiting, in the vain hope that some one would come to rescue him from the awful doom into whose opened jaws he had fallen. But no voice responded to his appeal, and no commotion in any

part of the crowd betrayed the disposition of any other living soul to take his guilt from off his shoulders.

Seeing that he was left alone to suffer, he bowed his head low upon his breast, and appeared to be lost in thought. No one could see that his lips moved, although his whole frame appeared convulsed with terror.

Presently, however, the appointed executioner approached him and drew down over his eyes the fatal cap, preparatory to adjusting the noose; after which, exchanging a few words with the prisoner in a whisper, he retired to the farther end of the scaffold. From this point, at a signal from the unhappy man himself, he touched a spring and launched him into a dread eternity. As he hung dangling in the air, the deeply excited mob gave expression to their savage pleasure by a sort of howl—a mixture of a fiendish laugh and a truly sympathetic groan. And after remaining upon the spot until the man was cut down, they suddenly withdrew to other scenes that were less exciting for them.

The fact that this youthful prisoner had denied all knowledge of the crime charged upon him, and of his steady persistance in that denial to the very last moment and motion of his life, wrought a deep impression on the minds of those present, and influenced them to more than half believe his words. As a natural consequence of this influence, they went away from the scene with feelings more than ever alienated from any idea of obedience to the existing laws. They beheld those laws operating severely and unjustly; and all the counter influences in Christendom had not power to set their feelings and prejudices to running in another current.

The charge preferred against the man just executed was, that he was guilty, either directly or indirectly, of the murder of a young child of but seven years, named Elsie Gray—the same child whom the reader already knows to have been saved by the honest fisherman David. It was supposed that the young man had made way with her, for the purpose of clearing away all obstacles to his own undivided inheritance of an estate that must very soon, in the nature of events, be entailed upon others. Upon the strength of this suspicion alone he had been arraigned, and more upon the strength of this same suspicion than of any thing else, he had been finally convicted, sentenced, and, as we have

shown, executed. Of course, then, he went to his doom with no lie upon his lips, of which he had need to be shriven. He stoutly denied his guilt with his last breath. This his very nature demanded of him. He would have been wholly untrue to himself, had he shrunk from the bold statement through a cowardly fear, even although his lips more than half refused their office, and his limbs quaked with fear beneath him.

The man of the law was satisfied, however, with its victim, whether innocent or guilty; and after this event, the little, quiet town relapsed into its usual calm. It was as if the dead man still lived, and was innocent and pure. The influence of the judicial execution had soon ceased to be felt.

To return from this digression to the child herself—she was at one of the first seminaries all New England furnished for the education and accomplishment of female minds. She had been placed there for a long terms of years, with the design of perfecting her in all those accomplishments that set off the woman to such inestimable advantage. Her true benefactor, however, was all in the dark to her. She knew that she was the recipient of kindnesses from some one, but who that one was, was a matter involved in complete mystery to her.

Time passed rapidly along with her, and from an humble pupil, she soon began to rise to a high and even enviable rank in the seminary. Her progress, too, was marked by all those pleasurable accompaniments of friends, gifts, and remembrances, that are of so much encouragement to a young person, and form such agreeable landmarks for the retrospect of after years.

Years rolled away into the past. Elsie grew to be a tall, well-formed, and graceful girl. With the growth of her body the development of her mind had kept an even pace. She was manifestly the pride of the school, and more than one of the teachers, as well as the pupils, would have grieved to have her go from their midst. So winning were all her ways, that none thought themselves in the possession of any surer passport to favor than by being classed among her friends.

The annual examination of the school at length occurred, that was to graduate Elsie from the same, and place her again in the world-paths from which she had been taken. The girls were packing their trunks on the last day of the term, and the entire

building was in notable confusion. There was running here, and running there. Books were constantly being mislaid, and bundles were rapidly exchanging owners. Many of the pupils were looking forward to a long and pleasant vacation among their friends; while many more—the graduating class—were indulging in useless regrets that the time of their final departure had come.—Heretofore they had regarded the idea with manifest pleasure, for they thoughtlessly boasted it would set them free from a trying servitude, and restore them to a gay world whose arms were already outstretched to receive them. But it was more in the imagining of the thing they were delighted, than in the reality that was yet untried. Now that the time for the actual realization of their words had come, their very actions showed with what unmeaning accents those words had been originally spoken.

The church of the little village, whose chief pride and attraction the seminary was, was crowded with people on the last day of the annual examination, who had come to gratify their interest both in the institution itself and its individual pupils. The scholars, who left the seminary on that day forever, were required to appear upon the stage, and thus publicly read their several composition exercises. There had already been an adjudication on their respective merits, and after the reading the recipients of the prizes—of which there were but three—were to be duly announced by one of the instructresses.

One by one, they came forward upon the stage to read their allotted parts, and each one received, according to their deserts, the approbation of the audience. Elsie Gray was the last who had this duty to perform, and she came before the assembly with such an air of true and unaffected modesty, and with such gracefulness of demeanor, too, that those who had merely a glance at her, were prepossessed in her favor already.

The subject she had selected for treatment was of more than ordinary interest to all, and it was descanted upon with all the ingenuity and felicity of expression at her command. She read in a low and sweetly soft voice, whose tones rang on the ears of the multitude like the musical chime of silver bells. All were enchanted with her.

During the reading, a couple of young men sat in one of the seats not far removed from the stage, one of whom whispered to

the other in a voice by no means a stranger to a deep interest, if ever to emotion-

"Do you know who she is?"

"They called her Miss Elsie Gray," answered his companion, in a whisper, half averting his head.

The questioner regarded her for a moment in silence, and then remarked again to his companion—

"She's charming!"

"All think so," replied the other.

"But, I declare, I'm interested!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the other, as slily as he was able.

"I'll see her, after the performances are over," said the first.—
"Do you know where she lives?"

" No."

"I'll find out, though. See her I will, before I go back to the city again. I declare, Upton, who'd have thought to find such a rustic charm here?"

"You've lost your heart, Churchill," taunted his friend, in a jocular manner.

"I don't know about that," replied he, "but I must say that I'm all carried away with Miss Elsie Gray."

This conversation was brought to an abrupt termination by the sudden completion by Elsie of her reading; after which, one of the instructresses came forward upon the stage and announced the names of the three individuals who had secured the three prizes that were offered for excellency in composition. The person who was entitled to, and who duly received the first prize, was none other than—Elsie Gray!

The young man's heart beat with a more unsteady motion when he heard this announcement, and he could scarcely refrain from giving expression to the joy that manifestly took hold of him at hearing it. With a benediction from the pastor of the village church, the assembly began to disperse; all the way, however, discussing in no very concealed manner the merits of the entire exhibition, and the particular merits of those who were adjudged to be prize-holders on that day.

That evening, there was a large and brilliant levee held at the mansion of the head of the seminary. The young man who had been so deeply smitten with the charms and accomplishments of

Elsie, was there; and there, for the first time, met Elsie Gray and Charles Churchill.

It was a meeting with which each appeared gratified, and which each, by their conduct, seemed desirous of renewing at some other future time.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was during that very vacation at the seminary that the village church was again filled with spectators. All wore looks as pleasant as when they were in attendance on the examination, and the eyes of many sparkled with even greater pleasure than on that occasion.

It was a clear and calm morning in the month of September, that had been hallowed by every aspect of nature without doors, when the light hazy veils just began to lift themselves at early morning off the bosom of the earth, and hang for a few hours in the golden sunlight—it was on such a morning in September that the village church was filled to overflowing.

The occasion of the assemblage was the marriage of Mr. Churchill and Miss Elsie Gray.

Charles Churchill was by no means unknown to the principal of the seminary, in whose hands the entire disposition and government of Elsie had for years been placed, and he made known his sudden betrothal to this lady with a certain knowledge that she would offer no resistance to his immediate marriage. Elsie had been placed in her hands to be properly educated, and, after her academical course was completed, to be allowed her own course in relation to the subject of marriage, whenever it might first come up. It is truth to say that she did have her own will in this matter, but it chanced to be, in every particular, coincident with the pleasure of her affectionate matron.

Mr. Charles Churchill was the youngest member of a highly respectable and widely known firm of shippers in New England's capital. With a natural aptitude for business, possessed of highly refined and intelligent manners, himself thoroughly educated, with upright morals and a high character for integrity already—how could the guardian of Elsie hesitate about committing to him the charge she had tended so long and so faithfully. She stopped

not even to consider or hesitate about Elsie's few years, for she felt as assuredly safe *now* as she would have felt even ten years afterwards.

"Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" asked the good clergyman, whose silvery tones were not entirely free from tremulousness, as he was about to send away one of his greatest favorites in the village.

"I will," responded the deep and manly voice of Mr. Churchill.

The ceremony was gone through, and the two lovers became
one. They were so in heart, from the moment of their first meeting.

People thought it was with an unusual fervor that the minister bade the bride farewell, and some even said that they saw tears shining in his eyes at the moment of the severe trial. It would not be at all wondered at if they did. It was, in truth, a sore trial for all the people of the village to part with Elsie, so endeared had she become to them by her grace, and winsome ways, and gentleness of heart.

A carriage rolled away from the door of the mansion in which Elsie had so long lived, and she and her young husband were gone. A desolation almost as heavy as that of death itself brooded in every room in that mansion, after she had left it. Sadness showed itself on the usually cheerful countenance of every inmate.

Elsie moved at once into Boston, where she soon became the favorite of the family into whose bosom she was so warmly received.

She had all along been represented to be an orphan; but at whose charge she had received her education, the preceptress steadily kept a secret from every one. To those who were acquainted with even this much of her circumstances, there was a deep mystery yet to be broken. Still, no inquiry was made openly respecting the subject, and all was kept comparatively quiet.

A small shell of a sail-boat was bobbing about among the numerous islets in Boston harbor, one fine afternoon, not long after the wedding ceremony of which we have already counselled the reader, driving now here, now there, before the wind, and tacking in almost every direction in its unsteady course. A single person had the helm, who was likewise the sole person in the boat. For a time, the scene appeared to be one of quiet delight.

Presently, however, a sudden squall struck the tiny sail with

all its force, and prostrated it upon the water. From the distant shore of course no one could see this disaster; but nevertheless an eye was upon the young man, and a muscular arm was instantly put forth for his rescue.

A small boat forthwith shot out of one of the little coves that indent the islands, and a strong man, with a broad chest and brawny arms, and a weather-worn face. bent lustily to the sweep of the ashen oars he held in his hands. The skiff shot like an arrow let loose from the twanging string to the side of the upset boat, and the sturdy oarsman called out from his stentor lungs for the shipwrecked not to let go his hold on the bottom of his boat.

The words of encouragement came at exactly the right time. In another five minutes, he would have relaxed his hold and dropped silently off into the water. But these words cheered him. His courage instantly revived, and he renewed his grasp with an increased power, though he was not able to answer a word to the command that fell so gratefully on his ears.

"Hold on another minute!" again added the voice; and the man in the skiff, in almost another minute, had shot alongside the capsized boat. It was the work of but a second for him to seize hold of the drowning person's shoulders and lift him into his own boat; after which he bent vigorously to his oars again and shot back in the direction of the little island from which he had come on his merciful errand.

When they reached the land, the honest-hearted man took out restoratives from an old bag he had left upon the shore, with which he revived the young man; and after a half hour's rest, the latter proposed to his preserver that he should row him over to the distant wharf, and then return and save his sail for him. This the man heard with feelings of evident delight.

In less than a half hour thereafter, the exhausted pleasureseeker stood in his own counting-room, the wonder of all his friends who beheld him in the woful plight in which he exhibited himself.

He was Mr. Charles Churchill, the husband of Elsie Gray.

His preserver had no sooner landed him safely upon the quay than he returned in quest of the sail that had been capsized and still lay soaking in the water. And it was quite nightfall when he returned from his expedition, as requested, to the store of Mr. Churchill.

When he did return, the latter overwhelmed him with expressions of his thanks; and that they might not seem totally hollow to him, he proffered him a note of the value of fifty dollars, adding that he did not by this gift, by any means, consider his debt discharged, but that this was an earnest of what he would try to do for him by way of rewarding him for his noble conduct.

The grateful man endeavored to express his sense of this unexpected kindness, but words were things with which it was plain he dealt not so much as with deeds. He therefore only stammered forth a reply, which, after all, much better became him that eloquent words. The accident, however, was productive of good in more ways than one. It furnished the man with a place at which he could be certain to procure remunerating jobs, every time he might choose to apply for them.

And now came the joy, that was the deeper because the whole was unexpected, to the heart of Elsie—joy at the thought that her husband had been preserved from death in the water; where she could not have been near him to receive his last syllables of affection, nor to wipe away the fearful death-damps from his brow. She could have flung her arms about the man who had been the means of her husband's safety, rough and roughly clad as he was. She would not have minded that. She felt a glow of warm gratitude to the man who had shown himself the possessor of so noble a soul as he had.

Mr. Charles Churchill and Elsie, his beloved wife, were sitting in their pleasant parlor one evening during that same autumn, conversing upon such topics as generally afforded them an hour's satisfaction, when the door suddenly opened and Mr. Churchill's father entered.

"I've a secret on my mind, children," said he, advancing towards them, "that I've long wished to acquaint you with."

"What is that, father? Pray tell us!" said Elsie, in her playful manner.

"It's something that concerns you, too, Elsie," said he.

" Me!" screamed she, running up to him, and seizing hold upon his arm.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Yes, sister."

"I'm all ears, father!"

He took his seat near them, and narrated to them what we shall relate to the reader in a very few words.

It seemed that, many years before, when Mr. Churchill, senior, was returning from one of his trips to Europe, whither he had gone to establish a line of packets between Boston and the old world, he was unconsciously attracted while on shipboard by the countenance of a young and beautiful child. That child was a girl. She was in company with an old, haggish looking woman. Mr. Churchill knew at the time that the child never properly belonged to the woman, and he determined to confront her upon the subject as soon as the vessel landed, and try and secure the child himself for adoption. Having no daughter of his own, he bethought himself that this would be an exceedingly happy manner of supplying the want he felt so sorely. A severe storm, however, threatening the vessel they were in while off the coast, he was deterred by some trivial circumstances from prosecuting the matter further, and quite forgot the inquiries he had determined to make. The child, furthermore, did not show herself to him again before he landed, and this helped to drive her from his thoughts.

He saw nothing more of her for a long time. It was one pleasant day in midsummer, when he was on a rusticating tour by himself upon the sea-shore, that he suddenly came upon that same child again. There was the same sweet face, with the same heavenly expression. Nothing could have exceeded the wonder of Mr. Churchill that was created by this unexpected discovery. Instantly beckoning her to him, he assured her of his friendship, and promised to carry her to her parents again. This, however, was not in his power at just that time, but still his promise did not by any means pass from his memory.

"What became of the child, then?" asked Elsie, innocently.

"I will tell you in a few words," said he: "You are that child! I learned your name on shipboard, during the passage, and so knew what to call you when I met you upon the shore alone. I placed you in the seminary, and there paid all your educational expenses, unknown to yourself or to any living person but your instructress. That you might not know who your benefactor was, I never came out into the country to see you, and you soon forgot

me. But you never passed from my mind. The meeting between you and Charles was of my own planning, I confess; but its results were much beyond what my most sanguine feelings had dared to hope. You may well imagine, therefore, that it was with the deepest delight I heard of your betrothal to my son, and thought of the day when I should truly call you 'daughter'."

The narration thus far had the effect to astound the young persons upon whose ears it had fallen. It all seemed an impossible and illusory dream to Elsie; although she could faintly trace back the leading lines of the story as told by Mr. Churchill.

"Now I've a plan for you," continued he. "I've a vessel that's to sail for Liverpool early next month. I want you, Charles, to go aboard with your wife, and search out the records of her family."

"But how?" asked he. "Where shall I begin my search, father?"

The old gentleman forthwith drew from his pocket-book a slip which he had cut from a recent London paper, and handed it to him. The young man received it, and read it with evident excitement.

"We will go," immediately answered he, handing the paper—which was merely a London advertisement—to his wife Elsie. Her excitement at reading it was no less than his. She betrayed it by the pallor that suddenly overspread her face, if in no other way.

Not many weeks after, on a fine morning in the fall, the happy couple stood on the deck of the vessel that was about to sail for Liverpool. The vessel was about to cast off into the stream, all her preparations being in a rapid way to completion, when a roughly clad man leaped up the ladder and hastened to the side of the younger Mr. Churchill. It was the same man who had not long before saved his life. He had noticed that Mr. Churchill was about to sail, and determined to wish him a safe voyage and a speedy return to his friends.

Just as he was grappling his hand for that purpose, Elsie presented herself by her husband's side, from the cabin.

The man actually turned pale. Upon being asked what ailed him, he told the youthful husband what he saw, and what he knew. He assured him that his own wife was the very child he had once saved from the horrors of drowning in the sea.

The man was good David, (the fisherman,) sure enough!

Elsie knew him not, but she well remembered many of the facts of which he again reminded her. She was indeed overpowered with the discovery thus made, and made, too, so soon upon the one she had first learned from the lips of her husband's father.

She and her husband not long after returned from England, entirely successful in the search whose prosecution they had ventured upon. It came to light that the young man—a distant relative of hers—had been executed on the merest suspicion of having made way with her, while the truth of the case was that she had been artfully inveigled into the snares of an old gipsy, who wandered near her home and finally crossed the ocean.— Elsie, however, inherited the handsome property that duly fell to her, and came back to these shores with it all.

But first of all, she provided old David and Sarah, those to whom she was indebted for her very existence, with snug and comfortable quarters for life; for which kind act they neither of them fail, both at morning and evening, to bless her name and memory.

# THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER.

BY LINA MORRIS.

The day is one of which we oft have read,
A dreamy day, to Summer's old age given;
The golden beams of morning seem to wed
Sweet Nature to the glorious arch of Heaven.
And every leaf and flower with dew-drops laden,
Reflects a radiant smile from Bowers of Aidenn.

In such a day as this my spirit feels

The bondage of its tenement of clay,
For something to mine immost soul reveals

The distant goal where ends my earth-born way:
And it would burst its bonds, and soar above,
Where all is light and life, where all is love.

Ye last bright days of Summer! tell me why
The human heart is by your smile subdued?
And why, as your deep voice goes murmuring by,
Our withered hopes are gathered and renewed?

What weied power is yours, to wave your wand, And bid our warring doubts and fears disband?

Bright days of Summer! say, have ye the art
To keep your beauty, and disarm decay?
Will no Frost archer with his icy dart,
Within your leafy Temple dare to play?
Can ye forever bid our rapt souls dream?
Sweet Summer, tell me, is your reign supreme?

Alas! how soon shall Autumn's night reply,
How wildly shall respond the stormy wind—
And desolation's voice shall sadly sigh
Above the golden crowns to dust consigned.
And change shall come, and blight, and dark decay,
For so must all things earthly, pass away.

Ye cannot shield your Bowers from Autumn's breath,
Which sweeps resistless as the ocean wave;
Ye cannot stay the lifted hand of Death,
And turn aside from passing to the grave.
And have ye power, oh Summer days! to give

Those visions to the soul which bid it live?

Not yours the power! There is a dreamy spell
Which ye may wind about the mortal heart—
But, if one spirit's chords with music swell,
And breathe deep longings from their bonds to part—
If we in raptured dreams commune with Heaven,
It is not by the touch your wand has given.

Oh, no—for then our harps were ever mute,
And all our joys were turned to sighs of wo,
When Summer cast aside her shattered lute,
And bade no more her strains of music flow
The voice that thrills our souls in days of light,
Is one that whispers through the dreamy night.

And though we seem in Summer days like this,
When all around is fresh, and fair, and still,
To almost reach the saintly home of bliss,
And breathe the strain that makes our spirit thrill—
'Tis not that He whose voice of love we hear,
Is in this dream of happiness more near.

The Holy One has made his dwelling place
With those whose names are written in his book,
And though their clouded hearts may hide his face,
Still on their souls in love is bent his look.
And through all seasons, He will guide his own
To endless days of Summer round his throne.

# MISANTHROPY OUTGROWN.

BY REV. L. C. BROWN.

"I've found the world so dark and cold,
And friends so false and few,
So dearly bought, so cheaply sold,—
Affection so untrue,

Hope so illusive, joy so brief,
Life's promise all a cheat,
Its pleasures darkly mixed with grief,
And bitter with its sweet,

That I would gladly be at rest,

And leave the gloomy scene;
It is a rough, bleak world at best,
All selfish and unclean.

I do not love the blighted earth,
Nor things that are therein,
Where lucre triumphs over worth,
And virtue bows to sin.

I do not love the rich and proud,
All heartless, vain, and gay;
Still less the groveling, vulgar crowd,
Made of still baser clay.

There is no love aside from lust, No friendship but in love; Man is composed of sordid dust, The serpent chokes the dove."

So mused a youth in moody hour,
When treachery's wiles had made
His ardent nature cold and sour,
And o'er him cast a shade.

But when to wiser years he grew,
And friendship's gold had proved,
The human heart more deeply knew,
And loved and was beloved,

He found some good in every breast,
With weakness intertwined,
E'en in his own among the rest,
And reverenced his kind.

And know that love begetteth love,
As sunshine brings the flowers;
And this shall soothe, like song of dove,
Thy misanthropic hours.

## CONCERNING FLOWERS.

#### BY HELEN IRVING.

Looking over my small collection of autographs the other day, I lingered upon a page or two in the handwriting of Fanny Kemble, headed "Extract from an unpublished Play." It appears to be part of a conversation between lovers, and the following sweet fancy of "Flower Angels" attracted my attention, and suggested pleasant thoughts. I do not know that since the date of this manuscript the play may not have seen the light, through the agency of some fortunate publisher, but I have never met it in print, and perhaps the lines may be as new to my readers as to myself. In answer to the question, "what are the flower angels?" the lady says—

"Happy sprites, whose charge it is
To walk unseen about all garden paths,
And live in the fragrant neighborhood of flowers—
No bud or blossom but hath such a keeper;
In dim damp wood, or on wide, windy common,
By lonely marsh, where'er a flower may blow,
Nursed in close gardens of men's fashioning,
Or sown by that wandering seedsman, the free air,
These angels haunt. The maid that on her casement
Sets a flower-pot, hath one still watching there,
And she that wears a flower in her vest
Keeps a good spirit hovering o'er her breast."

Never was poetic fancy more instinct with life, for we know that out of the heart of the lightest of God's floral gifts, floats a spirit, unseen but felt, like the fragrance of the flower, which breathes its blessing on every soul that can claim any kindred with its beauty.

Flowers alone, of all created things, seem given to minister solely to our spiritual life. They wake into being, they unfold their soft petals, they put on the loveliness of perfected bloom—they gather up in their bosoms the dew of a few summer nights, the sunshine of a few summer days, and then the wind that so lately rocked them to and fro, scatters their leaves over the earth and they are gone forever. And in this brief season they have

only lived—they have been of no service in the material world—to the utilitarian they have been "unprofitable servants"—but young eyes have grown glad with a deeper light as they gazed upon them, and cold hearts have been warmed with a glow they could not define. Souls weary and worn have remembered anew the eternal bloom and beauty of the paradise of God, and life has grown fairer in their sight: they have been to the child the first revelation of the infinite beauty and love—they have lifted the infidel out of darkness into God's "marvellous light."

Flowers have kindred and association with all that is best within us—they interpret and are sacred to our affections. We make them gifts to those we love, and wear them for their sake, and plant them above their graves. Clasped in the hand of the child, pressed to the lips of love, wreathed in the tresses of the pride, or lying on the cold bosom of the dead, they have a beauty and a language given to nothing else. Other things in God's glorious creation are beautiful and grand, and precious to the heart which throbs in unison with nature; but we cannot look with familiar love on the far, bright stars, or lay our warm clasp on the dear beauty of the sunset clouds, or call the hills and waves our own, or bend caressingly above the mocking streamlet. All these have a speech and a loveliness peculiar to themselves, but they share not in the fond, home-tenderness we give to flowers. Says Hawthorne, "Affection and sympathy for flowers is al-

Says Hawthorne, "Affection and sympathy for flowers is almost exclusively a woman's trait. Men, if endowed with it by nature, soon lose, forget, or learn to despise it, in their contact with coarser things than flowers." There is probably much of truth in this, but I must believe that in many, very many men, who seem wholly engrossed by "coarser things," the delicate sympathies to which the love of flowers is allied, are not "lost" or "despised," but only concealed and repressed by the incrustation of care and strife with the world—neglected, not "forgotten."

I have seen the rough laborer, whose hands have toiled to weariness all day, and whose lips have not been slow to give back the harsh word to his fellows, stop in his homeward walk, and lay down his heavy implements, to pluck a few wayside roses and violets, to make glad a pale, sickly face, that he remembered lying in a little crib, and I felt there was a corner in his rude nature, which those who looked upon his dull, coarse-lined

face never saw, where gentle sympathies were gathered, which received a ministry from nature alone.

I have seen the hard-featured speculator, whose spiritual being seemed walled in by stocks and exchange, pause, with a sudden impulse, and buy the freshest and dewiest roses of some street-vender, and I knew there was a place in his heart yet open to the delicate ministrations of beauty—that through the crevices of this wall of custom, its winged seeds might reach a not ungenial soil.

All of us have among our acquaintance, men endowed by nature with the love of flowers, in whom it has deepened into a permanent and beautiful sentiment—men who still find the old joy of their youth, in gathering wild flowers on the hills in a leisure hour, or tending with watchful care the opening blossoms of a garden. Among children an affection for flowers seems universal—the world has shewn them no gifts so beautiful as nature's —and when we chance to find in the maturer heart, this sympathy and appreciation undiminished, we cannot but feel that it has retained also, much of childhood's freshness and truth—its "pure vision and simple trust."

## A SONNET.

BY M. F. W.

When, in the West, the sunlight fades away,
And sombre shadows fall upon the trees,
Their leaves wave gently in the evening breeze,
Casting aside the dust that on them lay,
And making music heard not through the day.
Then, from the skies, the pearly dews descend,
Cool and refreshing, fraught with power to lend
New life and beauty to each tender spray.
Thus, when the good man homeward turns his face.
From his day's toil, he throws away its care,
Willing to muse on holy things awhile.
At such an hour, they find a ready place
Within his heart; and, breathing forth a prayer
To God, he rests in peace, beneath His guardian smile.

## LILLIAN.

#### BY HELEN IRVING.

FAIRER than the rose of May,
Fair and bright all flowers above—
Sweeter than my words cay say,
Is the Lillian that I love!

From her low and crescent brow,
To her drooping shoulders slight,
Waves her brown and golden hair,
Half a shadow, half a light.

And her large and hazel eyes

Have the spell of beauty caught,
From the gladness of her heart

And its deep and earnest thought.

In the warm flush of her lips,

Every hour new smiles are born—
Lips that curve in graceful pride,

But that never curl in scorn.

Sweetest tones of love and joy
Flow together in her speech,
And her tenderness and mirth
Seem alike the heart to reach.

There's a bloom upon her cheek
And a light upon her face,
And floating through her motion
A soft and fairy grace.

We think that Nature crowned her
As she crowns the morning hours,
And sent her—dew and sunshine—
To make glad this world of ours.

Fairer than the rose of May,
Fair and bright all flowers above—
Sweeter than my words can say,
Is the Lillian of my love!

### THE DREAM.

SEE ENGRAVING.

#### BY PARK MOODY.

"In blissful dreams thy presence seems
Inwoven with each bright
And beauteous thing, each lovely flower,
Each star that gems the night."

It was not generally known in the village of C—— that the young girl who was often seen watering the plants and training the shrubbery in the beautiful garden of Col. Hastings, was his niece, and consequently cousin to the elegant Kate Hastings, but such was the case. For two years she had been an inmate of that dwelling, but during all that time she had not even once appeared in the gay assemblies of the place, nor had she been presented to any one as a relative of the family. This might appear the result of design on the part of those on whom she was dependent, but it was not altogether so. The cause might be traced, in part at least, to the habits of Clara herself. From the time she came to reside in the family of her uncle, she exhibited an unaccountable reluctance to appear before strangers, and so strong was this feeling that importunities were of no avail.

"I will be a sister to her," said Kate when it was first known that the gentle Clara was to take up her abode with her relatives, "for her heart must be nearly broken by this great affliction, and now that she has neither father nor mother to care for her, and is left alone in the world, I will try to make her happy."

This was spoken with feeling, for how could she do otherwise than love such a gentle and affectionate girl, so deeply afflicted, and her own cousin too? But when we glance at the character of Kate, it will at once be seen why the two, when they met, did not mingle together in a sisterly union. She was left at an early age without a mother, and received as an inheritance that mother's beauty without her restraining influence and love. Indeed, she was very beautiful, and at the early age of sixteen glided noise-lessly, like a smooth flowing river, to the enviable position of a

belle, even as marble in the master's hand foreshadows perfection. Self is generally the foundation of this eminence, and but for self, no rivalry for its honors would exist. Beauty is insidious, and not always woman's best friend. It doth sometimes undermine a foundation which nothing else could reach. If Kate had been bereft of her loveliness she would have had little else to live for, though this was not all the world to her. She prized it as one prizes health who has never known sickness. She was beautiful as a matter of course, and silently permitted those feelings to expand which received nourishment from this source. When her consin Clara became a homeless orphan, she remembered how good and gentle she had always been, and how much she now needed sympathy; and determined at once to make her her confidant and friend, and share with her her honors and gaieties, and thus lead her away from the sorrows which she knew must fill her heart. But the most that Clara desired when she came to reside under her uncle's roof, was sympathy. Kate could offer her a share in her pleasures, but she needed most that Kate should partake of her sorrows.

"You will go with me to-night to Mrs. Gardner's grand party," said Kate to her soon after her arrival. "It is to be very fine indeed, and you will see much to make you forget your sorrows, and you have had so very much of late to make you sad, I am sure it will be a benefit to you."

"Indeed," said Clara, almost sobbing with grief, for nothing could have been less opportune than to refer to this subject, "I cannot go to-night. Really, you must excuse me, and I will go some other time."

"Not go to Mrs. Gardner's! Why, it will be the very place to enliven you!" returned Kate, much disappointed.

"Indeed, dear cousin, I cannot go," was the reply of Clara as she turned away to hide her tears, and faster still those tears coursed over her pale cheeks as she sought the retirement of her own room.

Kate was astonished that she should refuse, and secretly resolved not to extend another invitation to her if it was to be received in this manner, a resolution which was afterwards kept, though it was made less than half in earnest; but the gentle, unobtrusive character of Clara was totally at variance with the

ambitious pleasures of Kate. So sensitive grew she from the loneliness of her situation, and the want of proper companionship, that she shrank instinctively from observation, gliding noiselessly from room to room in the accomplishment of her self-imposed duties—a being whose presence was felt by the inmates of the dwelling, but seldom seen.

"You are living too much like a recluse," said Col. Hastings to her; "it won't do. There's Kate, always where excitement is highest. See, she is fixing now for a party, a pic-nic, or a flirtation. Had you not better accompany her?"

Kate turned to extend the invitation, but saw no encouragement in Clara's eye.

"I am very happy as I am," replied she. "I should be very foolish if I was not with such a bountiful uncle to provide for me, and as for to-night, I intended to sing you a new song if you would like to hear it."

"I am always glad to hear you, my little niece," said he, "but do not want to keep you all to myself."

Kate departed, and Clara soon sang her uncle to sleep. She was a ministering angel to him, invisible, but none the less real, for well she knew it was his bounty which gave her a quiet, happy home—for happy she was at times, even in the shadow of her first great grief. His slippers, his newspaper, his walking stick and overcoat were always precisely where he wished them to be, and many a little attention, secretly performed, denoted how carefully his thoughts were studied. The Colonel saw her seclusion from the world with evident regret, and sought many ways to reinstate her in society, but all importunities were resisted. Had Kate understood her delicate formation, and exercised her power, she would undoubtedly have wrought a change in her character; but instead of this, she came to look upon her, from long habit, as something connected with the household, and thinking, perhaps, that her own duties would be better performed in such hands, passed them quietly over to her, who, unmurmuring, did every thing assigned her, and much more. Often when visitors were expected would her taste be requisite in the arrangement of the viands or the evening's programme of amusement, but when those viands were discussed, she heard not the praises lavished upon them, nor did she participate in the pleasures which

followed. She found ample reward in some volume from her uncle's library, for all which she had done.

"I think our Clara must have awakened from her hermit propensities," said the Colonel one evening as he glanced over his quarterly bills and found many costly articles. "These nicknacks cannot surely all be meant for Kate! It is all right, however, and I am glad of it. I'll congratulate her at once on her entrance into society." So saying he summoned his niece.

"Clara," said he, showing the bills, "instead of having any objection to this, I am glad of it. Don't blush!" observed he, remarking the color in her cheeks, for she saw the footing was quite formidable, and knew the whole expense must have been incurred by Kate. "Your cousin spends more in an afternoon than you do in a year, and it is my wish that you have every thing you desire." - So saying, he good-humoredly bade her sing him a song, "which," said he, "will square the bill, and leave me in your debt." She did not intimate that he had attributed this extravagance to an innocent party, but complied with his request, and certainly it must have made him forget every thing else, to listen to her enchanting voice. It was true that Kate had drawn rather heavily upon her father's purse. There was a diamond ring, for instance, a costly shawl and broach which might have been dispensed with, but these were for a given purpose, as the sequel will show.

She did not suppose when Roland Howard was introduced in their village, that he would fall in love with any other of the maidens there but herself—that is, if he was inclined to fall in love at all, for, reasoned she, no one disputes the palm with me either as regards beauty, accomplishments or wealth. Nevertheless, to make sure, an elegant shawl, she apprehended, would be of service, and, as in their intercourse she saw more of him, it appeared still more important that she should look pleasing in his eyes, a diamond broach was therefore added to her ornaments.

And when his character, his high attainments, his position and wealth were taken into consideration, it might appear laudable in her to strive for the distinction of an alliance with him; and truly, her dreams had never pictured a form more manly, or a face of such striking eloquence. She, also, passed before him like a vision of beauty. There was grace in her every movement, music in her voice, and enchantment in her faintest smile.

"She is loveliness itself," said he almost aloud. "My heart whispers that I must see more of her."

They met often; they danced, sang and rode together.
"Oh!" thought she, as she reclined upon a sofa, leaning her head upon her hand, "the ideal of the finest fancy would suffer in comparison with him."

The morrow was to be a gala day. The thought of it, of the long hours they might spend together, filled her with sweet fancies, and she fell asleep. Her dreams were even more enchanting than her waking musings. Not only the morrow, but a long perspective of gala days opened before her, in which were heard the same deep tones that thrilled her waking hours, and in which the flashing eye and finely wrought features of Roland Howard were intermingled. It was a sweet dream threaded with deep emotions, presenting, as her snowy bosom swelled in harmony with hope's pulsations, an enchanting picture.

The morning came, and, as the forthcoming pic-nic had been projected on the spur of the moment, all was preparation. By the arrangement, Roland was to call with his carriage for Kate. and on the wings of expectation he preceded his time a full half hour. She, more than usually precise, had not yet finished her toilet, and he was invited into the parlor, instead of which, however, he preferred stepping into the garden, thinking, perhaps, that a delicate white rose-bud would be an agreeable preface to a subject near his heart. Passing under an arch, overrun with honeysuckle, and turning an angle he came directly upon Clara, whom he had never before seen. She held a large boquet before her, admiring the flowers and inhaling their fragrance, which prevented her from seeing him till the dewy roses brushed against his cheek. Self-possessed as Roland usually was, he was slightly embarrassed, and Clara's cheek became instantly the hue of her own roses. She would inevitably have appeared ridiculous, had not Roland's frank manner, combined with a seasonable word, set her at ease.

"Truly a novel introduction to an agreeable lady," thought he as they conversed together. "I was not aware," said he, turning to her, "that Miss Hastings had a visitor. Doubtless you arrived late last evening, unless, perchance, she withheld the information to give us all a sweet surprise."

"I am not a transient visitor, but a resident here."

"Then how is it possible that I never met with you before?"

"My own habits of retirement since the death of my parents have kept me entirely excluded from society," was the reply.

He glanced repeatedly at her faultless features and natural grace, as he touched upon other subjects, and listened to her ready response, showing a mind cultivated and intellectual. The thought arose in his mind that Kate, to be insensible to the merits of such a charming companion, must lack many of the requisites of a refined and sisterly affection; "and surely," said he, "she has never once mentioned that such a being existed." Anxious to discover more of her mental qualities in the short time allotted to them, he introduced a variety of subjects, all of which were entered into with delicacy and spirit by Clara. He instantly recognized a resemblance between her and Kate. If the latter was beautiful, Clara had inherited beauty from a like source. coronet graced her brow, and robes of state adorned her person. she would have stood a queen among queens; but even then one might ask "would she be more beautiful than in her robes of simple white?"

Roland extended an urgent invitation to her to accompany them, as Kate entered the parlor, but she modestly declined.

Kate was surprised to find her cousin composedly in conversation with one whom she must have met by accident, and Roland took the opportunity to elicit more of her history. The day was uncommonly beautiful, the ride exhilerating, and nothing transpired to mar the harmony of the occasion. Many times, in the course of the day, did the sweet, angelic face of Clara present itself to Roland's mental vision, and many times did he suggest a motive for the apparent neglect with which she was treated by her cousin. He had thought himself in love with Kate. faultless was her beauty, he deemed her almost perfection. now another like face was presented to him, and the two beings, how different! He presented himself often at the mansion where Once more he stood face to face with Clara in her retirement, her innocence, and her simplicity. His own soul was full of nobleness and truth, and it needed not his eloquence of manner to find a true response in her young heart. Emotions were awakened in the hearts of both which pure love alone could interpret.

Again he stood side by side with Kate in the gay assembly .--They were marked by every eye. Who could compare with Kate in grace, beauty and magnificence? Who could compare with Roland in nobleness and truth? "It is a match," they whispered. Kate was happy. Let Roland analyze her feelings. "She is happy," said he inwardly, "because she is a belle, because she has no competitor, because every eye is turned to her expressing admiration, and because to be the centre round which many stars revolve, is of infinitely more importance to her than to receive the homage of a single heart." In comparison he called up one absent, yet present. Her heart thrilled in response to his, and not because of the admiration of the crowd. In him dwelt a power to illumine her eye which the world had not. That being, dwelling in seclusion, unnoticed, unregarded, by one soft word of his was transformed almost into an angel. "Rather be all to her," said he, "than part even to the brightest being imagination can picture." Thus, while the smile was on her lip, while her heart exulted, and her voice breathed melody and gladness, the magnificent Kate lost her lover. The affectionate Clara became the wife of Roland Howard, and the bright, bright dream of her peerless cousin was unfulfilled.

## POLYCARP,

#### OR THE KINGDOM OF TRUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN .- BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

POLYCARP, the venerable Bishop of Smyrna, left that city when the fierceness of the persecution began to increase, and retired with Crescens, his faithful disciple, to a rustic dwelling in the neighborhood. In the cool of the evening, he walked forth under the shade of the noble trees which stood before the cottage. Here he found Crescens beneath an oak, leaning his head upon his hand and weeping.

The old man drew near to him and said-"My son, why weepest thou?"

Crescens lifted up his head and answered—"How can I help grieving and weeping? I was thinking of the kingdom of God on earth. Storms and tempests are gathering around it, and will destroy it in its infancy. Many brethren have already become apostates, and have denied and blasphemed the faith, and thereby proved that the unworthy may profess it with their lips, although their hearts be far from it. This thought fills my soul with sorrow and my eyes with tears." Thus spake Crescens.

Polycarp answered with a smile, and said—" My beloved son, the heavenly kingdom of truth is like unto a tree which a husbandman planted. Alone, and in silence he laid the seed in the earth, and then went his way. And the seed shot forth, and sprang up amid weeds and thorns, and lifted its head above them. And the weeds and the thorns withered and died, for the branches of the tree overshadowed them. But the tree grew, and the winds blew furiously against it and shook it. But its roots struck the more deeply into the ground, and clung to the rocks in the bosom of the earth, and its branches shot up toward heaven. Thus the storm served only to increase its strength. And when it had grown to a great height, the thorns and the weeds again began to spring up beneath it. But it heeded them not in its loftiness, and stood in tranquil majesty, the tree of God."

Thus spake the pious Bishop and was silent. He then gave his hand to his disciple, and said with a smile—"When thou lookest up at its summit, why shouldst thou grieve because of the weeds that creep about its foot? Leave them to him who plant ed it."

Then Crescens rose, and his soul was comforted, for his venerable teacher was beside him, bowed indeed with years, but his mind and countenance were as those of a youth.

DIVINE revelation does not seem to presume that men will act according to good reason, though it leaves them without excuse for not acting so. And if we could perceive truth without any bias from an evil heart, nothing then would appear so irrational as the doubts and difficulties which now disarm us for good.

#### AMY GRAY.

BY ANNA.

Three years and a half ago, I became acquainted with a sweet young girl, named Amy Gray. I was then not quite thirteen, and she was three years my senior. Her form was slender, but well proportioned, and her dark auburn hair fell in luxuriant ringlets over her fair neck; but all her beauty appeared centered in her mild blue eyes, from which I may truly assert, there never was cast an angry or impatient glance. I first met her at a small party, given by an aunt of mine. After that an acquaintance being formed between us, we were seldom apart, and as we resided near each other, in two small cottages, on the west bank of the Hudson, nothing hindered us from daily intercourse.

The first of May, Amy and myself, with a few of our friends, making up a small party, went into the woods to hunt for wild flowers. We started early in the morning, and all the girls had baskets in which they carried their dinners, the mother of each having taken care to provide for her child. We wandered all the morning through the woods, gathering flowers, and about midday we arrived at a part which was sheltered from the heat of the sun, by some large trees, near which glided a small brook. As we were by this time quite hungry, we determined to eat our meal in this place, it being more pleasant than any other we had seen. So we spread our table on the green grass. Some of the girls brought some pure water from the brook, and then we all very happily set down to partake of the repast. I had noticed several times during the day, that Amy looked very much fatigued, and that she did not partake of the viands with such hearty good will as the rest of us. After dinner we started for home, where we arrived without any accident, but all very tired. Our baskets were filled with wild flowers, and our heads crowned with wreaths of them, that we had twined in the woods.

The next day Amy was very sick, and as she became worse they sent for the family physician, who said that she had the consumption, and must reside during the winter in a warmer country than her native north. That summer she staid at the village; but in the autumn she departed, with her mother, for Cuba, where she was to remain till the following summer, when we all hoped to welcome her with restored health to her village home.

The day of her departure I went to bid her farewell. She was lying on the sofa in a small room, facing the river, where we had passed many a pleasant day. On this day there was not a dry eye in the village; the poor, as well as her friends, wept, for she had consoled many of them in their darkest hours.

The voyage was propitious for her health, and when she arrived at the house of her uncle, a rich merchant in Matanzas, she wrote me a long letter, telling me of all that had happened; but wishing that I had been with her to partake of her pleasure. During the rest of the winter I received many other letters from her; all written in a cheerful strain, for Amy was not one to despond, and she spoke of the happy days that we would spend together during the coming summer. But, alas! little did we know what changes a few months would bring.

In March I received a letter from her mother, in which she informed me that the physician who was attending upon Amy had pronounced her past recovery—"and even Amy," writes Mrs. Gray, "seems to realize that her life in this world will not be of long duration. Yesterday she was lying on the bed and speaking of her home in the village. 'Oh, mother!' said she, 'take me there, for I know that I have not long to live, and I would see my old friends once more—and bury me in the village church-yard, under that weeping willow where Anna and myself have so often walked.'"

The next month I heard that they had left Matanzas, and might be expected home in a short time. The cottage was arranged for their reception, and on the 28th of April I was clasped in Amy's arms, in the same room where six months before I had bidden her farewell.

The following morning I went to see her, and found her mother and a few friends around her bed. When I entered, she stretched out her arms to me, and smiling, said—"Anne, I have waited to bid you a last farewell." I stooped to kiss her, and when I raised my head a sweet and happy smile was resting on her countenance,

but her heart had ceased to beat—her pure spirit had fled to its Maker.

The first of May she was buried where she had wished, and the village children sang a parting hymn over her grave, as they strewed it with the first May flowers.

A small and simple monument marks the spot where she was interred. The following inscription is engraved upon it: "AMY GRAY, aged seventeen. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Whenever I visit her grave, my thoughts revert to that happy May-day, when she, who is now resting there, enjoyed life like us all. But her soul is not dead, for it shines in all its glory near the throne of God. So, let us comfort ourselves with the thought, when any of our dear friends die, that we will meet them again in another and a better world.

## TRUE HAPPINESS.

BY ANNIE R. SMITH.

Он, not in shining gold From earth-born sorrows can we solace find, Nor on the scroll of fame our name enrolled Can satisfy the mind.

Not in the festal throng
Where youth and beauty meet so fresh and gay,
Whose lighted halls echo with dance and song
In splendor's bright array.

'Tis but a moment's light,
That soon will fade as rainbow tints so fair,
The cup of pleasure sparkling e'er so bright,
A poison lurketh there.

In all earth's wide domain
Of bright and beauteous things, the golden prize
Thou'lt seek and strive to grasp for aye in vain—
The airy phantom flies.

Earth teems with glad'ning flowers,

And sunny skies and silver streams rejoice,

And music swells from breezes, birds and bowers,

In one harmonious voice.

But if dark passion's cloud
Dim the mind's sky and wither hopes once true,
Then earth's bright scenes dressed in a gloomy shroud,
Will wear a sombre hue.

And the meiodious choir
Of nature's sounds will fall discordant, lone,
If unattuned the soul's deep sacred lyre
To vibrate back their tone.

It is the soul within
That stamps life's varied scenes with light and shade,
Whether in flowery paths we tread, or in
Rude thorns our path be made.

A plant of heavenly birth,

And watered with celestial dews, 'twill bloom

With beauty ne'er to fade, and o'er the earth

Will shed its sweet perfume.

Deep in the heart it lies,

A priceless pearl to weary mortals given—

A flame of love that never, never dies;

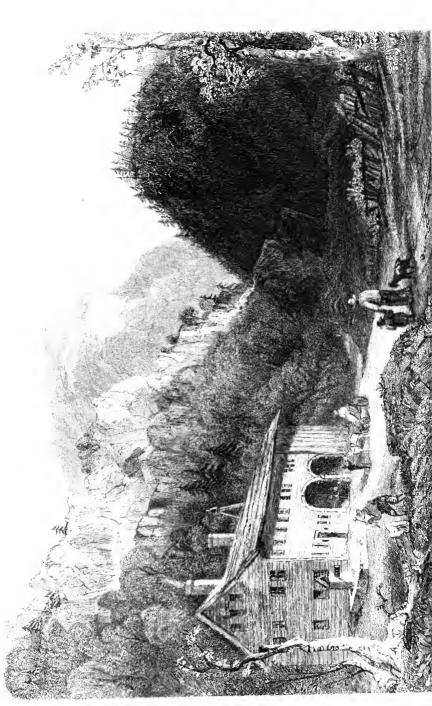
'Tis not of earth, but heaven.

And in the fevered tone
Of strife, serene its peace without alloy,
An emanation from the eternal throne—
A foretaste of its joy.

A radiant star to shine
O'er life's rough, darkest paths, to guide our way
Through death's dark portal, with its rays divine,
To realms of endless day.

THERE are some faces which are never thought handsome, viewed in detail, which yet as a whole, are strikingly lovely; and so does one gentle virtue seem to diffuse a gilding over other qualities of the heart, and impart the stamp of goodness to all.







Red Raspberry.



### ONLY A GOVERNESS.

#### BY LELA LINWOOD.

Dear reader, fancy to yourself a rainy day in capricious April, and I will spare you a description of the ill-tempered sky, the shifting clouds, the chilling atmosphere, the swift gusts of wind, and the falling torrents. It was just as daylight and rain-fall simultaneously terminated, that a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful bays, made its way through the muddy streets of the ancient and aristocratic town of W——. The equipage paused before a noble mansion, which, in the season of foliage, lay completely embowered. The occupant of the carriage alighted, and walked hastily up the avenue, shaking the sparkling drops from the hedge, and turning an eager eye up to the old architectural pile and down each special walk.

A few moments more, and he was ushered into an elegantly furnished drawing-room. Could he have peered up the stairs, as he stepped over the threshold, he might have seen two girls at a half opened door, exclaiming in the same breath, "Wallace Grosvenor, as I live!" While they are preparing to descend, let us take a closer look at the object of their curiosity.

A form quite above the medium height—a forehead broad and full, from which the chestnut hair was carelessly brushed—an eye which changed from a deep blue to a clear hazel when lighted by any sudden excitement, and a manner revealing at once the scholar and the gentleman, were represented in the outward man. With the inner life our acquaintance must be more gradual. A brief interval elapsed, and a trio of ladies entered the parlor—one a fashionably drest woman in the prime of life—the other two, her daughters, numbering eighteen and twenty summers. The young man advanced to salute them, offering one hand to each sister, and in a tone, whose slight tinge of sadness seemed habitual, said—"I am most happy to meet you, fair cousins"—then with a bearing somewhat less familiar, but not less cordial, he exchanged greetings with the mother to whom he was formally

presented. And now, the first salutations over, let us go back some years, and inquire a little into the history of the parties thus brought together.

Wallace Grosvenor was now in the second year of his orphanage. When very young, he had been sent to Europe to receive his education, and having commenced a course of liberal study at Geneva, which was completed at Gottingen, he traveled with his tutor over the continent, and added to his fine education that ease and polish of manners, and thorough acquaintance with modern languages, which such advantages are fitted to impart. During this interval, first his mother and then his father were called to the spirit-land; and never did revered and idolized parents leave a truer mourner. The heir of a respectable fortune, the possessor of poetical genius, united to a highly cultivated intellect, chastened by a warm and ardent piety, which seemed to many all the requisites for happiness, yet with an aching void at his heart, and a sensation of desolateness quite new to him. Wallace embarked for his native America. On his arrival at New-York, he found a cordial welcome to the circle in which his parents had so lately moved. His reputation had preceded him, and many strangers were ready to urge upon him their hospitality. But when most courted and flattered, he missed, oh! how sadly, those warm hearts, which had bestowed on him at parting their parental benedictions, and he carried every where a lonely and aching breast. A few weeks after his return, as he was sauntering through the brilliant saloons of Mrs. C-, and passing compliments with the many who watched for a word or a smile, his attention was attracted by two pretty Saxon-looking girls, who were evidently making him the subject of a close conversation. He inquired their names of his hostess, who replied: "Do you mean those sisters in blue? They are the Clevelands; they have just left boarding school, and my daughter Ellen has brought them home to spend a few days with her before their departure from the city." An introduction followed, and Wallace found Kate and Fannie Cleveland consigned to him for the remainder of the evening. As he looked oftener in their faces, an indistinct recollection crossed his mind of having seen them before, and when he ventured to inquire their place of residence, and learned that it was the same beautiful retired town where his

father once owned a country-seat, his suspicions were confirmed, his interest deepened, and he asked eagerly-" Pray, pardon me, but is not your mother a niece of the late Judge Grosvenor?"-"Yes, indeed," was the reply, (and the sisters colored as they spoke.) "Mother has often mentioned her uncle's visit to her years ago with his son. We were then both very young, and do not remember it distinctly." Wallace remembered it well, and as he recalled that humble cottage in the suburbs of Waterford, with two rude little girls swinging on the brown gate that opened into the dusty thoroughfare, he saw at once that fortune must have smiled on the Clevelands since those days. Destitute as he was of near kindred, he congratulated himself on this newly found relationship, and entered his claim to their cousinly regards with a warmth which brought an ill concealed expression of flattered vanity to the countenance of the two sisters. to retain his favor, they were not slow to inform him that their father had purchased the old Grosvenor mansion, and that they had for three or four years occupied that honored dwelling. Ere the evening closed, our young friend had naturally enough been invited to pay a visit to his cousin's at W., and had just fulfilled his promise to come as we introduced him to our readers.

After tea, on the evening of his arrival, as the two returned to the parlor, the moon-beams looked invitingly in at the casement, giving promise of a glorious evening to succeed the storm, and Wallace approaching the window, gazed with a fond yet pensive air on those old grounds, hallowed by a thousand recollections of childhood. Perceiving that his thoughts were without, his companions spoke of the garden, and regretted that the recent rain prevented an evening's promenade. But Kate, seeing that this topic interested him, suddenly changed her mind, and notwithstanding his remonstrances, insisted that it would be perfectly safe to take one turn down the walk, and immediately leading the way, she opened the door of the library to pass out into the verandah. Pausing a moment as she reached the outer door, she slightly turned her head, and said in a careless tone—"Emily Morris, Mr. Grosvenor." Wallace, who had noticed a new face in the dimly lighted library, now turned his gaze in the direction of cousin Kate's eves, and perceived a young lady in one of the window seats, attired in deep sable. He bowed profoundly, and

hastened after the sisters, Fannie remarking as the door closed behind them—" Only the children's governess."

'Where our heart is, there our' pen loves to linger; for this reason we will talk of Emily Morris and leave the walk undescribed. True, she was "the children's governess," but she was also the orphan child of Mr. Cleveland's sister. Though her daily toil entitled her to a generous support, she was regarded as a poor, dependent relative, under vast obligations for her daily bread. Little did her honored father anticipate such a fate for his daughter. He was suddenly summoned away in the midst of a distinguished and lucrative career, leaving with his business partner an ample fortune in trust for his only child. Alas! for frail humanity; scarce six months elapsed, ere the orphan, defrauded of her patrimony, with a scanty pittance offered her, as all that remained of a princely estate, was obliged to surrender the privileges of an eminent boarding-school, and accept a home where she was expected to carn a support. Her uncle indeed was an honorable man of the world, who regarded the claims of kindred, and entertained real affection for the only child of his departed sister. But Mrs. C. was a calculating woman. seconding her husband's proposal, she was influenced by the advantages afforded her younger children, in having so competent a teacher at their own dwelling. It was not till her older daughters returned from school, and Emily's superiority to them in every grace natural and acquired became strikingly manifest, that she repented the step she had taken in introducing to their home so dangerous a rival. The poor girl was now constantly reminded that she must not claim equality with her cousins—and ever and anon she was made to feel that she was "only a governess." The visit of Wallace Grosvenor proved the occasion of fresh annoyance. That very evening her artful aunt had contrived to effect her absence from the tea-table to delay her introduction to their distinguished guest. Such was the position of Emily Morris. Do you wonder now at her being found alone in the library, or left there still to her solitary musings, with no invitation to join the merry group in the moonlight? Their returning footsteps soon broke her reverie, and she hastened from the room, not however till she heard consin Kate express her raptures over a fullblown tulip, and a rich low voice remonstrate against her preference for this gaudy flower to the heart's ease and snowdrop, which she had crushed and thrown away. Emily gained her chamber to soothe her troubled spirit by communing with the oracles of peace and the God of consolation. The spirits of the dear departed seemed to encircle her with their blessing. She sought her pillow, by good angels guarded, and was refreshed and strengthened for the morrow's tasks.

Several days passed away, and found Wallace still at Waterford, impatient with himself for the feeling of dissatisfaction with his young relatives, which daily increased. "What was the fault?" he asked himself again and again. They were pretty, always amiable, except when cousin Emily was alluded to, evidently delighted with his attentions, and yet with all their flattery did not succeed in winning his regard. He had in his soul an ideal of goodness and beauty and consistency of character, made up from recollections of his sainted mother; and it was in vain that he tried to persuade himself that Kate and Fannie Cleveland were modelled after it. They lacked depth and purity, and all their external professions failed to supply the deficiency.

One morning as Wallace was in the library, he noticed that an elegantly bound volume of his own poems had been abstracted from the parlor table, and was lying there. He carelessly took it up, and found it open to a little piece of blank verse, entitled "The Orphan," and remarked the delicate tracings of a pencil along the margin. "Is this Kate's work?" thought he. "No, extravagant as are her praises of my efforts, she has not enough genuine love of poetry in her nature to reconcile her to pass a half hour alone in reading the most exquisite production of the muses. But see here is a mark with initials—E. M. It is as I suspected, Emily Morris." He turned to pay his devoirs to the ladies who had just entered. Fannie, spying the book which he had laid down, said—

"So, Mr. Grosvenor, you stole away here to read your own musings—no wonder you found yourself on enchanted ground."

"Indeed you are mistaken," replied Wallace, slightly smiling, "the book must have been deposited here by another hand than mine. I encountered it accidentally," and he stole a glance at Emily. Kate turned to her quickly, saying in a bitter tone—

"Have you not often been requested not to disturb these vol-

umes? I have been looking for this very book all the morning. Indeed, Miss Morris, I did not know that you were so devoted to Mr. G's. poetry."

Emily's cheek flushed for an instant, then with quiet dignity she took the book in silence and returned it to the parlor. A glance at Grosvenor's face told the girls that they had overstepped their mark. They strove to make amends by donning their sweetest smiles, but our hero was grave and unsocial the remainder of the morning. At eve the family assembled in the drawingroom again—the harp and guitar were drawn from their resting places, and preparation made for a musical entertainment. Emily was there, too, with an unwonted glow on her cheek. The music began—performance succeeded performance—the Clevelands did their best, but Wallace saw more imperfections than ever in their shallow, rapid style. When Kate and Fannie had finished, he inquired if Miss Morris played on either of the instruments. one answered. He directed the question to her. " Will you play and sing?" She took her seat at the piano without speaking, and commenced a sweetly wild and mournful air, with an extemporaneous accompaniment. When she finished, Wallace uttered a simple "thank you," whose want of emphasis the Clevelands interpreted as a sure mark of indifference. But the music entered his heart. Mrs. C., who felt quite assured by Mr. Grosvenor's silence, remarked condescendingly:

"Do not feel abashed, Emily—that little song appeared much more becoming for you than the girls' brilliant symphonies. We cannot expect you to sing gay songs at present—we know you don't feel like it."

The conversation next turned upon German music, and from that naturally to the German language and literature. Grosvenor undertook to repeat a passage from Schiller, but partly failed.

"Prompt me, cousin Fannie," said he. "I believe you are a student of that author."

"Oh, yes," said Kate, "she's been at it this three years. Goodness, Fan, can't you recollect it!"

But Fanny was still at fault. Wallace was astonished at the coarse expression which escaped his cousin's lips. Mrs. Cleveland offered to bring a copy of Schiller from the library, but Mr. G., as if struck by a sudden thought, detained her with the words,

- "Perhaps Miss Morris can save us that trouble."
  - 'Oh! ah!" began the cousins.
- "I'll step to the library," but Emmie paid no heed to their exclamations.

"Is this the passage to which you refer?" said she, and gave the exact quotation with a richness of tone and enthusiasm of manner, which charmed one of her listeners and vexed the rest. Kate, who had been considered by all the family as clearly in possession of the gentleman's heart, grew daily more uneasy as numberless little scenes like those already narrated lessened the cords of her influence, and drew Wallace with a fascination, (to her inexplicable,) toward that unpretending Emily Morris.

"What was the spell?" the Clevelands asked one another.—

Emily was nt as beautiful as they-oh, no! for brunettes never pretend to be beautiful—she certainly was not as accomplished, for she was acquainted with but two foreign languages, Latin and German, while they had a knowledge of Italian and French beside. She could paint only in water colors, while they understood the use of oils and India ink. Then just think of her plain black dresses, compared with the rich fabrics and bright colors with which they adorned themselves. But, to crown all, Emily was poor, and "only a governess." They knew the high value which Wallace Grosvenor placed on rank and fortune. Poor human nature cannot be perfect—an undue estimate of station was one of our hero's failings. But his eyes were beginning to be opened. He knew the Clevelands were once in humble life, but he was generous, or what is better, just enough to overlook that Here lav the difficulty; their refinement, their amiability, their knowledge even, was not a part of their growth, but something superadded to a character already formed. Every now and then he obtained a glimpse at the back ground of the picture. They were living illustrations of the truth that deficiencies of character and training in early life are sure to make themselves visible through all the gloss and polish and showy accomplishments of later years. It was impossible for one like Wallace Grosvenor not to mark the contrast between such a character, and a nature deep, unostentatious and true-that he should not find pleasure in studying a character, which every day revealed some new page in its hidden volume. And did Emily perceive

and rejoice in the changed position of affairs? Did she strive to bind the distinguished guest to her side? Did she wield well the wenponss of fascination? Ah, no! Emily was impenetrable. The same shade of sadness rested on her brow—she spoke in the same mournful, subdued cadences—the same sweet grace and dignity mingled in her manner. The gentleman's society she neither sought nor repelled—she addressed him only when he questioned her—with a never-varying self-possession she accepted his frequent courtesies, and bore unmoved the scrutinizing watch of her aunt and cousins. Even Mrs. Cleveland, ready and anxious to reprimand her, could find no occasion for reproof.

It was now the middle of May, and Wallace was prolonging his stay, he knew not wherefore. His visit seemed likely to close with little incident beyond the ordinary routine of pleasure rides and calls and evening parties A horseback excursion had been more than once proposed by the sisters, but as yet no time had been suggested, which met the approbation of their cavalier. Let me whisper the reason in your ear, reader—the hour proposed was always one in which cousin Emily was occupied with her little charge.

But a holiday arrived—the afternoon was bright and beautiful, as fresh as blooming May alone can be. Wallace now declared himself ready for the excursion, and as there could be no good excuse for leaving Emily behind, she was included in the party. Mounted on beautiful steeds, and all well skilled in horsemanship, they rode gaily along the traveled road for some distance, when Wallace espied a green lane leading off from the dusty street, which he declared looked too inviting to be passed by—so thither they turned their horses' steps and rode leisurely on.

The green sward was decked with spring's earliest wild flowers, which constantly tempted our knight to dismount, and gather boquets for the ladies—simple nosegays of violets and cowslips and anemones, tied by a single spire of grass. A shade of thoughtfulness succeeded the hilarity, with which the ride commenced, and they rode onward, conversing little, and seemingly regardless of time and distance.

Emily was the first to point to their lengthening shadows, and suggest the wisdom of retracing their steps. They were now at the summit of a hill, and Fannie declared her purpose to descend

that she might have the pleasure of galloping up again. As they slowly walked their horses down the steep descent, two children emerged from a miserable hut by the wayside, and looked curiously after them. No sooner did the party reach the bottom, than they wheeled abruptly, and Fannie, taking the lead, galloped full speed up the ascent.

One of the children screamed as if terror-stricken, and in her haste to escape, fell almost beneath the horse's feet. Fannie looked back and laughed, but continued her race up the hill.—Kate also passed the children without stopping, though she observed that the one which had fallen was supported in its sister's arms. Wallace approached next, and checked his steed, to utter a kind word as his nature prompted—not supposing that any serious injury had been received. As he was asking the elder girl why she did not take her little sister into the house, Emily drew near, and being alarmed at once by the appearance of the child, quickly dismounted, and was at the children's side,—another moment, and Wallace was on his feet. To their inquiries, the girl replied—

"It's only one of Nell's fainting fits—she is always so from fright. Mother saw her, and has gone to the spring for water,—there, she is coming now—the water always brings her out."

By this time a poor woman, in homely but clean attire, hurried

By this time a poor woman, in homely but clean attire, hurried to the spot, and taking the little one in her arms, sprinkled water plentifully in its face and neck. It opened its eyes heavily, but moaned without consciousness. The mother now perceived a contusion on the back of its head, occasioned by the fall. She wrung her hands in agony, while Wallace tenderly lifted the unconscious little sufferer and carried it into the house. Emily followed, and was quietly laying aside her hat and gloves as the Misses Cleveland rode to the door to inquire if the child was really hurt, or was only stupefied by fear, and to say that they supposed they might as well keep their saddles, as they could be of no use. What was their surprise, to hear Emily announce her intention to stay with the distressed mother till her companions could ride back to the village and send out a physician. And, what amazed them still more, she insisted that Mr. Grosvenor, after securing her horse, should ride back with her cousins. He hesitated to leave her at that hour in so lonely a place—spoke of

her late ride homeward, but yielded the point as the poor woman entreated them to hasten and procure medical help. On their way back, Kate and Fannie in excited tones discussed the accident, as also the propriety of cousin Emily's stopping through the evening at that 'out-of-the-way place.' Both agreed that it would not have done for them—mamma would have been much displeased—but, perhaps it was well enough for Emily—and their tone and manner added, "as she is only a governess." Wallace Grosvenor understood the implication, and busied himself with his own thoughts.

In another hour, he returned with Dr. Howard, who promised to do his best for the little patient, and gave encouragement of a favorable issue. Emily did not have a lone ride home that night, though she and Wallace rode a distance mostly in silence, reading each other's thoughts by the clear moonbeams.

The next day, the imposing family coach was drawn up before the door, to give the visiter one more ride, as he had declared his purpose to leave on the morrow. A pic-nic was in contemplation on the summit of an adjacent mountain. A large basket of provision was mounted on the driver's seat, and the party were about ready to start, when a young school-mate of the Misses Cleveland arrived, with her brother, to make a visit of a few days.—What was now to be done? To give up the excursion would disappoint other friends already on their way to the pic-nic. The carriage was full, and it was too late to look about for another conveyance. Mrs. Cleveland asked Emily to resign her seat to Miss Canfield. She instantly complied—that young lady expressing her great unwillingness that any one should give up the party for her sake, till Fannie whispered in her ear—

"Don't distress yourself-it's only the children's governess."

Wallace now offered his seat to Mr. Canfield, but this raised such a storm of expostulations that he was obliged to desist, and by close sitting, that gentleman was safely stowed in with the rest—and the loaded vehicle moved slowly off toward the place of destination. As they proceeded, the newly arrived expressed their regret that one of the original company was left behind—saying they could hardly give her credit for sincerity in resigning her place so cheerfully.

"Oh," said Kate, "it will make little difference with her. On

the whole she will enjoy the day best at home, for mamma will let her fix off a basket of provisions for a poor family with a sick child, that sister Fan came near riding over the other day."

Here followed the history of the late adventure duly amplified and commented on. Was it this, or a sudden jolt of the carriage that heightened the glow on Wallace Grosvenor's cheek, and compressed his lips so firmly?

The day, like all others, wore away—it was now late in the afternoon, and where was Emily Morris? She had received a letter while walking in the garden, and was seated in the arbor intently perusing it—with that face (usually so serene) betraying deep and changing emotion. She had drawn off her bonnet, to enjoy the soft, fresh air—her dark curls were slightly confined by a bandalet of velvet. She had never looked so beautiful as now, for Emily was beautiful, dear reader, notwithstanding the assertions of the envious Clevelands to the contrary—and so thought Wallace Grosvenor as he approached her unobserved, till he stood at the entrance of the arbor. Her cheek and brow crimsoned as he saluted her, and she expressed her surprise that the party should have returned at so early an hour.

"They have not returned," he replied; "but as Mr. Canfield seemed able to take care of the ladies, and the carriage was overloaded, I begged the privilege of preceding them on foot, agreeing to ride whenever they should overtake me. I am a good pedestrian, so, as I foresaw, have reached home before them."

He took a seat by her side, and began to talk of things which at that moment were farthest from his heart—of mountain scenery, of foreign lands, of botany and the classics, and finally (for the most natural subjects often have the last place,) of poetry—and as step by step they narrowed the range of topics, Wallace ventured to ask if it were really Emily who drew those marginal lines to mark "The Orphan." As she confessed without embarrassment, he proceeded to speak of his own sad inheritance of orphanage, and of his sense of utter desolateness as he stepped on the shores of his native land, and sought the graves of his parents. The tears were in Emily's eyes, and there is no predicting how this conversation might have issued, had it not been suddenly broken off by the irruption of a bevy of children, claiming Miss Morris' promise to take them to a walk before tea.

"Yes, darlings," said Emily, "I will keep my promise. Mr. Grosvenor will excuse me," and with less composure than usual in her voice and manner, she allowed the children, who had already taken possession of both her hands, to hurry her awa;.

Wallace followed them with his eyes, and noticed as Emily turned to go down the avenue, that she paused, took from her pocket the letter which he had seen her hastily deposit there, and refolded it more carefully. She was now hid from his view, yet he recalled with a sensation as novel as it was annoying, the unwonted illumination of those expressive features as that letter lay open before her. It was evidently no ordinary missive of friendship. Yet, what was it to him? Why did his heart throb painfully at every surmise connected with it? As he questioned himself thus, he was every moment gaining a deeper insight into the nature of his own emotions. He became aware of the intensity of feelings, whose existence he had scarcely acknowledged even to himself. He paced up and down the garden walks, entertaining conjectures and dismissing them-forming plans and abandoning them-indulging hopes and relinquishing them. One thing, however, he resolved upon-he would have an interview and an explanation, before he departed on the morrow. He recalled the conversation in the arbor-as Emily responded to the sentiments he uttered, there was surely a something about her which made him feel that their hearts were in unison-but, then, that letter, that ominous letter. Reader, do you feel curious about the document which has raised such a commotion in the mind of Wallace Grosvenor? Well, you shall see the transcript:

A----y, May 15th, 15--.

MISS EMILY MORRIS:

Madam,—I have the pleasant duty of informing you that the frauds of the villain who has kept you out of your lawful estate, have been detected, and property recovered to the amount of \$20,000. There is more behind, which I am confident will come to light soon. I await your orders in person or by letter. Allow me, madam, in consideration of my former intimacy with and regard for your honored father, to offer you my sincere congratulations.

J ..., Attorney at Law.

Emily kept her secret for her uncle Cleveland's ear—but she enjoyed, that night, such a sense of freedom, such elasticity of spirit, as she had been a stranger to for many weary months. In visions of the night she entered her old ancestral home and trod again its halls.

Morning came-the last of Wallace Grosvenor's stay at Waterford. The moments flew on apace—the hour of departure drew near. He rose to take leave of the Clevelands. They were reserved and formal—he was going, and unengaged, and, as far as they could judge, disenthralled. Their polite adieus were far less cordial than their warm greetings three weeks before. He thanked them for their hospitality, and said he should not soon forget this visit,—then addressing Mrs. C., inquired, "Shall I find Miss Morris in the library?" and without waiting to hear her offer to summon her, he hastily made his way thither. Poor Emily! she was hardly herself this morning. Failing of an intercourse with her uncle before he left the house, she was now writing a note, to accompany the important communication, to his office. That letter was open before her, and Wallace saw how she was occupied, the moment he entered. Emily rose to meet him—the second time he saw the warm life current rush to temple and cheek. If he had hitherto lacked courage for his disclosure, the scene before him made him resolute. He asked Emily to be seated, and opened all his heart. She answered only with tears, for he proceeded with a fervor which paused not for a word of response, till he told her that he made this declaration rather as a relief to his overcharged feelings than with much hope of success, and with some hesitation and great delicacy referred to the letter whose perusal he had witnessed. Without a word of reply, but with an arch look whose significance he could not interpret, she placed the open letter in his hand. He caught a glimpse of the signature, and hesitated not to read it. With its perusal all his eloquence vanished. How could he urge his plea, just as he eloquence vanished. How could be urge his plea, just as he learned the accession of his lady-love to a large estate? He did, however, retain sufficient self-possession to ask permission to write her—and he was not refused. His leave-taking was not eloquent, if we except the expression of his eyes, which could speak when the lips moved not. But the warm pressure of Emily's hand, and that speaking face, which revealed the heart, sent him away a happy man.

Passing over the surprise of the Clevelands at Emily's altered fortunes, and the particulars of her return to her native city, let

us follow Mr. Cleveland as he enters the old mansion at Waterford on a cold morning in December, with a letter in his hand to pronounce intelligence that Emily Morris and Wallace Grosvenor were to be married at New Year's. Kate bit her lips with very vexation—Fannie tossed her head, and 'did'nt care'—Mrs. C. declared that 'it was money that allured him, otherwise, why did he not pay his addresses to Emily last spring, when he had so good an opportunity?' and she gave vent to the mortification of her maternal vanity in strains of surpassing eloquence. When the wordy torrent ceased, her good natured husband, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, observed:

"I shall not allow you to abuse my nephew thus. I have known more of this affair than you wot of; and I can assure you that Wallace loved Emily, and that he told her so too, when she was 'only a governess!"

## SONG.—OH! ASK NO MORE.

BY E. L. E.

On! ask no more the strains of praise,
Which Zion's minstrel sung;
My harp o'er weeping Zion's lays
Lies mournful and unstrung.
For how can one in exile sing,
Through tears of vain regret?
Or wake to joy the silent string?
Oh! how can I forget?

Not all the sweets a stranger land,
Of song and bloom may bear,
Can win my love from Israel's strand,
And Salem's ruin there:
Nor thou, bright orb, whose glorious beams
On Zion's fall have set,
Cans't cheer my heart by Babel's streams!
Oh! how can I forget?

## TO ONE I LOVE.

BY CELIA.

Sister, a casual word of thine, mayhap By thee forgotten, has awakened thoughts That thrill my yearning heart: -when "sixty years" Have sped, with all their snows and spring-times, Summer heats and golden autumns, where Shall then be found our loving social band Of genial friends? "The places that on earth We know, shall know us then no more"-perchance, 'Tis true, some one among us may remain. When all we loved and cherished in our youth Have passed away—remain like lingering leaves Upon a withered bough-but who would wish To linger thus? who would not fain depart With the beloved who are earlier called Away from earth? And yet, to die! what is it? Gaze on the marble brow and rigid lips, The awful beauty of the dread repose That we call death! To what far bourne is fled The spirit that we loved—that filled those eyes With light, and clothed that cheek with crimson Eloquence? That fraught those lips. so silent Now, with words of kindliness? How deep. How solemn is the mystery! how vast And fathomless the dark abyss, upon Whose brink the spirit yearningly looks forth. To catch some feeble glimpse of the departed! Vain desire! for He alone who fashioned Us, hath power to range the infinite abode Of disembodied souls—Oh! were it not That He who brought the dead to life and speech-Who passed Himself the shadowy gates of Death, And trod the crystal pavement of the New Jerusalem in triumph—were it not That He hath promised that His loving hand Should lead us through the darkness of that lone And fearful passage, when, from all the seen And known of our existence, we go forth-How terrible would be the thought of Death! Nay, what were life, but dark and sad unrest, Without the gentle sympathy of Him Who "wept" with mortals, and who bids us lay Our weary heads upon His loving breast, And breathe out all our sorrows, and receive

The balm of consolation from His lips? For He alone who reads the deep recesses Of the heart, can know its bitterness! My sister, I have thought it would be sweet To die in youth—ere yet the heart hath lost The freshness of its beauty, and the fervor Of its yearnings for the true and free-To roam amid the realms unlimited Of light and glory, where to love is being, And to worship, breath-where all "shall know As they are known," and shall be "one with Him" Who chose them as His own; to wait within Those "heavenly mansions" for the loved ones dwelling "Yet a little while" below-perchance, If so permitted, visiting their homes, And bearing messages of peace and grace To cheer them in their sojourn.

When the summons
Comes to thee to meet thy God, I know
That He will send His messengers of love,
To bear thee on thy way—and rapturous songs
Shall echo through the courts of Heaven from lips
Whose voice of tuneful melody has blessed
Our human ears so oft—and should the hand
That pens these lines to thee, lie motionless
In dust, while yet thine eye is warmly brilliant
With the light of life, thou wilt remember
That a new welcome waits for thee in Heaven.

### SONNET.

#### BY HELEN IRVING.

'Tıs said a cunning florist long ago,

Wrought of rare flowers of varied form and hue, A dial wondrous beautiful and true; Whose ranged buds, from morning's waking glow Till evening bowed the last faint petal low,

Oped to each hour in turn their hearts of dew, Marking, with bloom and beauty ever new,

The steps of Time, that flower-ensuared grew slow. So fair a dial is thy heart, dear friend,

So wondrous in its sweetness, truth and bloom— So doth it, hourly, love's rich fragrance send

Alike o'er days of sunshine and of gloom— So in thy presence, evermore by flowers, Do we who love thee count the passing hours.

# WOMAN THE CREATURE OF GOD,

#### AND THE MANUFACTURE OF SOCIETY.

#### BY C. W. TOLLES.

In nothing have the effects of the primeval blight upon earth shown themselves more sensibly and calamitously, than in the character, condition, and situation of woman. By nature more pliant and flexible than man, weaker in the means of asserting and maintaining rights, liable to be debased by the improper exercise of the same feelings which properly exercised constitute the nobility of her nature, woman in every age and clime has undergone greater extremes in her condition than man. She has been the guiding spirit of empires, and the vilest of hovel denizens.— She has exhibited specimens of more intense and self-sacrificing greatness, and of more inhuman and malignant wickedness than is to be found in the annals of the other sex. In ancient mythology the Furies as well as the Graces were represented by females. Ruth and Jezebel, the widow of Sarepta and Semiramis, Lucretia and Cleopatra, Olympia Morata and Lucretia Borgia, Elizabeth and Mary, Hannah More and Charlotte Corday, are contrasted examples. One class is effluent of all the mild graces of true womanhood-the other seemed filled with a fluid fiery as if extracted from the baneful rays of Sirius or Mars.

Much has been said of the influence of woman in shaping society. But this is one of those specious generalities which pass current in the world, till examined and brought to single, practical tests. Isolated cases have occurred when women have almost wielded the destinies of the world. But it was generally the love or the hatred of man toward them, they being mostly passive, that produced the effect. Till after the chivalric period, woman did little as a class to form society. Since that time what has she done directly toward promoting civilization? Her mere presence indeed acts as an incentive on man. But how many Joan de Arcs have arisen to take the sword of the blessed cause in their own hands, and *lead* the nations onward? In all nations where women occupy a subordinate part, their voice is not heard,

their opinions are disregarded, and their silent beguilings are impotent except upon the transient impressibility of youth. Their influence can only be asserted in regard to christian lands. And even there it is a kind of Archimedean proposition. If he had a fulcrum he could move the world. If woman would she might move society. But the fulcrum did not exist in the circumambient air, and the philosopher was not ingenious enough to construct wings by which to attain the stars to place it there. But there is a fulcrum on which woman could rest her world-moving lever if she would grasp it. We hope to disenvelope it from the masqueradings and disguises which society has thrown around it.

There is one thing plainly evident in the history of woman.-Her fortunes, her desires, her beliefs, her attainments, her hopes even, have generally followed those of her protectors, and been limited by their horizon. Perhaps this is a Providential enactment, for the purpose of securing that domestic contentment and harmony without which men are misanthropes and women slaves. At times, like Rasselas escaping from the secluded palace, men have burst the barriers which confined them, or pierced the mountain from its very bottom upward till they reached the sunlight and air. But woman has been content to walk in her prescribed circumference and daily perform the same routine. The Tartar and the Arab women patiently follow their migratory lords. The Indian woman toils for her predatory husband. The Chinese and the Turkish remain secluded in the seraglios of their masters. Even religions have encouraged the idea of woman's subordination, inferiority, and dependence. The Koran teaches that she is without a soul. The Shasters make her but the slave of her husband. Buddism assigns her the confines of the house as her dwelling and her prison. Ancient Greek mythology worshipped her only ideally. Roman paganism had for its only God the "Civitas," and the utility of woman was calculated only as she conduced to its exaltation. Even Judaism treated her, if not with contempt, yet with disparagement. Thus is it among barbaric nations and false religion. Is it different in Christian countries? The ladies of our land govern their conduct by conventional rules laid down by that enigmatical God, society. The ball-room, the school, the house, the manufactory, the street are all temples where implicit obedience is yielded to these mandates. It would be no calumny, and only disputed by those who flatter her with the possession of a nominal rather than a real sovereignty, to say that woman is even in enlightened lands not the mistress, but the creature of society.

And what has it made her? In most cases a toy, worshipped by flattery, won by protestations, coaxed and frightened by alternate caresses and terrors, preserved through vanity or necessity, adhered to for pleasure, deserted for interest, or other enticements. In the street the cynosure of brainless dandies—in the ball-room adored by flirts-at the dining-table a caterer for others capricesin the house a drudge—at church the slave of feeling. The dupe of the villain, the loved of the unsophisticated, the abused of the heartless, the neglected of most, and the burden of the persiflage of all. While single the toast of roisterers, and when married the imprisoned solitary of one keeper. Even with poets she is worshipped only in the ideal. When the real woman is made the subject of verse, it is in strains which mostly she should reject with loathing. Leaving out of the reckoning the heathen poets, what has she been with those professedly Christian! In Tasso she is an Amazon or a nurse. Dante worships her as it were "in nutibus," With Petrarch she is but a Platonic mistress. The English poets, from Cowley to Wordsworth, (with the exception of Shakspeare) have portraved her more as a mistress, than in any of her higher spheres. Shakspeare in his ballads does the same. Even Milton's Eve has lately been repudiated, and as we think justly, by the gifted authoress of Shirley.\*

Wadsworth, Coleridge and Tennyson have somewhat exalted the standard of feminine ideality. In Coleridge's Genevieve, one of the most beautiful love poems in the language, there is a glimpse, beautiful but slight, just such as her lover caught from her half-averted eyes, of what woman might be, clad in dignity, delicacy, and intellect. The novelists of the present century have been better friends to the sex than any of their literary predecessors. But they are puzzled at times to produce the proper medium be-

<sup>\*</sup> The passage is too long to quote, but is a beautiful treatise in an otherwise not very interesting book. It is in the chapter where Shirley and her companion are standing without the church. Shirley compares evening nature to the first woman, and asserts Milton's Eve to be her, not in her primeval but her fallen state.

tween the accomplished woman and the blue stocking—between artlessness and stiff reserve—between maiden confidence and prudery.

We are dealing now altogether with generalities, and not with noble exceptions. Her life is spent with a superficial education, in a narrow zodiac of dress, parties, cosmetics, visiting, and children. It is a fact of some meaning that since Paradise, woman for some reason has been tatooed the higher spheres of men.—Where is the fault? Is it in the arrogance of man, or the plasticity of woman?

It is not to be wondered at if a few more masculine spirits, wearied with the long history of subjection, misuse, disparagement, and the filmy substantiality of woman's nominal throne, have at the present time rose up, Amazon-like, and tuning their shrill treble to a creeking bass, begun to cry out loudly, "woman's rights."

But this is not the proper method for renovation and reform.— Nature cannot be improved by perversion or distortion. Were the Venus de Medici broken and defaced, a sculptor would not undertake to restore it by engrafting masculine proportions and lineaments. The most truthful aspect, the highest perfection, the most perfect intent of all things, is that bestowed upon them when new from the hand of the Creator. When the world has wandered into artificiality, and mistaken accomplishments; when it has strayed lusting after illusory and debasing charms; when it has deceived itself by chasing phantom ideals, and marred its beauty by pigments of a perverted taste, it cannot be renovated by plunging into another system still falser, more illusory, and farther from the original. It must return to the knee of its great mother Nature, and listen once more to the precepts which fell upon its childhood. The prenial Christian duty of becoming as a little child is but a symbol of what every thing perverted must accomplish before there is a possibility of its regeneration. Art found it so. Poetry found it so. Society must find it so. Woman must learn it .--The best dome booke which woman can study to exalt and perpetuate her empire is that which Nature presented to our first mother. The best model she can consult is that which was mirrored in the streams of Paradise. Even as in Nature have been found the types for every species of art, so must Eve become a type for all her daughters. Let imagination picture our first mother. Beautiful she undoubtedly was. Beautiful in face, form and soul. Hers was such beauty of figure as the true poetical soul admires. It is only dandified poetasters who can prostrate themselves to the parodies which modern Art sometimes manufactures. Amid the bowers of Eden she walked, untrammelled by the conventionalities of custom, unregulated in gait, cast of the eyes, demeanor, or enunciation by prescriptions of fashion or etiquette. Unaffected, uncapricious, not wilful, not desirous of homage at the expense of truth or feeling: loving her husband with all her soul, deeming herself subject to him by the law of primogeniture, not purchasing from him an anxious constancy by coquettish devices. Such was woman, the creation of God.

That first wonderful pair opening their eyes upon the world in wonder, like a child awaked from sleep, is a grander study for the imagination than ever floated in the mind of Phidias, or Apelles, or Praxiteles, when they labored to compress the airy shadowings of fancy into the forms and features of Gods. Amid the bowers of Paradise they walked alone; and yet not alone, for God and angels held them company. They were destitute of nearly all that we now consider requisite for comfort, and yet the whole globe with all its stores was theirs. They were beautiful in their simplicity—sublime in their loneliness. What characters must theirs have been, newly moulded by the hand of God! But they endured a brief season, briefer than the flush of morning, and disappeared.

Woman's parts in the world's drama seem to have been two. To present the attributes of beauty and to be a help-meet for man. The original word translated help-meet, signifies simply 'help,' and is very significant. It recalls to the mind woman through long ages, assisting the lot of the weary laborer, soothing the harassed monarch, tending the wounded warrior's pillow, ministering to the sick, and ever interposing herself betwixt man and death.

But we would suggest as the true foundation of woman's empire over the heart of man, the truthful portraiture of beauty. There is ever in man, however debased, a lingering attachment to this—as all vegetables, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, seek to reach their heads toward the sky. For rightly

considered, all things must appear beautiful before they will attract the heart. What nation ever existed, that had not a heaven in prospect, fashioned by the poetical souls among them, and eagerly accepted by the people, whose scenes were possessed of immortal and unfading beauty? Revelation itself has not disdained to take the beauties of earth as the symbols of the Christian's heaven. There are trees of life, fountains of light, rivers of living water, walls of precious stones, hills and blissful plains, and shade and song. The prophet talks of the beauty of holiness, and this too must be made to appear beautiful before man will love it. Oh! Nature, if thou art not heaven, thou art a miniature of it.

The beauty which woman must illuminate is that of proper proportion in her whole nature. The body must be beautified with expression like light shining out from the figured windows of a church. All proper arrangements of dress and toilet are auxiliaries of this. Beauty of dress is now the sceptre with which woman wields much of her sway. No person of proper appreciation can refuse to bow before the display of elegant and graceful taste. The mind too must be filled with beauty like a shrine with offerings. Love of nature, poetry and art, and the more masculine sympathies with governments and revolutions, with the yearnings and the heavings of humanity toward its primitive blessedness; all these woman must appropriate to herself, and she will then control in a great measure opinion more effectually than she could by marching to the ballot-box, or by growing red in the face with argument or long speeches. But the chief beauty is the beauty of soul. Purity with all her attendants must dwell in the soul like a queen and her children in a sanctuary. Purity is the highest beauty,—the true pole-star which is to guide humanity aright in its long, varied, and perilous voyage. The world is learning this, and must learn it before it can be safely harbored. Let woman with the magic wand of her beautiful hand ever point toward it, and she will be the true guardian angel, teacher and directress of man and humanity. Like the star of Bethlehem pointing to the cradle of the world's Saviour, she will then direct society into harmony, exalted refinement, and moral renovation.

## FOR THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS WE BLESS THEE.

SEE ENGRAVING.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God! our fathers' God! Thou hast made thy children mighty, By the touch of the mountain sod; Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod; For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God! our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by the rod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad.—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod,—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God! our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain

Far, far below us waves;

The war-horse of the spearman

Cannot reach our lofty caves;

Thy dark clouds wrapt the threshold

Of freedom's last abode;

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God! our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence Round our camp of rock outspread; For the stern defiles of battle, Bearing record of our dead; For the snows and for the torrents, For the free hearts' burial sod: For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God! our fathers' God!

### OCTOBER.

#### BY CELIA.

Thou of the slow and noiseless step, the deep and dreamy eye, Whose clustered locks, with mingled brown and golden drapery O'ershadow like a sunlit cloud thy darkly ruddy cheek, And lie in rich luxuriance on thy forehead low and meek-A soft and genial sadness doth thy gentle coming bring, More beautiful than all the budding joy of blushing Spring! Lo! how the stately monarchs of the forest and the glade, Like courtly knights of olden time, their branches have arrayed In all the flashing splendor of their crimson garniture And gold embroidery, to greet thy presence meek and pure! Within the deep old woods, beneath their high and grand areade, Thy coronal of rainbow hues the forest-favs have made-And down aslant receding aisles, and columns dusk and tall. With mellow amber radiance the yellow sunbeams fall-And from the trickling rivulet that sparkles at thy feet, A thousand tiny voices rise, melodious and sweet-They sing a plaintive requiem for Summer's balmy hours, For merry Zephyrs, and the quiet smiles of blue-eyed flowers; For where thy gorgeous mantle-hem the verdant earth has kissed. There springs beneath thy lingering tread the chill and shroud-like mist That pales the loving flowerets, and takes away their breath, And leaves them odorless and wan, in silence and in death! Now sadness fills thy drooping eye, and tears are in thy heart, That of thy gentle mission dread Decay should bear a part-And lowly-murmured mournfulness, and griefful, quivering sighs, In wailing, lute-voiced numbers, from thy ruby lips arise! But yet again thou lookest, with a brow and eye serene, Afar upon the vast imperial grandeur of the scene-Thy tapestry of myriad hues of strangely woven light, Thy wealth of brown and clustered nuts, and scarlet berries bright-The marvelous mosaic of the scattered, fallen leaves, The gold and crimson bowers that the playful wood-sprite weaves-And lifting through the silvery haze thy meek and shadowy eyes, Thy gentle heart is gladdened by the glory of the skies! Thou of the dark and dreamy eye, and footfall slow and light, Thy sad and genial loveliness must vanish from our sight! Thy brilliant coronal must fade—thy music-voice be hushed— The gorgeous drapery of thy halls be rudely rent and crushed— For dark and strong November, with a sullen, angry brow, Shall chill thee with his gathering frown, and lay thy beauty low; With sad and faint submission thou shalt own his giant sway, And with all the loved and beautiful, thou too shalt "pass away!"

### ELIAB.

### FROM THE GERMAN. - BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

In the land of Judea, there dwelt a man, named Eliab, whom God had blessed with an abundance of earthly goods. He was learned also in all the wisdom of the East. But all this could not content his heart; therefore he often walked sorrowfully about, and wished for death. For he said—"What is life but an unceasing round of the same things, and yet full of uncertainty? Man lives in an incessant struggle, and his days are as those of a hireling."

Then a man of God came unto him, and showed unto Eliab a medicinal plant of marvellous virtue.

But Eliab said—" Wherefore bringest thou this gift unto me? My body aileth nothing, but my soul is sick unto death. Better it were that I should die!"

"It shall do good unto thy soul," said the man of God. "Take this plant and heal therewith seven poor sick persons, and then if thou dost desire it, thou mayst die!"

Then Eliab did as the man of God had told him, and sought out those who were sick in the dwellings of the poor. And he healed seven persons who were afflicted with illness, and relieved the needy out of his abundance.

Then the man of God came again unto him and said—"Behold, I have brought thee an herb of death. Now thou mayst die."

But Eliab cried—"No, God forbid! My soul no longer desires death, for I have now learned the true purpose and worth of life."

Then the man of God smiled and said—"It is with thee as I expected; thou art now conscious of thy divine nature, which was before concealed from thee. How couldst thou, in thy self-ishness, think only of the uncertainties and vexations attendant upon human life?"

Thereupon Eliab said to the man of God—"Thy wisdom has restored peace to my soul; still the benefits which I confer appear to me mean and trifling; I can but relieve the outward wants of the poor and the distressed; I can but cheer their dwellings with my abundance, but to their hearts I cannot find admittance."

"Happy is it for thee," replied the man of God, "that thou dost dispense thy gifts with humility. Therefore shalt thou receive such as are of a higher nature."

With these words he led Eliab into his garden to a rose bush. Now there was at this time a great drought in the land, and because that the rose bush was planted in a sandy soil, it appeared withered, and its buds drooped towards the earth. Then the man of God commanded Eliab to go down to the stream, and to fill a bucket with water. And Eliab did as he was commanded, and watered the rose bush. And the bush revived, and its leaves became green, and after a time the buds raised their heads, and they expanded and spread around a fragrant odor.

"Behold," said the man of God, "thus doth the poor man whom thou relievest, breathing forth love and gratitude, lift up his face to God, and look round with joy and confidence upon his fellow-men, for thou hast been to him a minister of God and of heavenly charity."

"How then must I dispense my bounty?" asked Eliab.

The man of God answered and said—"With humility as a man, and invisibly as God."

"But if he to whom I do good, stand before me, and will express his thankfulness?"

"Then," replied the man of God, "let thy hand be to him the hand of a brother, and the breath of thy lips open to him the inward heaven of thy heart, which poureth forth thy benefits upon him."

# A FAN-TASY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

With grace that only ladies can, Accept, dear A—, this little fan Not mine the gift to "raise the wind" On scale that's large, if so inclined; Enough for me, if you but please, Through your fair hand, to woo a breeze Gentle as Zephyr—scarce revealing The breath so sly from Boreas stealing.

Persuaded it may come in play, Through many a sultry summer day, Your courtesy will not refuse Acceptance of a thing of use— Though what I send, we both agree Can scarce be prized a fan-to-see.

## ON THE TREATMENT OF DOMESTICS.

BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.

THERE is a subject connected with the family system and discipline, which, though rarely treated upon by essayists of the day, is nevertheless one of infinite importance. It is a subject upon which inspiration has treated and enlarged, and the relative duties of which it enforces in the strongest terms.

I allude to the temporary relation existing between the heads of families and their hired domestics. Commands are given in sacred writ, as well to servants as to those whom they serve; still the head of the family possesses most of the advantages.-He is allowed to rule his household, but only by the law of equity and kindness, not by severity or tyrannical exaction. moral law authorizes his superiority of position and power, giving him the opportunity, as in all other moral points, either for the use or abuse of it. What an opportunity there is afforded to make use of that power in promoting the happiness and welfare of those placed under authority in this way, not only physically, but mentally and morally! Can it be for a moment doubted, that it is the duty of the head of a family to look after the condition of his servants, in all these respects? In case of doubt, let him study his Bible-let him go back to the Jewish dispensation, and see how particularly this branch of the family circle is spoken of and cared for. How favorable then is the chance for exerting a healthful moral influence, by instructing them in their duty, as moral agents, and accountable beings, and applying suitable precepts to the fulfilment of obligation in the stations in life which they fill; and further, by showing themselves ready at all times to fulfil their own duties respecting them. This last is teaching by example, one of the most sure and effectual means of instruction.

This branch of domestic duty comes more commonly under the cognizance of the mistress of the family, and consequently it is highly important that she should make herself acquainted with the various bearings of the subject. It seems as though many mistresses of families, even where servants are faithful and desirous to please, are fearful if they do not drive them every moment

that they will not earn their stipulated wages. Some persons there are also, haughty, proud, and overbearing, who seem to think it degrading to manifest any feeling for those bearing the heavy burden of service upon them—who never express themselves otherwise than in the shape of a command or a reproof.—Many, too, wonder why servants are habitually wanting in a respectful conduct towards them, disobedient, unfaithful, and unmanageable. It may without doubt be said that in the generality of instances, where this is the case, the mistress has only herself to blame. She places herself in the position which renders her liable to such behavior.

A lady whose mind and heart has been cultivated so as to throw around her an atmosphere of intellectual and moral dignity, need never fear of having her rights invaded, or her self treated with disrespect by her servants. It is not a dignity which arises from a haughty or a distant behavior; a dignity which may be put on or off at pleasure, which ensures the respect of dependents or others. A dignity which has no foundation but the love of self manifested by such conduct, is altogether a misapplication of the term. True dignity is elevation of character, a sentiment arising from enlarged and liberal views of men and things, which cannot but appear in the manners of those whose hearts are actuated by them, and will have an effect on all within the sphere of their influence. A person possessed of such a character will manifest a uniformly kind, considerate, placable conduct, free from fretfulness, fault-finding, and tyrannical exaction, and all those qualities which degrade us even in our own eyes. It is far from good policy in the mistress of a family, especially where, in the main, a servant is inclined to do right, to take heed to every little lapse in duty, and animadvert upon it, as if perpetually on the watch for evil: on the contrary, she should show herself on the watch for good by noticing and commending, as often as can properly be done, passing over small faults, commending every special effort to please—and reproof will be much more effectual in the case of more glaring errors.

There is nothing so depreciating to our own influence, and so injurious to the disposition of those over whom we have the rule, as fault-finding. It is true that some servants do sometimes seem almost insufferably trying, and that each mistress of a family

often thinks her own peculiar trials with them the worst that has ever been met with; but it is nevertheless true that many a good servant has been spoiled by a bad mistress, and many a bad servant completely transformed by a good mistress. How little do words of encouragement and kindness cost—but how much do they accomplish in ensuring the affections and respect of those whom circumstances have made dependents. "A gracious woman retaineth honor."—Prov. xi: 16.

I was much pleased and impressed some time since by an account given me by a highly intelligent English lady, a person well calculated to form a judgment of the beauty of the circumstances narrated. Some years ago she was on a visit to the family of a gentleman of great wealth in the Isle of Wight,—they were of the highest class of the English gentry. The gentleman himself at the time was a widower, and two highly accomplished and intelligent maiden sisters acted as mistress of his mansion. Every circumstance of this establishment was conducted with splendor and dignity—but their kindness, consideration, and even tenderness for their servants was beyond all else worthy of remark. I never, said she, heard a command uttered while in the house, and every thing that was desired at their hands was requested in the most gentle, polite, and elegant manner.

"A waiting-maid to one of these ladies happened to be taken extremely ill during my visit. Nothing could exceed the tenderness, kindness, and attention of these high-born ladies. The choicest dainties which the house afforded were not thought too good for her, and she was constantly interrogated as to whether the cook had prepared her food to suit her, and if she could not think of something else she would like better. Both of the ladies visited her at frequent intervals every day, and when able to listen they read to her for hours."

Was this behavior a want of dignity? Did they degrade themselves by this tender solicitude for a dependent? Far, very far from it—on the contrary, it is an indisputable evidence that, besides the advantages of wealth and rank, they possessed the crowning quality of worth.

I regret to present a contrast to this beautiful picture; but as the contrast is far more common than the picture itself. I think I cannot do better than to place it in the strong light afforded by comparison.

A lady who is an acquaintance of mine, never fails to entertain her friends upon every possible opportunity with the complete history of her domestic grievances. Not very long since, upon the occasion of a morning call, she entertained me for an hour in this interesting manner. "Oh, my friend," said she, "I am the perfect victim to my household cares, and the annoyances of servants. You have little conception of my sufferings,—unfaithfulness, deception, and wastefulness are wearing away my patience, and I might almost say my life. Last week, being in the midst of house-cleaning, I worried myself into a fever to see the destructiveness, wastefulness, and laziness that was all the time going on. Every thing stood perfectly still, as far as work was concerned, the moment I was out of sight; but mischief enough went on I assure you. If I was in one part of the house, every thing went wrong in the other. If I went out, every thing was neglected, or some irreparable injury done to the house or furniture. I sometimes think I will let every thing go as it will, instead of fretting and worrying about it, for as it is I am miserable enough,—I could scarcely be more so were every thing I have destroyed."

I thought I could see perfectly well, from her own account, how

I thought I could see perfectly well, from her own account, how the matter stood. It was this very fretting and worrying itself which produced all the mischief. The lady, however, was in fact a person of considerable native benevolence, and at times quite as indulgent to her servants, as at other times unreasonable. I thought while listening to the narrative of her miseries, how far better it would indeed be for her to witness the destruction of every thing she possessed, than to allow these petty trials to gain such an ascendancy, as to produce the demoralizing effect upon her character and disposition which they evidently did.

Impatience and fretfulness are far, very far from virtues, no matter how just the cause in which they are called into exercise. And I very much doubt if things would have been as bad as they were had she pursued a more even, dignified, and unruffled course. How unworthy are such things to be allowed to bear such sway over us! These trifles are to annoy us only a short time. There will soon be an end of these as well as of all other earthly cares, and we shall have an account to render as to the manner in which we have performed our duty towards this branch of our household. How worthy then is the present subject of serious reflec-

tion! How much is there to call forth the consideration and sympathy of intelligent and benevolent minds! What a pleasant thought it should be to have the opportunity to ameliorate the condition of any one member of the human family, not connected to us by the ties of nature; by endeavoring to raise their minds in the scale of intelligence, by exciting them to consider the end of their being, which is the same as ours, to serve God, and seek their salvation. To promote this, both reasonable time and instruction should be given. How easy is it as opportunity occurs, to impart to them some knowledge and give them some little advantage of learning, an advantage which their condition will ever preclude them from enjoying unless offered by some benevolent person: surely this is a duty not unworthy of any one in the most exalted station in life.

It is a mistaken idea with many women of true piety, that they are not living in the full performance of duty unless they are going about, and looking up the sick and destitute, relieving them, and entering actively into some cause of public benevolence, which things must necessarily withdraw them in a great measure from the more immediate duties of home, and things of infinitely more momentous importance. The system that fallen nature dictates is a depressing system—that is, a desire to keep others down in fear that they will eventually tower above ourselves. How noble seems the opposite course—to endeavor constantly to rise ourselves, and to raise others with us.

How beautiful is the contemplation of the household of the virtuous woman, whose picture is painted in glowing colors by the wise man. She ordereth all her ways aright. She from principle conducts her household in every thing. She is not selfishly set upon her own pleasure and gratification. The word of God is her choice, her counsel, her rule and guide in every duty and act of life. It makes her systematic in every thing. In the morning she calls her household together, and instructs them in their path of duty. She walks uprightly before them. Deception is never found on her lips, but the law of kindness is in her heart and on her tongue.

That elegant and accomplished writer, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, makes a remark which any lady of refinement will understand and quickly appreciate. "The most minute details of

household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment. To furnish a room," continues the lady, "is no longer a common-place affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinet makers. It is decorating the place where I am to meet a lover or friend. To order dinner is not merely arranging an ordinary meal—it is preparing refreshment for him I love."—How justly then might we also apply this rule to the subject in question. And how much more elevated the sentiment when viewed in the light of religion! In this light we can look at every act of ours towards our servants as in some measure influencing their characters for good or evil. We can look at ourselves as either omitting or performing our duties towards God in our conduct towards and treatment of them, always remembering that they have feelings like ourselves, and have the strongest claims upon our benevolence, our kindness and sympathy.

## FRIENDS.

BY MISS A. R. SMITH.

Through life's desert, lone and weary,
Scattered roses cheer the way;
On a pathway, dark and dreary,
Gladdening falls the sunbeam's ray.
Friends those gentle flowers are flinging—
Love's bright ray the bosom warms—
Vines their tendrils closely ellinging,
Are not rudely torn by storms.

Oh! what sweet emotions waken—
Strike the soul's harp-strings divine,
When with confidence unshaken
Hearts responsive beat to thine!
Many a grief, its tears revealing—
Many a pang that else might rend,
'Reft of half its sting, is healing
By this sacred balm—a friend.

Hast thou found the precious treasure?

Prize the jewel—ne'er betray!
Choicest blessing without measure—
Guardian angel round thy way.
Act or speak, oh! coldly never—
Kindred spirits keenest feel,—
Silver links the blow may sever,
Time the wound may never heal.







Bluck Statlebare.



# HYMN TO SOLITUDE.





## THE JEALOUS WIFE.

BY RULE RUBY.

### SEE ENGRAVING.

It was a lovely morning in September. The public and private gardens, as well as the squares and promenades of Madrid, were alive with the beauty, wealth and fashion of the city.

It is in the morning, between the hours of five and ten, that the inhabitants of Spain's gorgeous capital go out to take, not the sun, but the pure, cool, invigorating air, which can be obtained at no other period of the day.

The dial was pointing to the hour of nine. Donna Isabella Corriano, the young and charming wife of Don Jose Maria Corriano, to whom she had been wedded scarcely two months, was seated in the elegant drawing-room of the Corriano mansion, impatiently waiting the arrival of her husband, who had promised to escort her first to mass, and then to the royal gardens, where the pure air of morning is rendered still more pure and refreshing by numberless fountains, which throw up a thousand glittering streams.

"Indeed, this is too bad!" muttered the proud beauty, beating the matted floor with her small fairy foot, and throwing her large dark eyes at the clock on the mantel. "We shall be too late! Corriano is an hour behind his time. I don't know what to make of it!"

She rose, went to the mantel, and took a small silver whistle, which she applied to her lips and then blew with great energy.— A servant answered the call.

"Piquillo," said his mistress, "run to your master's room, and tell him I am waiting."

Piquillo made a low, deferential bow, and backed himself out of the apartment into the hall, where he quietly stationed himself, giving himself no anxiety whatever as to what his mistress might think of his singular conduct.

Isabella, having given her order, took an impatient turn around the drawing-room, when casting her eyes through the door she beheld the lackey standing like a statue a pace or two from the threshold.

"Piquillo!" she exclaimed, with an indignant glance.

Piquillo took three steps, and, bowing almost to the floor, stood again before her.

- "Did you hear me?" demanded his mistress, with flashing eyes.
- "Yes, madam," answered the lackey, calmly.
- "Then why did you not obey, sirrah?"
- "Because, madam," replied Piquillo, "I had received a previous order from my master."
  - "Indeed, sir! Your insolence is insufferable!"
- "I cannot help it, madam," was the imperturbable reply, delivered, however, with an air of the deepest humility.
- "I do not understand this!" muttered the lady, with a darkling frown. "What was the order you received?" she demanded, imperiously.
- "Not to disturb Don Corriano till ten o'elock, madam. And it is now but nine; which, as you will readily comprehend, madam, is just one hour too soon."
- "Not till ten o'clock!" repeated Isabella, with a mingled expression of astonishment and indignant rage. "Really!" she murmured, pacing the apartment with hasty steps, "this is insufferable! Something is going on that I do not comprehend! For the last few days Jose has been a perfect enigma. I do not think he treats me as I deserve. It is unkind of him—very, very unkind! He was but a poor, penniless lieutenant when I married him, and now, now that my dowry has made him rich, he treats me with indifference!"

She threw herself upon a fauteuil, and burst into tears. Meanwhile, the immovable Piquillo was standing precisely where his mistress had left him.

- "Shall I take my leave, madam?" he asked.
- "No," replied Isabella, placing her handkerchief to her eyes. "Approach nearer, sir!"

Piquillo advanced five steps, cast his eyes upon the floor, and tranquilly awaited her interrogatories.

- "Who was here this morning?" demanded his mistress.
- "A messenger."
- "From whom?"

- " Donna Christina Ibarra."
- "Did he see Don Corriano in person?"
- " No, madam."
- "He left a note?"
- "Yes, madam."
- "From Donna Cristina Ibarra?" said his mistress, starting.
- "Yes, madam."
- "To my husband?"
- "To Don Corriano, madam."

Isabella smote her brow with her small, gloved hand, as if she had been shot. She sprang from her seat, and paced the apartment with a hurried, trembling step.

"Leave the room," she said, with an imperious air, noticing

that the servant's eyes were fixed upon her.

Piquillo made a low bow, and retired. Isabella now remembered that Donna Ibarra had been to her house very frequently of late, and that her visits had been made on all occasions when Don Corriano was at home. She remembered also, though it did not strike her with any great force before, that Donna Ibarra and Corriano had sat very near each other in one or two instances, that they conversed in low tones, and that there appeared something mysterious between them.

As these memories came up to her, Isabella felt a faintness creeping over her heart; her eyes became dim, her head dizzy, and she sank upon the fauteuil, deprived for a moment of every sense. Fortunately she was sitting near a window, through the lattice of which the morning air glided quietly in, played around her temples, and in a measure revived her. Mastering, with an effort of her will, the remainder of her weakness, she abandoned herself to the reflections called up by the peculiarity of her position.

The only child of a wealthy hidalgo, Isabella had from her earliest years been humored, petted and caressed. On reaching womanhood, her rare beauty and great wealth had drawn around her the homage and flatteries of Madrid's most promising youth, each striving for the mastery of her hand. To each and all, however, she had turned a deaf ear; bestowing her affections, hand and fortune at length upon a poor lieutenant; whose handsome features, brilliant figure, rich mind, and noble heart had quietly taken her by storm.

And now this lieutenant, whom by her love she had lifted from penury to competence, and from helplessness to power, had the ingratitude, (recollect, reader, we are repeating the lady's sentiments, and not our own,) the meanness, to treat her with indifference and contempt, and to withdraw his affections from herself and bestow them on another!

"Oh!" she murmured, with an expression of rage, "I will not tamely submit to this! He shall not find me the weak, fond fool he deems me!"

With these words, she quitted the drawing-room, darted up the staircase, pushed aside a man-servant standing at the door, and boldly entered her husband's chamber. Don Jose Maria Corriano was bending over an oblong table, engaged in writing. An open letter lay before him, which, together with the paper he was inditing, he hastily swept into a small drawer as he found his privacy invaded.

"How is this, madam," he said, with an air of confusion, "you enter my apartment without announcing yourself?" Then as if conscious of the rudeness of his demeanor, he added, in a gentler tone, "But pardon me, my Isabella! I had fergot that you have the right to enter my presence unannounced at all times!"

Isabella, without paying any attention to this observation,

pointed significantly to the drawer, and, with flashing eyes, exclaimed—

"You need not attempt to conceal that letter from me, sir! I know all, and be assured I shall not put up with this outrage tamely."

Corriano turned pale.

"You know all?" he said.

"All, sir!" returned the lady, impetuously. "You thought to conceal it from me, did you—to blind me to your secret interviews and correspondence with Donna Ibarra? But I have discovered all, sir—and now—now—."

"Hear me, Isabella!" began Corriano, with an air of deep

agitation.

"Not a word, sir. I will hear nothing. You have deceived me too long already! I am not one to put up with so deep an outrage tamely—nor will I listen to your base excuses to palliate your infamy !"

"Infamy, madam! Oh, Isabella—"
"Enough, sir!" interrupted the impassioned lady impetuously. "How dare you add insult to injury by assuming such a hypocritical air? That letter, sir! You thought I saw it not-that you could keep your infamous intrigue from me-that-that-" Jealousy's most intense bitterness appeared to be consuming her. "O, Jose! Jose!" she added, reproachfully, her voice growing fainter and more faint with each succeeding word, "I did not expect this of you. I-I have not deserved it! To give me up. and for her-for her-"

As if her very soul had escaped and deserted her with these words, she uttered a low moan, and fell, like a dead thing, to the floor, ere Corriano, who had thrown himself forward, could save her.

The young nobleman appeared for a few moments like one bewildered. At length, pale and trembling, he lifted the prone form of his wife, and strove by numerous caresses to restore her to consciousness. Failing in this, he summoned her women. consigned her to their care, finished the letter which her sudden entrance had interrupted, sealed and placed it with the other in a pocket of his doublet, quitted the house, and did not return till dusk. Meanwhile, Isabella, with that fierce, resistless energy peculiar to the women of sunny Spain, had recovered from her swoon, spent an hour or two in passionate weeping, and then, accompanied by her maid, paid a visit to her father, to whom she vehemently related the fatal discovery she had made of her husband's infidelity.

Don Gomez, her father, indignant at this outrage upon the happiness of his child, could scarcely restrain his rage. Bidding Isabella to return home and leave the affair in his hands, he sent for his nephew, laid the matter before him, and concluded by observing-

"There is now, nephew, but one course to take with this impudent upstart-you must call him out, and kill him! The honor and happiness of our family demand it!"

Don Pedro shook his head.

"I do not see, uncle," he said, calmly, "the propriety of any undue haste in this affair. There must be some mistake, which Don Corriano is doubtless capable of clearing up."

Don Gomez, naturally hasty and choleric, trembled with rage, and observed with an ill disguised sneer:

"There is no mistake at all, sir. The whole affair is transparent as glass. The only mistake, if there be one, is that I wrongly conceived you to be a man of courage, and for that reason selected you for my confidant and my injured daughter's champion. But, no matter—no matter, sir! Thank fortune! I am not without friends, whose swords will leap from their scabbards to redress my poor child's wrongs!"

my poor child's wrongs!"

"Uncle," said Don Pedro, gravely, "you are too hasty, and—"

"Silence, sir!" thundered Don Gomez, fiercely. "Do you dare to insult my gray hairs? Is it not enough that you have had the temerity to offer me your boyish advice, when all I asked of you was your sword? Co, sir—never darken my doors again. You are no kin of mine. I disown you. You are a coward, sir—do you hear—a rank, trembling coward!"

"Hear me, uncle—" began Don Pedro, striving, by a powerful effort of his will, to preserve his self-possession.

"Not a word sir" thundered the choleric old man, turning

"Not a word, sir," thundered the choleric old man, turning from him. "You are a poltroon, and unworthy of an honest man's notice. You are not of my house, nor of my blood. You are a cowardly dog, sir, and I spit upon you! Here," he added, calling passionately to his servants, "Joaquin, Manuel, Antonio! quick, rascals—take this cur and throw him into the street!"

With these words, the choleric old hidalgo, every feature alive with passionate excitement, hurried into an adjoining room, closing the door after him with a loud noise.

Don Pedro, stung almost to madness with the fierce insults heaped upon him by his uncle, took his leave, and proceeding home, related the details of the interview to his father, offering at the same time to abide by his decision.

The latter, being under many pecuniary obligations to the choleric Don Gomez, who held a mortgage upon his property, and could at any moment foreclose it, the conditions never having been complied with, decided that, right or wrong, it would not do to offend him, and therefore urged upon his son to comply at once with his uncle's wishes.

Don Pedro sighingly consented, and went in search of a friend. On returning home in the evening, Don Corriano found a gentleman awaiting him. It was Don Pedro's second, who politely handed him a note, couched in the following words:

"Your infamous conduct towards my cousin shall not pass unpunished.—
If you are not a coward as well as a villain, you will meet me to-morrow morning at such time and place as my friend, the bearer of this, may designate.

Pedro Estaban."

Don Corriano, though somewhat surprised at the tenor of this missive, was not a man to shrink from the position it enforced upon him. He made the necessary preliminary arrangements, bade the gentleman good night, and then retired to his chamber, where he spent a few hours in writing, and then hied himself to rest. On his way from the drawing-room, he had dropped the challenge, which was picked up by Piquillo, who gave it to one of the maids, who in her turn gave it to her mistress.

The eyes of the latter flashed with triumph as she perused it. This feeling was, however, but momentary. She reflected that the challenge was doubtless accepted, in which case her husband might be killed! This idea alarmed her. She was not prepared for so sudden and precipitate a stroke, and half repented of her hastiness in calling upon her friends. She now began to realize the depth of her affection for Corriano; one by one came up before her memories of his fondness, his gentleness, and his devotion; and her heart softened, her hatred vanished. But then came up the letters—the image of her rival, Donua Ibarra—and her heart re-hardened, her hatred returned. Yes, he might die, and she would never weep for him—never, never!

And yet, even while she murmured these words, tears—hot, scalding ones—were falling from her eyes, and not in drops, but in showers! As for Donna Ibarra, her rival, oh, what hatred she had in store for her!

"'Twas she," she muttered, "whose wicked arts enticed my Jose's love from me—'twas she who created for me this misery! Wo to you, Cristina, if my Jose fall—wo to you, woe!"

With these words, midnight, having come and gone, the unhappy wife crept into bed—not to sleep, but to meditate, with true Spanish spirit, upon the means of vengeance.

Morn approached, and her exhausted energies at length succumbed—tired nature yielded to repose. At the appointed hour, Corriano was on the ground, and without a friend. "How's this ?" demanded his antagonist. "You have brought no second ?"

"But I am here myself!" returned Corriano.

"In that case," said Don Pedro, "must I send off my friend?"

"By no means," responded the other. "I would take it as a favor if he will act for us both."

This being agreed upon, the adversaries took their positions, and engaged. The affair was brief. Corriano was one of the most expert swordsmen in Madrid. Three passes, and his opponent was disarmed.

"Strike, sir," said Don Pedro, exposing his breast.

"Excuse me," returned Corriano, gracefully returning him his rapier, "I cannot consent to deprive Spain of one of her bravest cavaliers, nor society of one of its purest gentlemen!"

"But I owe you an explanation!" exclaimed Don Pedro, throw-

ing himself upon the young nobleman's breast.

"Let it pass," said the latter. "I can comprehend it all. I too have an explanation to make, but not now. If you will meet me at my house at three o'clock, I will open my heart to you.—For believe me, sir, at this juncture, I sadly want a friend."

"Oh," returned Don Pedro, "you can rely on it, I will be there!"

"Receive my thanks. Adieu!"

With these words, Corriano turned from the spot, and quietly retraced his steps homeward. He passed at once to his chamber, under the impression that neither his wife nor any one else in the house was aware of his meeting with Don Pedro.

It was ten o'clock when Isabella awoke. Her first words were of her husband.

"He is in his room," replied one of her maids.

"But he has been out—no?"

"Yes, madain. He left the house at day break, and returned about an hour afterward."

"Thank heaven for that! He is safe, then!" she exclaimed. "Dress me—quick!"

When her toilet was completed, the unhappy wife passed lightly into the room adjoining her husband's, and carefully drawing aside a curtain near the top of the wainseot, peeped through a small window looking in upon his chamber. Corriano was sitting at the table, perusing a letter, which every now and then he

pressed to his lips. At sight of this, the miserable wife turned even paler than before. She laid her hand upon her breast, and withdrew from the window, as if she had been shot. She tottered to a chair, dropped upon it, and breathed hard.

"He kisses her very letters!" she murmured in great agony.
"Oh, I shall never forgive Pedro for not killing him—never!"

At this moment there was a series of loud knocks at the hall door. Stifling her feelings, and yielding to her curiosity, the unhappy woman descended to the drawing-room, murmuring:

"Another letter from her—perhaps the brazen minx herself! She has impudence enough for any thing—even to come to my house, and throw out her arts to my husband before my very eyes!"

Her jealous fears were this time disappointed. There certainly was a letter, and a large one, but it was unsealed. On opening it, she discovered it to be an invitation to a ball to be given in the evening at the palace of the Prime Minister. She ordered the servant to take it up to his master.

"Is your mistress in the drawing-room?" asked Corriano, taking the invitation and running his eye over it.

"Yes, senor," was the reply.

The young nobleman immediately rose and descended the staircase. He found his wife standing before his own portrait, which represented him in his former character of a lieutenant. He paused to observe her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a low tone, unconscious that she had an auditor, whose ear was drinking in every word, "that so much falsehood should lurk beneath so frank a face! How I did love him once!"

"Once!" murmured Corriano to himself with an air of amazement.

"But now," she continued, through her pent teeth, "now I could see him fall, without a pang; now I could look upon his dying agonies with a smile!"

"Great Heaven!" murmured her auditor, smiting his forehead with an air of agony, "has it then come to this!"

He moved noiselessly from the drawing-room into the hall, ascended the staircase, tottered into his chamber, and sank upon a chair, trembling in every limb. Piquillo alone witnessed and understood this scene.

"Ah!" he murmured to himself, "this is very stupid. A jeal-

ous woman makes herself and every body else miserable. If I should tell her now that Don Corriano had overheard those silly remarks!"

But Piquillo was very discreet. He never volunteered information. Piquillo was prudence itself in this respect. But when questioned, he told every thing, as witness his brief dialogue of yesterday with his mistress. In this respect, Piquillo was a perfect pump.

Unconscious that her remarks had been overheard, Isabella quitted the drawing-room, and started to return to her chamber. As she was about to ascend the staircase, she was met by her husband's valet, who handed her a small note on a silver salver. She opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Isabella—The Prime Minister has done me the honor to invite me to a ball which he gives to-night. It will be a splendid affair. Shall I have the pleasure of your company? Something tells me you will there be introduced to a new happiness.

Yours, ever,

Jose Maria Corriano."

"Tell your master," she said to the valet, "that I will send him my reply in a few minutes."

And curbing her feelings, so as to conceal them from the eyes of the valet, she ascended the staircase with a proud, haughty step, and proceeded to her room.

"Poor creature!" murmured the observant Piquillo, who understood her better than she understood herself. "She innocently fancies that no one sees into it!"

On reaching her chamber, the unhappy wife sat down to reflect. She read and re-read the epistle till her eyes ached. Her first impulse was to decline the invitation, which, in the stormy condition of her mind, she was disposed to regard as a cool, premeditated insult on the part of its writer. How could he have the heart to send her a note, couched in such considerate terms, after the scene that passed between them yesterday, since when they had not exchanged a word, unless he designed it for a satire? And then the passage, "You will there be introduced to a new happiness"—what did that mean? A new happiness! When he knew that she was suffering all the torments of the deepest mental misery! But perhaps it alluded to another rival whom he intended to level out under her very eyes! Perhaps to another love scene between himself and his brazen minx, Donna Ibarra!

As these thoughts crossed her, she determined to hesitate no longer. Yes, she would go. She would confront her insolent rival before a thousand eyes. She would take vengeance in her own hands, and do such things as would make that ball remembered forever! The unhappy woman did not decide upon the precise course she intended to adopt, but she felt that it would be something very, very terrible!

She therefore despatched a reply to Corriano, written with the brevity which she thought consistent with her honor and dignity. It was in these words:

"I thank you for the invitation, and accept it. ISABELLA."

"Poor girl!" murmured Corriano, as he perused the billet. "My heart bleeds for her!"

At the appointed hour, Don Pedro presented himself at the house of his cousin, and was shown at once to the chamber of Corriano, with whom he remained closeted till five, when he took his departure. On his way through the hall, he perceived Isabella silently regarding him from the drawing room, and made her one of his most graceful bows.

"Coward!" she muttered, and turned away.

Pedro blushed, and aware of the current of her thoughts, passed out with a grave yet pleasant smile.

"Mystery on mystery!" murmured the unhappy woman. "My very relatives turning against me, and siding with—him!"

Passion had so completely mastered the jealous wife that she would not pronounce her husband's name, even to herself. It was no longer Jose, no longer Corriano—it was him!

The evening came, and with it the ball. At nine o'clock, Corriano and his wife entered their carriage and drove to the palace of the Prime Minister.

"A happy pair!" muttered Piquillo, satirically, as he closed the door upon them.

On their way to the festive scene, Isabella did not exchange a word with her husband, who, without making the slightest allusion to the differences between them, endeavored by a rapid flow of observation to render himself as agreeable as possible. The ball room was filled with the wit, beauty and nobility of Madrid. Garcia, the Prime Minister, was conspicuously attentive to his guests. He appeared desirous of rendering them happy, and succeeded to a charm.

As midnight approached, Isabella observed her husband in conversation with Garcia, who wore a countenance at once tranquil and smiling. Corriano appeared to be urging some suit with great earnestness, to which the minister seemed to listen with a willing and generous ear. At the close of the brief interview the latter retired, and the young nobleman smilingly crossed the ball room, and spoke a few words to a young lady, whose lovely features sparkled with joy as she listened. A shade of agony passed over Isabella's brow as she observed them.

"This, then," she murmured, with a throbbing heart, "is the 'new happiness' he promised me at the ball!"

It was Donna Ibarra with whom her husband was conversing! In a few minutes, Corriano quitted the young lady, for the purpose of returning to his wife. On his way he was met by Don Pedro, who, after a brief whisper, presented him with a folded paper, and then retired.

On receiving the packet, Corriano's features brightened. Throwing a triumphant glance at Donna Ibarra, he at once returned to that young lady, proffered her his arm, and escorted her from the ball room to an antechamber opening on the vestibule or entrance of the palace.

"Oh! I can bear this no longer!" murmured Isabella, who had been attentively observing them. "He deserts me for that odious creature, before the whole ball. I'll no longer endure it. I'll home at once, and put an end to my wretched existence!"

To leave the palace, she was compelled to pass through the antechamber, and here she had the additional pang<sup>3</sup> of beholding her husband and Donna Ibarra in deep and carnest conversation. As she passed, Corriano was in the act of slipping the packet he had received into his fair companion's hand.

"Take this," he said, "and be happy."

Don Pedro now made his appearance, and leaving Donna Ibarra in his hands, Corriano hastened after his wife, who was descending the vestibule, with rapid, trembling steps.

"Isabella, my beloved," he exclaimed, catching her hand, which shuddered at the contact, "fly not, as you love me! All need of concealment is now over, and every thing shall be explained!"

These words arrested the unhappy woman in her flight, and while they touched her heart, brought her to a stand.

"You will explain every thing?" she said, regarding him

steadily. "Then do it now-now, sir, and quickly-for my heart is breaking! Ha!"

This exclamation was produced by the appearance of her hated rival, Donna Ibarra, who, leaning on the arm of Don Pedro, was now approaching, her countenance radiant with joy.

"Oh, Isabella!" she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, "what do I not owe to the noble generosity of Don Corriano! Congratulate me! He has at length obtained the pardon of Don Ramon, and I shall again have the happiness of embracing my husband!"

"Her husband!" exclaimed Isabella, who was perfectly bewildered.

"Even so, my Isabella," returned Corriano; "but here is a letter," taking one from his doublet, and handing it to his wife, "which will explain all. Read, my beloved, and doubt the fidelity of your Jose never more!"

They returned to the ante-room, and Isabella read as follows:

"My dear Corriano-You will no doubt be surprised to hear that your old companion in arms, has, notwithstanding the edict of his banishment for his share in the conspiracy against Garcia, again returned to Spain. But the yearning to look once more upon my beloved country, and the desire to embrace my idolized wife have induced me to make the attempt, though my life is the forfeit if I am discovered. And now, my old friend and companion of the camp, to your noble heart I entrust my secret, conscious that you will neither betray it nor refuse to warn my beloved Cristina of my safety. Tell her that I am alive and well, and on my way to the capital, which I expect to reach by the twentieth of September. If you have no objections, my trusty friend, I could wish you to wait upon Garcia and hand him the enclosed document. It is a brief and true statement of my share in the conspiracy, and will, I have no doubt, if his eminence can but be prevailed upon to read it, induce him to mitigate the severity of my sentence, perhaps to grant me an unconditional pardon. I need not say, my faithful friend, that this letter is intended for your eye alone, and that my life hangs upon the secreey with which you regard it. Tell my Cristina that I'll be at her feet on the evening of the twentieth. And now, my time-honored friend and beloved companion of the camp. I embrace you, and trust in a happier hour to have the honor of kissing the hand of your angel wife.

Tears sprang into the eyes of Isabella, as she finished the perusal of this letter.

"Now I understand it all!" she exclaimed, with unalloyed happiness. "Your letters, interviews and meaning glances with Donna Ibarra——"

"Related to our mutual efforts in behalf of my banished husband," interrupted Donna Ibarra; "efforts," she added, "which we dared not reveal lest it should compromise my Ramon's safety."

"And efforts," said Corriano, "which have to-night been attend-

ed with the happiest result. Behold," he added, pointing to the packet in Donna Ibarra's hand, "the order for his unconditional pardon. Ramon can now enter Madrid in face of all the world!"

"Oh, this explanation makes me so happy!" exclaimed Isabella, radiant with joy. "Do you know, Cristina," she added, turning to that lady, "that I have been very jealous of you!"

"Pardon me, pardon me—" began Donna Ibarra.

"Oh, it is all over now," cried Isabella, interrupting her, with a playful smile. "But I shall certainly," she added, with a mischievous glance, "tell Ramon, on his arrival, of your strange conduct!" Then turning to her husband, she observed, "You are a very naughty fellow; but I suppose," she added archly, "I must forgive you!"

"Dine with us to-morrow, my friends," said Corriano, "and you shall see the happiest couple in all Spain."

"To-morrow," said Pedro, significantly, "is the twentieth."

"True," answered Corriano. "And we'll have our Ramon with us. I'll despatch a courier to hasten his arrival."

"Ah!" murmured Donna Ibarra, "that word makes me so happy!"

"But not," returned Corriano, "happier than it does myself, in the restoration of the confidence and affections of my ever-beloved wife. Good night!"——With these words they parted.

"Said I not, Isabella," murmured the nobleman, as they returned home, "that a new happiness would meet you to-night at the ball?"

His wife replied only with a warm pressure of her hand.
"They are happy now!" murmured Piquillo, as they brushed

by him in the hall.

"I wish to go into your room, Jose," said Isabella, as they passed up the staircase.

"Ah! you have a lingering doubt still, pretty one!" replied Corriano.

And they passed into the chamber.

"Show me," said Isabella, "the letter I saw you kissing so rapturously to-day."

Corriano, without manifesting any surprise, drew forth the table, took out a small packet, and opening it, placed it in her hand.

It was one of her letters, written in the days of their courtship. "What do you say now?" he said, with a smile of loving triumph.

"This!" she cried, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into his arms.

## MEMENTOS.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from that tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast."

Who that lives, thinks and feels, has not some cherished trifle which gold could not purchase, for it is sacred to the absent or the dead?

Mementos—what are they? Things, often, in themselves valueless, but more beautiful and precious than sparkling jewels in our eyes, because of associations which gild them with that lustre which the heart lends—silent, yet eloquent—speaking of those we love or have loved.

I have now before me a rose tree, in a simple earthen jar. It was reared by a young friend who has lately left us, to reside in a distant state. While she was with us, I seldom remarked it, unless she purposely drew my attention to it; though its flower is a rose, it is not brilliant, and, among other flowers, there is nothing about it to strike the eye or impress the fancy. But it was her parting gift; she is gone—and now, how much fairer the bloom, how much more pleasant the fragrance of her rose, than the deeper tints and richer bloom of its splendid neighbor—a costly exotic, forced to expand in an ungenial climate. One addresses itself to my taste, the other to my affection. One, as I gaze on it, invites my imagination to ramble in those laughing valleys, where

"Blossoms and fruits and flowers together rise,"

rejoice and repose, beneath skies that almost embody a poet's dreams of heaven. The other appeals to my memory—touches, with every leaf and petal, some spring of her casket—brings all but sensibly to my eye the graceful form of my friend, bending, as I have so often seen her, over its delicate branches—and to my ear the mellow tones of her voice, ever warbling snatches of sweet song. Truly is it, in my sight, "more precious than silver or gold."

I know a bereaved mother, venerable in years and in piety, who keeps always on her table, lying underneath her Bible, the comb that was used in arranging her son's hair for his last resting place—the coffin. Those bright locks, and the manly brow around which they clustered, have long since faded in the darkness of the grave; but the comb which, in friendly hands, performed its humble office in their behalf for the last time, speaks yet of both, with melancholy distinctness, to that mother's heart; is still preserved, and will be until her own waning life is ended—a priceless memorial of the beloved dead.

Not long since, I was spending a few days at the house of a friend in the country. In one cf the rooms I saw a fragment of ribbon lying on the carpet. It was very small—the outline of a square inch would almost have enclosed its entire dimensions. I should not, probably, have seen it, but for its color, which, contrasting rather strongly with that of the carpet, attracted the eye, and then should have thought no more of it, but that I recollected having, several months before, in the same room, stooped to examine the same discolored spot on the carpet. My hostess, Mrs. R---, is emphatically "a notable housewife"—and this proof, as I thought it, that her carpet had not been thoroughly swept during four or five months, tempted me to the perpetration of a little playful raillery. When she next came into the room, I informed her that I had just made a surprising discovery. She naturally inquired what it was, and I replied that I had ascertained, beyond all chance of contradiction, that either that particular apartment of her house was, like the peasant's "broken teacups, wisely kept for show," or her reputation as a busy and orderly housewife was not altogether merited. She admitted that my last supposition might be correct, but with respect to the first she "would like much to know on what it was grounded." I pointed to the shining shred on the carpet.

"There," said I, "is my informant. That bit of ribbon was lying precisely where it does now, when I was here last. I do not think it has moved half an inch in five months."

She looked down, and smiled, but her smile was not joyous.

"That is one of my monuments," she said. "I have a score or more about the house, each as insignificant in appearance as that. The day before Maria (one of her sisters, who had married

and removed some hundred miles west, half a year before,) left us, to assume other relations and enter another home, she stood here and trimmed the ends of a neck-ribbon. That piece fell where it now lies. I saw it as it fell, and found it there when she was gone. It has been my care to keep it on that very spot, and as this room is not in every day use, I have succeeded in doing so. I have fastened a pin, as you will see, in the carpet, to make the exact point. When I sweep, I take up the ribbon, and when I have done, I replace it."

I said no more. I was myself conscious of a hoard of relics equally worthless, equally sacred.

This power of small things to thrill us with pleasure or with pain, through the force of association, is depicted with poetic strength and beauty by one who—because his evil genius was ever waging triumphant warfare with his better angel—more frequently recognized the severe than the grateful attributes of these tiny ministers to our finest perceptions. His words are, doubtless, familiar to every reader of these pages, yet I cannot forbear transcribing them here:

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever; it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound,—
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Who, that reads, does not respond to the truth as well as the beauty of these lines? But, happily, the weight which wounds is not all that these slight restorers "of scenes gone by and days that were," may bring back on the heart. Our childhood's years—life's earliest joys—its later smiles and tears—its hopes, friend-ships, and affections, are, each and all, conjured up at times by a single glance on some mute memorial; and though, with such a retrospect, our spirits will often sadden over the past, yet they do not always so; for memory has its lights as well as its shadows, and if we strive to fulfill our part, as human beings and as christians, will gild the pleasures we have left and are constantly leaving behind us, with a ray on which we shall ever love to look back as we move onward in the path of life. "Tis true that, in cherishing our memories, we are nurturing

"the shadows of our hopes
Which ever lengthen as the sun goes down:"

but these lengthening shadows, at the close of a well-spent day, are the gentle precursors of a time of rest. If our day has been one of pleasure, rest should be welcome as one of pleasure's varieties: if cares or griefs have marked our passing hours, then surely every premonition of eventide may be hailed as a harbinger of sweet repose.

## "AMO."

### BY CELIA.

I love the beauty of an earnest soul,
That sheds a holy radiance o'er the face—
The buoyancy that yields to "no control
Save the sweet one" of gentleness and grace—
The spirit that delights in all things free,
With joyous fervency!

I love the impulse, generous and glad,
Upgushing from the fountains of the heart—
The true benevolence, that cheers the sad
And weary hearted by its kindly art—
The deep and tearful language, full and free,
Of yearning sympathy.

I love to watch the changeful light that plays
Upon the soul-lit face, in converse free—
To catch the sunny sparkle of the rays
That flash upon the surface of the sea—
The heart's deep sea—whose earnest-heaving flow
Rolls silently below!

I love to meet the spirit that rejoices
In all the bounty that our Father gives—
That fondly lists to Nature's gentle voices,
"Glad with the birds, and silent with the leaves"—
That sees deep beauty in the pencilled flower,
The Peri of an Hour!

I love to read the language of the Holy,

Deep graven on the tablets of the heart—
To see the image of the "Meek and Lowly,"
Made radiant by the mild Refiner's art;
To listen to the Spirit's earnest breath,

The ferrant prayer of faith!

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# LINES,

WRITTEN UPON REVISITING THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY-GREENFIELD HILL, CONN.

### BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.

Home of my earliest, brightest years-Home ever cherished, ever fondly loved. I tread thy walks again; and though an exile From thy scenes I've wandered long, yet ne'er forgot, For mem'ry has not ceased to breathe her spell, And wake the thoughts of long departed days. Yes, oft in fancy I've delighted roved Amid thy much loved scenes, and gaily placked The fragrant flowers from off their stems again, And pictured to my soul in visions fair Thy glowing hills, and sunny plains, where oft In childhood's gay and sportive hours my feet Have wildly strayed, and now as once again I press thy turf, and walk amid thy Pleasant shades, I pay the grateful tribute Of my song in feeble numbers to thy praise. Yes-ever loved, my dear, my early home! Thou art my fondest theme. I sing the beauty Of thy groves and shades, thy rocks and hills Where echo dwells. Fair, lovely place, the spo! Perchance of many a poet's youthful dream, And many a scene of fond remembered love Past too soon away.

How sweet it is again To gaze upon thee now, in all thy beauty's Verdant prime. Ceres, fair handmaid of the Sun, Has sprinkled o'er thy fields her yearly tribute Gay and green, and fair thou seemest to me As erst was Eden in its rosiest bloom. And now I feel thy balmy breeze so softly Fan my cheek and brow, it seems as though My heart once more as wildly beat with bright Unclouded hope, as in its earliest spring. Say whither have you flown, ye bright, and swift Winged hours, when oft I sported on that Dewy lawn, and garlands wove from fairest Flowers to deck my infant brow, and drew The snowy pebbles from the limpid stream? Ye're with the past, bright, happy sunlit days, And I am speeding on in life's even:ful way;

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Yet while I float upon its rapid tide, And low'ring clouds full oft obscure my view, I try to pierce time's dark, oblivious vail, And feel as once I felt when time with me Was young. But no! I cannot call those hours back, Nor sing with lightsome heart as then I sung. All things are changed. Ah, yes! how changed! Time makes no lingering stay, but passes Quickly on to chase each gilded dream away. But where are ye, my brothers dear, beloved Companions of those by-gone days? I see The lawn where tripped your boyish feet, and oft In sportive gambol whiled the summer hour, With rosy health upon your cheeks, with lightsome Heart and cheerful voice, as loud rung out Your notes of joy. But ye're no longer here; Your tones have long been hushed upon this Sunny hill, your memory past away As though you ne'er had been; the trees still rear Their stately forms above that once loved home: The moon still shines as brightly o'er the midnight scene, But years on years have passed since o'er us waived Those verdant branches free. The stranger sits Within our father's halls, unmindful That we once were there, and takes his place By the dear hearth that once beheld our Harmless glee, and where our mother sat In matron's prime, and pillowed us upon Her loving breast. Ah! can it be that we No more shall tread those cherished halls, to love And memory dear! That childhood's hour Will never more return! Our hearts no more Be blithe and gay! No more our mother sit And sing us to our rosy rest! Ah, no! Our childhood's bright but fleeting dream is o'er, And youth itself is on the wane, our parents' Years are in the sere and yellow leaf, And care has passed upon their children's brows, But still thy lovely scenes, thy dewy meads, Thy pleasant vales, sweet Greenfield, c'er shall have Within my heart, the dearest, fondest place.

The more kind we have been to people, the more we have done and desired for them, if it become their interest to make out a case against us, the less welcome will the thought of us be to them, and the more lightly will they speak of us.

## THE BLOOMER DRESS.

BY PROF. WM. M. NEVIN.

I po not know when I have been more surprised at any question, than I was at the one propounded to me lately, (I think it was in July last,) by my two charming pupils, Mary S. and Blanche E., whom, for some months before that time and since, I have been in the habit of instructing, for an hour or two, every morning in my rooms, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, in the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages. So utterly at variance to the whole tenor of my pursuits was the bearing of the question proposed, that at first I half suspected them of being disposed to be running the rig upon me, their venerable preceptor, or, at any rate, like Wills-o'-the-wisp, to be luring me from my wonted paths of ancient literature into unknown "wilds immeasurably spread" of modern frivolities, that they might have the satisfaction of beholding me becoming bewildered and entangled by their seducements. But so entirely foreign to their amiable manners and their customary deferential deportment towards me would such conduct have been, and so earnest and serious was the expression of their faces on the occasion, that I at once acquitted them of all duplicity. They were anxious inquirers after the truth. They wished to know what style of dress I would recommend as being the most appropriate for an American lady to put on.

"My dear maidens," I exclaimed, after I had recovered somewhat my usual composure, "you have certainly over-estimated my abilities and learning. I am not qualified for giving instruction in all departments. While I profess to be familiar with ancient literature, I must acknowledge that I am utterly unacquainted with modern fashions. So far from being a connoisseur in what appertains to the dresses of your delicate sex, which are ever varying, I have long since desisted, as you may easily perceive from my present quaker-like habit, from following after even the slower changes of my own. Still, in a general way, I would recommend to an American lady, in contradistinction from

those of other countries which are monarchial, to be exceedingly plain and modest in her apparel."

"There!" cried Blanche E., looking at her companion exultingly, "I told you, Mary, that Mr. N. would side with us. He is not in favor, you perceive, of our adopting foreign fashions.—

He would have us assume a dress altogether American and unique in its character, distinguished from any of those imported from abroad by its surpassing neatness and simplicity."

"Do not mistake my position, Blanche E.," I here interposed.

"I would by no means dissuade my fair country-women from following after the fashions of foreign ladies, at any rate, in some particulars. Better opportunities, in their older countries, are afforded these of studying the ancient costumes of their own sex, from which they can cull whatever they may esteem as being beautiful and appropriate, and leave untouched whatsoever they may condemn as being untidy or garish. By the importation again of these foreign habits into our land, our own ladies, it strikes me, in their turns, even if they assume them not as wholes, can be aided in their judgments. From these they can choose and appropriate to themselves whatsoever their own better tastes may approve of as being suitable to their spheres, and eschew

whatsoever it may dislike as being extravagant or ridiculous."

"Then," said Blanche E., "they must, of course, eschew any thing like those long trains which European ladies have always had a penchant to be appending to their dresses. Is there any thing becoming, I would like to know, in the wearing of these? You would certainly not recommend to us plain republicans the propriety of imitating our European great-grandmothers by appending to our dresses long trains."

"I know," said I, for I was determined at all hazards to maintain the truth in my responses, though at that time I must own that I was not yet fully aware of the momentous drift of their interrogations—"I know that these trains, from the time of their first introduction into England, which, if I remember rightly, was in the reign of Richard the Second, even until the days of her present majesty, whenever they have re-appeared, have always been denounced and ridiculed by lawgivers, critics and divines. Still I think that the putting of them on has been prompted generally by good taste on the parts of their wearers. They are not the most convenient, I admit, for rapid pedestrial motion, and they are liable withal to be trodden under foot and soiled; yet, notwithstanding all this, I maintain that they are majestic in their sweep, and, could they be secured from all their earthly liabilities, I would pronounce them even celestial. For my own part, I never imagine for myself an angel in the clouds without portraying her as being upborne and beautified by long and flowing skirts."

"These may become ladies of state," said Mary S., "or angels in the clouds, we admit; but certainly not us Americans. We are too active and practical a people to be thus hampered in and discommoded. Our improvements, it seems to me, should run in an opposite direction. We should rather assume some national dress which is succinct, or not extended but curtailed in its borders, so that we may be allowed the free and unrestrained use of all our members. Do you not think, Mr. N., that long robes are incongenial to our soil and climate?"

"I would not recommend their utter interdiction," I replied.—
"In certain positions I esteem them highly commendable even in America. On horseback, for instance, though still liable, I admit, to be caught in the bushes, yet being elevated in that case above our soil, their advantages surpass their inconveniences; and in flying too, which art, I apprehend, will, in time, be carried to the highest elevation in this country and be exercised in more especially by the fairer portion of humanity, these long robes, I fancy, will be absolutely indispensable."

"Oh, Mr. N.," cried Blanche, looking at me archly, "I see you are disposed to be jocular; but in all sober truthfulness do you not think it highly improper that we emancipated republicans should still be regulated in our dresses by the Germans, the French and the British? that we should continue still servilely to receive from these, second handed, not only our literature but also our fashions? Should we not rather choose our patterns, if from any quarter, from the more congenial governments of antiquity? Our national eagle we adopted not from a modern monarchy, but from an ancient republic; and would it not be equally as proper to deduce thence also, or from classic Greece, our national style of dressing?"

Here the whole truth flashed upon me at once. Frequent allu-

sions to a Turkish mode of dress adopted by some ladies in this country, I had of late remarked in the newspapers, and now it struck me that my two pupils, taken, no doubt, with its novelty, were half inclined to put it on as leaders of the ton in our village; but in this matter of course, I surmised, they had been opposed by Mrs. E., the discreet mother of the one, and Miss Dorothy S., the intelligent and wary aunt of the other, by whose restraining care their tastes in outward adornments have always been properly regulated; the objections of whom, however, they fancied, I went on to suppose, would be entirely overruled and their own judgments at the same time certainly confirmed, if this new costume should meet with my hearty approbation and be pronounced by me not only Turkish but also classical.

"Though the ancient Grecian and Roman ladies," said I, "abstained from wearing trailing skirts, except perhaps on some very rare festival occasions, yet, on the other hand, they were not in the habit of curtailing their dress immoderately. They suffered them to reach, at any rate, down to their feet."

"With a few honorable exceptions, however," said Blanche, looking at me knowingly. "Camilla, for instance; was she not an ancient Italian lady, and did she not wear a succinct dress? In some of our late papers I have seen it intimated that the present costume, which many of our most intelligent ladies are now about to don, though somewhat Turkish in its style, should more properly be called the Camilla dress."

"Camilla," said I, "though to our notions of propriety a little

"Camilla," said I, "though to our notions of propriety a little too much given to racing and fighting, was nevertheless in her day a very respectable Volscian, or ancient Latin virgin, and she wore her garments succinct, as you say, or at any rate, tucked up to the knee for the sake of speed, as did her patroness Diana also, and in fact all the followers of that sylvan goddess, as well they might, since otherwise they could not have succeeded so well as they did in the chase; but this fashion was confined almost wholly to lady foresters and Spartan virgins. The other Grecian and Roman ladies, and even their goddesses, were generally attired in long dresses. Thus, for instance," said I, opening up my Virgil, "in the first book of this epic poem from which has been our morning's lesson, you perceive that Venus, when to disguise herself she appears in the woods to her son as a Tyrian

archeress, is represented as wearing an abbreviated dress, with purple buskins exposed; but when, in fine, turning to depart she becomes revealed to him by her changing appearance, among other indications of divinity displayed, as her roseate neck and the ambrosial fragrance of her hair, the poet mentions also her garments as flowing down even to the extremities of her feet—
'pedes vestis defluxit ad imos.'"

"I have no ambition whatever," said Blanche, " to be imitating Venus or any others of your long skirted goddesses; but how exceedingly appropriate it would be in us Americans to be following after the fashions of the chaste Diana and her nymphs! is a remarkable fact with respect to this costume, called the Bloomer, that it made not its first appearance in our larger cities or emporiums, but it sprang forth almost simultaneously in different boroughs in the interior of our States, or in the incipient towns and villages in the Far West. It has moved in an opposite direction from other fashions, and it might almost seem, at any rate to an exuberant imagination, to have been borrowed from the wild nymphs of the mountains or the prairies. I do not mean by this our native Indians or squaws, though, sure enough, some of these also, by a sort of instinctive propriety, wear their dresses short-but I mean the oreads or hamadryads of our country, of which I am sure we have some, and wherefore, of course, it is wholly classical, and, at the same time, original; the appropriate garb of a free and independent people."

"But, my dear Blanche," I exclaimed, "a garb to be national and characteristic should not be confined to maidens. Such a style of dress was, no doubt, highly becoming to Diana and her nymphs, as they were divine and ever blooming; it might still be worn too by misses in their teens, as youth and beauty look well in almost any dress; but would it appear to advantage on our matrons and elderly ladies? Would it harmonize well with that chastened, mellowed style of beauty which characterizes more advanced or declining womanhood? It might sit properly, for instance, on yourself or your gentle companion here, but would it suit the years or taste of such exemplary ladies as your mother or Mary's aunt Dorothy?"

"Indeed," said Mary, "for my part I never dreamed of its being worn even by maidens on all occasions. I have been told

that the Turkish ladies are seen in theirs of this sort only within doors. While therefore I imagine it would be a highly convenient habiliment for household employments, I would by no means think it becoming to appear in on the streets. On going forth, however, we could easily cast over it, as did the Roman ladies of old over their stola the graceful palla, some longer vesture; which, at our entertainments, if we saw proper, we would always have the liberty of throwing aside again, whenever the evening might prove oppressive from the heat, or we might wish to take a promenade or some exercise in dancing."

"As for what is most convenient and becoming in this matter," said I, "your own sex are undoubtedly best qualified for judging; but, for my own part, I must inform you that I never was much taken with a too lavish display of ankles even in dancing. Like other valuable jewels, these, it strikes me, are more highly esteemed from their being seen only by glimpses. How beautiful, for instance, in Suckling's 'Ballad on a Wedding,' is this part of the description of the bride!

'Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight.'

The gracefulness of her dancing here, you will observe, seems in no wise to have been obstructed by the appropriate length of her garment."

"Oh, Mr. N.," cried Blanche, "I perceive you are opposed to all improvements. You have been poring over your old, musty classics so long that, I believe, you have actually imbibed all their prejudices and barbarisms, and, if you could, you would still be keeping our sex in absolute bondage to yours as it was in the ancient times. It is not at the too lavish display of ankles in this dress that you have been dismayed, I fancy, but at the Turkish trowsers. You detect in these, no doubt, a disposition on the part of our sex to be overstepping their prescribed limits, and to be intruding into the lordly domains of your own."

"To confess the truth," said I, "I have some apprehensions of this sort. To petticoat government, in a limited way, I never had any objections, but I must say that I feel seriously alarmed at this untoward display of the trowsers. Stood they alone in their day, I might be pleased with them as a curious anomaly which would be likely to pass away with the season; but they strike me as being only one of the many manifestations of that wild spirit of socialism or agrarian radicalism which is at present so rife in our land, and whose legitimate tendency is to drive all those possessed with it to seek after the utter demolition of all distinctive grades and orders; not perceiving that, at any rate, in this country, these are, for the most part, founded in humanity and nature. Just in proportion as these levellers may succeed in destroying the natural distinctions of character and sex between us, in the same proportion also undoubtedly will they succeed in destroying all moral government and civilization."

"And so," cried Blanche, "to preserve our moral government and civilization, you would maintain that our sex must be kept in vassalage to yours as being inferior!"

"Not in vassalage," I replied, "but upheld and supported by ours, after the same fashion as is the vine by the elm. Inferior that plant may be to its upright consort in dignity and strength, but certainly not in loveliness and grace."

"Still, you are one of those," she continued, a little flushed as I fancied, "who think it right that our talents should be confined wholly to the nursery and the kitchen."

"I would extend their display also," I replied, "to the parlor and the drawing-room. The distinction of sex is, in my opinion, not only physical, but also spiritual and moral, reaching dividingly outwards into all our engagements and pursuits. Man, it strikes me, is superior in thought and invention, but woman in impulse and feeling. He is by nature better adapted for business and the affairs of State, but she for domestic employments, and all those tasteful works and arts which require delicate fingers for their execution, and which add grace and comfort to the social circle."

"I am pleased to see," said Blanche, still a little piqued as I thought, "that, at any rate, you exclude us not entirely from the fine arts."

"I would exclude you," said I, "from no department whatever, to excel in which requires supremely either taste, imagination, or

feeling. The fine arts and literature belong conjointly to both the sexes, as making up humanity, each of which, however, succeed best in their appropriate parts. Yours, for instance, in literature, it must be allowed, are better hands at description, epistolary writing, and the poetry of the affections; but ours, I fancy, at history, philosophy and the epic. In painting, again, yours may excel in sketching from nature and imitating the models of art, but ours, it strikes me, take the lead in original designing.-In music, too, I admit that your voices can fill up, more melodiously than ours, the treble; but, on the other hand, ours, I maintain, can never be surpassed in the bass; and though with your fingers you may draw forth more exquisite symphonies from stringed instruments; yet, in the way of blowing, I think you must admit that we have always gone far ahead of you on the bassoon and the bugle. From this last art, to illustrate the whole matter, according to Shelly:

> 'Are we not formed as notes of music are, For one another, though dissimilar? Such difference without discord as can make Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake, As trembling leaves in a continuous air.'"

"To return to the main subject," said Mary, "if this dress has any connexion with Fourierism or Socialism, or fanaticism in any shape whatever, I have no disposition to wear it at all. Modest apparel, shamefacedness and sobriety, as the Scriptures mention, are the appropriate ornaments of our sex; and whoever, casting these aside, would step forth into the arena of politics and debate, must of necessity, it seems to me, become unwomanly and coarse. I am well enough satisfied with the sphere in which nature has placed me, whose limits and privileges are sufficiently wide and free, and my highest ambition shall always be to move and act in it with becoming dignity and grace."

"And I too," said Blanche smiling, "though I think this new costume is altogether meet and becoming, yet as I wish not to be singular, will wait for its more general adoption. Though wonderfully discommoded and pent in, I will still endeavor to waddle along, at any rate through this summer, in my long skirts."

Since the foregoing conversation took place, several months have now elapsed, during which, so far as my observations have

extended, this dress, instead of being more generally adopted, has rather been falling into disuse; and from present appearances it strikes me that, next season, it may be an unknown article in any of the wardrobes of my fair country-women. Still, for the aid of future historiographers, it is proper, I think, that it be recorded by our annalists, as one of the striking characteristics of our times, that in the way of progression towards an equalization of the sexes, such a costume was actually worn by many of our most intelligent young ladies in the interior of our country, at the commencement of the second half of the nineteenth century.

Mercersburg, Pa.

## BLACK HELLEBORE.

SEE FLOWER PLATE.

This plant is a native of Austria and Italy, but is found growing wild in Germany and many parts of Switzerland. It was unknown to the gardeners in England, until cultivated by Mr. John Gerard in 1596, where, if the weather is sufficiently mild, it flowers in January, from which circumstance it is sometimes called Christmas Flower. The root is perennial, externally black, internally whitish, and sends off many strong, round, long depending fibres. This plant has been used to some extent as a medicine, but from its poisonous nature great care should be taken in administering it, as many instances are recorded of its fatal effects-although many writers consider it to be perfectly innocent and safe. The flower stalks are erect, round, and tapering. The leaves are of a deep green color, generally divided into five leaflets, and spring directly from the root by long footstalks: the leaves are elyptical and smooth, the upper half serrated. The floral leaves, which are oval and concave, supply the place of the calyx. The petals are five-large, round, concave, and spreading. The nectaries are about eight in number. The filaments are numerous; the anthers are yellow. The germens vary in number usually from four to eight. The capsules, or pods, contain many oval, shining, blackish seeds. For further particulars see "American Flora."

#### THE DREAM OF LIFE.

BY HON, STACY G. POTTS. .

Upon the summit of a hill whose sides sloped either way, A toil-worn traveler musing stood on a sweet summer's day, Behind him lay the path of life his weary feet had sped, Before, the dim declining way that to the future led.

And on his ear there rose a song of mingled wail and mirth, From memory's wonder-waking harp, the music of the earth, And sights and sounds, the dreamy things that evening shadows bring, Up to the windows of the heart like birds upon the wing.

A vision of his childhood's home, a group in the alder grove, A mother's, brother's, sister's voice, and the first young dream of love, The fair bride blushing in his arms, the infant on her breast— And, ah! the green mounds by the way where he laid them down to rest.

And much he mused of perils past, of toils and hopes and fears,
Like April skies all mingled up with sunshine, shade and tears—
And golden wealth so wildly sought, and honors bright and brief,
That won the thoughtless throng's applause and filled his heart with grief.

I will not say he turned away in sadness or in gloom, Or that the world he left behind were of his hopes the tomb— Though heaviness was in his heart, hope kindled in his eye, Behind him was a world of change—before, a changeless sky.

## GIVE ME A FRIEND.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

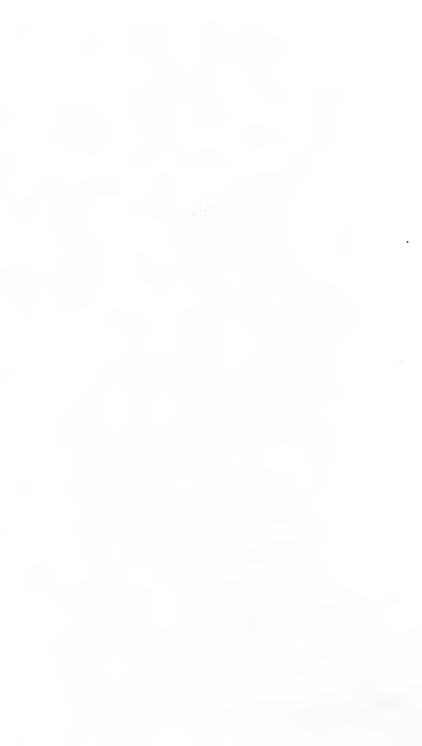
GIVE me a friend to love me—
A friend that I can love—
And let the storm around me blow,
The sky be dark above—
The breathing of that gentle heart.
The light of that bright eye,
Shall be to me a world of wealth,
The rainbow of my sky.







Symphytum Orientals



## JEPTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D. D.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE nameless daughter of Jepthah is linked in her tragic and beautiful history with that of her heroic father. He rises, like a star of destiny, to the view of prostrate and powerless Israel, on a long night of gloom and darkness. They had deserted the pillar of fire, the emblem of the divine presence; they had ceased to consult the "Urim and Thummim"—the appointed medium of divine communication, and were left to wander through labyrinths of error and to weary themselves out with useless prayers to their dumb and senseless deities. Worn and wasted by vice and the depleting and corrupting influence of idolatry, they were exposed to the insult and invasion of surrounding hostile tribes. They felt their imbecility against the combined forces of the Zidonians. the Philistines and the Amorites, and in the crisis of their distress, they cried unto the Lord God of Israel for help. But his holy nature was kindled to indignation at their multiplied offences. and he replied—"Go and cry unto the gods which ye have chosen: let them deliver you in the time of your tribulation." And it was not until they had put away their strange gods, and were humbled in the dust, that his compassions were excited, and he gave them promise of succor and deliverance. But who was to rally their scattered forces, and lead their armies on to battle and victory? The threatening hosts of Ammon were encamped in Gilead, and who will be captain of Israel in the hastening conflict? The name of Jepthah, an illegitimate yet valorous son of Gilead, comes flashing up to the remembrance of the elders of Israel: but he is an exile. He has been driven from his home and his paternal estate by the envy and cutting sarcasm of his brethren. But he has left the impress of his great mind behind him, and when now the nation are in trouble, in danger of being plundered of the lands bequeathed to them by Providence, as the reward of their former valor and fidelity, they at once send a deputation of elders to recal the heroic exile from the land of Tob. to which he had fled, as an asylum from the persecution of his

brethren. He had gathered around him a band of armed men, who had met with similar rebuffs from the world, and identifying their interests, they had determined to seek their fortunes in this new and strange land. They had lived a wild and perhaps a piratical life—had been successful in conquests, and become a terror to surrounding tribes. But Providence is opening a more ample and honorable field for the display of Jepthah's genius and military prowess. The elders of Israel are commissioned to bear the unanimous voice of the people, to place him at the head of their armies. A train of camels bearing presents from Gilead and the venerable embassy, may be seen wending their way to the northern extremity of Palestine. On the success of their mission depend the hopes and destiny of Israel. Shall they be welcomed, or repulsed, is a question which fills the heart with alternate joy and sorrow. Their journey at length is ended; they unload their weary camels, and allow them to feed on the rich pastures beyond the Jordan. They gird their flowing robes around them, and, with heads uncovered, proceed in solemn procession towards the rude tent of Jepthah. He rises from his grassy couch, and hails them as men of Judah. They bow in respectful deference, and state with deep and tremulous emotion the condition of Israel, and their need of his interposition as a man of war. Jepthah's heart is touched, as he sees these venerable men bowing to the earth before him. He recognizes in some of them, perhaps, the religious teachers of his early youth, now bending beneath the weight of years, now chafed with the apprehension of a most desolating war, now appealing to him in behalf of their country, their fire-sides and their sacred altars.

But he had received injury at their hands; they had sanctioned rather than silenced the reproaches of his brethren, and his proud spirit still smarting under the remembrance of former wrongs, he replied in language which cut, like a sword blade, to the heart. "Did not ye hate me and expel me out of my father's house, and why are ye come unto me now when ye are in distress?" For a moment, they were struck dumb by this just and cutting rebuke; but at length they conciliate him, by an appeal to his ruling passion for conquest, and stipulate that should the Lord be favorable to them and deliver the enemy into their hands, he should be head and judge in Israel. To this offer he promptly responded,

not as we have obvious reasons to believe from love of country or a desire to redeem it from the disgrace of vassalage, but from motives of personal agrandizement. Placed, however, at the head of the government, and in the possession of absolute power, he reigned with moderation, and gave general satisfaction, without staining his administration with the reproach of oppression, even towards those who occasioned his expulsion and unrelentingly exposed him to all the hardships and horrors of banishment.— He adopted, as his first act of administration, the wise measure of sending a formal embassy to the Ammonites, to reason with them upon the injustice of their aggression; and while he held out to them the olive branch of peace, he, with becoming dignity, signified his determination to oppose them, should they persist in their threatened hostility. In this respect, we find him acting in the spirit of moderation, as well as firmness, the part of a prudent guardian and protector of his country's rights, and like an experienced governor and general, preparing all the means in his power to make his efforts for peace effectual by the sword, should this be left him as the only alternative. Neither was he entirely insensible of his dependence upon an overruling Providence, though his views of religious duty and truth were evidently vague and shadowy. He desired to propitiate the divine favor, and vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said—" If thou shalt, without fail, deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands; then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burntoffering." A vow made in the heat of excitement, when his heart was flushed with the idea of conquest and victory—a vow which afterward unnerved his strong heart, and rendered his home a scene of sad and painful reminiscence. Now the clarion of war is heard, and the hosts of Israel respond to the summons. The young and the brave gird on their armor, and resolve to peril all in the cause of freedom; husbands and fathers embrace their loved ones, and leave the endearments of home for the dangers of the battle-field; even the aged are inspired with fresh ardor and glow with enthusiasm at the sound of martial music. Jepthah is in his prime, and his eye kindles with ineffable lustre as he gives the word of command. The dark-eyed daughters of Judah are

assembled to witness the glorious pageant, and chant the praises of heroes who icopard their lives in defense of their homes and their holy altars. Amid shouts and deafening music, with nodding plumes and glancing spears and shields, flashing in the sunlight, the embattled legions move to the scene of slaughter and of victory. They pass Mizpeh and Manasseh, and reach the plain of Ammon, where the two armies meet in dread and hostile array —the chivalrous sons of Gilead opposed to the determined children of Ammon. The might of the Lord came upon Jepthah and his hosts, and the battle begins-fierce and bloody was that scene of conflict—the very earth shook beneath the roar of chariots, the tramp of the war horse and the heavier tread of the fighting elephant. The children of Ammon are not easily driven from their strong holds, neither do they yield until death had thinned their ranks, and twenty of their cities had capitulated; then the exulting army marched, in triumph, from Aroer even to Minneth, and finally refreshed their wearied energies beneath the clustering vines and olive groves of the vanquished. Jepthah has conquered, and Israel is free. The glad news is speedily borne to the anxious homes of Gilead, and thousands gather, in the streets, and onward press to greet the home-bound conquerors. And wives are there to hail the loved and loving; and maidens fair. with music sweet, and step elastic, and timbrels raised with lily hands to swell the choral welcome. The daughter of Jepthah, with conscious pride and filial tenderness, went forth to anticipate the maiden throng in their tokens of honor; she would be first to wreath her father's brow with laurel and hail him king in Israel! She was an only child, and he had often thrown around her graceful form, in sweet caress, those arms that bear the mail and armor of the warrior, and those raven ringlets he had often twined, in musing fondness, with the fingers now skilled in fight; and would he not now embrace her-love her? She saw his lordly form and ran to meet him.

"Oh, how beautiful!

Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem—
And her luxuriant hair! 'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still.
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.
She called him "Father"—but he answer'd not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that blood-shot eye.

Had sickness seized him? She unclasp'd his helm, And laid her white hand gently on his brow; The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands, And spoke the name of God, in agony. She knew that he was stricken, then; and rush'd Again into his arms; and, with a flood Of tears she could not bridle, sobb'd a prayer That he would breathe his agony in words. He told her—and a momentary flush Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul Of Jepthah's daughter waken'd; and she stood Calmly and nobly up and said 'twas well."

What an exhibition of female heroism, of filial submission and piety is here! When she learned the nature of her father's vow, her heart did not falter, even for a moment, but she quickly responded, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord has taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, the children of Ammon." Well might her name have had a place in the Scriptural record, as distinguished for some of the loftiest traits that can adorn the female character.-Still a dark cloud of mystery hangs over her subsequent history. It is contended by many learned writers that her young life was quenched by the hand of her father, that she was sacrificed as a burnt-offering on the altars of religion. It is maintained, that the deep grief of Jepthah on first seeing his daughter as well as the nature of his vow, imply this. But we are inclined to a more lenient, and as we think a more pious view of this subject. It is true that the history states that after the lapse of two mouths, the time allotted to bewail her virginity, she returned to her father, "who did with her according to his vow, which he had vowed." That the vow did not require her death, but her perpetual devotement to the Lord, we infer from the following reasons. reader will carefully notice, he will observe that the vow consisted of two parts. It reads thus: "If thou wilt surely give the children of Ammon into my hand, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh out of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt-offering." Now the paucity of connecting particles in the Hebrew language requires, that the conjuction should often be rendered disjunctively; and the passage may therefore be read, "that whatsoever cometh out of the doors of my house to meet me. shall either be the Lord's, or I will offer it up for a burnt-offering." This rendering, which is justified by the Hebrew, removes all difficulty. If a sheep, or a goat, or a turtle-dove, or a young pigeon, or any clean beast, had met him first, then it would have been offered in sacrifice, according to the Jewish law regulating burnt-offerings, and in harmony with the last clause of his vow. But if his daughter, he had no authority from the Jewish or any other law to offer her as a burntoffering. Indeed it is expressly declared, Deut. xii: 31, that such an offering is detestable and forbidden, "an abomination to the Lord. which he hated." But he might devote her to the Lord. according to the first part of his vow, as the pious Hannah devoted her son Samuel to the Lord even before his birth, and thus render her a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto the Lord, which was his duty, and as we believe his yow. The sacrifice of children even to Moloch was an abomination to the Lord, of which in a variety of passages he expresses his detestation; and it was prohibited by an express law, under pain of death, as "a defilement of God's sanctuary, and a profanation of his holy name," Lev. xx: 2, 3. Such a sacrifice, therefore, unto the Lord himself, must be a still higher abomination. No father, merely by his own authority, could put an offending, much less an innocent child to death without a judicial sentence from the magistrate. And no priest in all the land of Gilead could have been found to have officiated at the altar, in the sacrifice of the noble and pious daughter of Jepthah. If this view be correct, it may be asked, how do we account for the grief manifested by the father on meeting his daughter? We answer that he doubtless. with other distinguished Hebrews, cherished the hope, that he might be the ancestor of Christ, but now such hope was utterly extinguished, as his daughter was his only issue, and she was to be devoted to perpetual virginity, in the service of the tabernacie. Such service was customary. In the division of the spoils taken in the first Midianite war, of the whole number of captive virgins, "the Lord's tribute was thirty-two persons." Thus the daughter of Jepthah was devoted and not slain, and with her, his name and family became extinct, and it was this terrible apprehension which led him to exclaim, "Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low." He could not endure the thought that his name and honor must die with himself. To her too, though she submitted with child-like devotion, it was a source of grief, for she had cherished the hope of becoming a mother in Israel.

#### MAN'S JUDGMENT.

#### BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I would'nt give much for his chance of heaven," was the remark of a man whose coarse, well-worn garments contrasted strongly with the dark, rich broadcloth of the person to whom he referred. In the tones of the individual who uttered this sentence, was a clearly apparent satisfaction at the thought of his rich neighbor's doubtful chance of final salvation. It was on the Sabbath, and both had just passed forth from the sacred edifice, to which each had that morning gone up for the avowed end of worship.

"Why do you say that?" asked the friend to whom the remark was addressed.

"You know the scriptures," was the confident answer. "How hardly shall they who have riches enter the kingdom of heaven."

"You believe, then, that the mere fact of possessing riches will keep a man out of heaven?"

"No; I would'ut just like to say that. But, riches harden the heart, and make men unfit for heaven."

"I doubt if riches harden the heart more than poverty," was replied.

"How can you say so?" was warmly objected. "Is'nt the promise every where to the poor? To whom was the Gospel sent?"

"The rich and poor spoken of in the word of God," said the friend, "do not, it is plain, mean simply those in the world who possess natural riches, or who are in natural poverty. Remember, that the Bible is a revelation of spiritual truth for man's eternal salvation; and that its teachings must have primary regard to what is spiritual, and refer to man's internal state rather than to his mere worldly condition. Remember, that the Lord, while on earth, said: Blessed are the poor in spirit, (not the poor in this world's goods) for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And we may, without violence to even the letter of the Word, conclude, that when He speaks of its being hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, that only the proud in spirit; those who rested

self-confident on the riches of their worldly and natural wisdom, were meant. That it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such rich men to enter heaven, is plain from our Lord's words when he set a child in the midst of his disciples, and told them that unless they became as that little child they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Not externally and naturally as that child, for that was impossible; but poor in spirit, teachable, and innocent as a child."

The first speaker, whose name was Maxwell, tossed his head, and slightly curled his lip as he replied—

"I believe just what the Bible says. As for your forced meanings, I never go to them. A plain, matter-of-fact man, I understand what is written in a plain, matter-of-fact way. The Bible says, that they who have riches, shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. And I can see how true the saying is. As for Clinton, of whom I spoke just now, I repeat that I would'nt give much for his chance. It is well that there is a just God in heaven, and that there will come a day of retribution. The Dives have their good things in this life; but our turn will come afterwards. We shan't be always poor. Lazarus went, a beggar, from the rich man's door, and was received into Abraham's bosom."

"What has made you so bitter against Clinton, just now?" enquired the friend.

"I'm not bitter against him, in particular. I speak of rich men as a class. They are all selfish, unfeeling, and oppressive. Look at the good Clinton might do, as a steward of God's bounty, if he chose. He might make our wilderness blossom as the rose. But settlement day will come, ere long, and then a sorry account of his stewardship will he have to render."

"How do you know that the account will not be approved in heaven?" was asked in a quiet voice.

"Approved! How do I know?" ejaculated Maxwell, impatiently. "Any man can see that he is an unfaithful, hard-hearted and oppressive steward."

"Has he oppressed you?"

" Yes "

"Als? I was not aware of that. I did'nt know that you had any claims upon him as an almoner of heaven."

"My claims are those of common humanity. But you shall know all and judge for yourself. I am a poor man——"

- " Well —"
- "With a wife and four children, whom I love as tenderly as Clinton, or any other purse-proud oppressor of the poor can possiply love his wife and children. They are dependent for daily bread upon my daily labor. With the sweat of my brow, I keep hunger from my door, and cold from entering therein."
  - "An independent man," said the other.
- "Yes, thank God! An independent man; as independent as any nabob in the land."
- "Do let the nabobs alone," was answered to this. "If you are independent, why care for them? Why permit yourself to be fretted because others are blessed by Providence with a greater abundance of worldly goods? There is danger, in this thing, of going beyond the nabobs, and arraigning the wisdom of Him who setteth up whom he will, and whose bounty feeds even the young ravens. So go on with your story. What is the crime that Mr. Clinton has committed against you and humanity?"
  - "I am a poor man, as I said."
  - "I know you are; a hard working, industrious, but poor man."
  - "And as such, entitled to some consideration."
  - "Entitled to a fair return for your labor, in all cases."
- "Of course I am; and to some favor, in the distribution of employment, where I present equal capacity with those who are less needy than myself."
  - "What do you mean by that?"
- "A plain story makes all plain. Well: you are aware that Mr. Clinton is about building a new dam for his mills?"
  - " I am."
  - "And that he asked for proposals?"
  - " Yes."
  - "I tried to get the contract."
- "You!" There was more surprise in this ejaculation than the friend had meant to convey.
  - "Certainly! Why not?" was petulantly remarked.
  - "Of course you had a perfect right to do so."
- "Of course I had; and of course my bid, though the lowest, was thrown out, and the bid of Jackson, who manages to monopolize every thing in the village, taken. He and Clinton are leagued together, and the offer for proposals was only a sham."

"That's assuming a good deal, friend Maxwell."

"No it is'nt. Its the truth, and nothing else but the truth.—
. He's the jackall and Clinton's the liar."

"You speak without reflection," said the friend, mildly.

"I'm not blind. I see how things are worked."

"You say your bid was lower than Jackson's? How do you know this? I thought his bid was not publicly known."

"I knew it; and, in fact, knew what it was to be before I sent in my proposals, and was, therefore, able to go below it. The truth is, I managed, between you and I, to find out just what every man was going to bid, and then struck a mark below them all, to make sure of the job. I wanted a chance, and was determined to have it, at all hazards."

"I hardly think your mode of procedure just fair," said the friend; "but waiving that, could you have made any thing by the job, at your bidding?"

"Oh, yes, I'd have made something—more, a good deal, than I can make by day's work. The fact is, I set my heart on that job as a stepping stone to contract work; and am bitterly disappointed at its loss. Much good may it do both Jackson and Clinton. I should'nt be much sorry to see the new dam swept away by the next freshet."

"Why, Maxwell! This is not the spirit of a Christian man.—Envy, malice—these are what the Bible condemns in the plainest terms; and for these sins, the poor have quite as much to answer for as the rich—and perhaps more. If you go from church on the Sabbath with no better thoughts than these, I fear you are quite as far from the kingdom of heaven as you have supposed Mr. Clinton to be."

"Good day!" said Maxwell, turning off abruptly from his friend, and taking a path that led by a nearer course than the one in which they were walking, to his home.

A few weeks later, the person with whom Maxwell thus conversed had occasion to transact some business with Mr. Clinton. He had rendered him a bill for work done, and called to receive payment.

"You've made a mistake in your bill, Mr. Lee," said Clinton.

"Ah? Are you certain?"

"You can examine for yourself. I make an error of twenty dollars in the additions."

"Then you only owe me sixty dollars," said Lee, with a disappointment in his tones that he could not conceal.

"Rather say that I owe you a hundred, for the mistake is in your favor. The first column in the bill adds up fifty, instead of thirty dollars."

"Let me examine it." Lee took the bill and added up the column three times before he felt entirely satisfied. Then he said,

"So it does! Well, I should never have been the wiser if you had only paid me the eighty dollars called for by the footing up of the bill. You might have retained your advantage with perfect safety."

Lee said this on the impulse of the moment. He instantly saw a change in Mr. Clinton's countenance, as if he were slightly offended.

"Oh, no; not with safety," was gravely replied.

"I should never have found it out."

"But there is coming a day, with every man, when the secrets of his heart will stand revealed. If not now, it would then appear that I had wronged you out of twenty dollars."

"True! True! But all men don't think of this."

"No one is more fully aware of that than I am. It is for me, however, to live in the present, so as not to burden my future with shame and repentance. Knowingly, Mr. Lee, I would not wrong any man to the value of a single dollar. I may err, and do err, like other men; for, to err is human."

After the expression of such sentiments, Lee felt curious to know what Mr. Clinton thought of, and how he felt towards. Maxwell. So he said, after referring to the new mill dam in the process of erection—

"You did'nt take the lowest bid for its construction."

"I took the lowest competent bid."

'Then you do not think Maxwell competent to the work?"

"I do not think him a man to be trusted, and, therefore, would not have given him the contract for such a piece of work at any price. You are aware, that the giving way of that dam would almost inevitably involve a serious loss of life and property among the poor people who live along the course of the stream below.— I must regard their safety before any pecuniary advantage to myself; and have given Mr. Jackson, who has the contract, positive instructions to exceed his estimates if necessary in order to put

the question of safety beyond a doubt. I know him to be a man whom I can trust. But I have no confidence in Maxwell."

"A good reason why you declined giving him the job."

"I think so."

"Maxwell was greatly disappointed."

- "I know, and has spoken very hard against me. But that avails nothing. My principle of action is to do right, and let others think and say what they please. No man is my judge. Maxwell is not, probably, aware, that I know him thoroughly, and that I have thrown as much in his way as I could safely do. He is not, of course, aware, that one of my sons overheard him in reference to this very mill-dam, say-' I'm bound to have that contract whether or no. I have learned the lowest bid, and have put in a bid still lower.' 'How did you learn this?' was asked of him. 'No matter,' he answered, 'I have learned it' can't go lower and build the dam safely,' was said. To which he replied—'I can build the dam, and make a good profit. As to the safety, I'll leave that in the hands of Providence. He'll take care of the poor people below.' Mr. Lee! I felt an inward shudder when this was repeated to me. I could not have believed the man so void of common honesty and common humanity. Was I not right to withhold from him such a contract?"
- "You would have been no better than he if you had given it to him," was answered. "And yet, this same man inveighs against the rich, and thinks their chance of heaven a poor one."

"Simply because they are rich?"

"Or, it might with more truth be said, because they will not yield to his covetons and envious spirit. He is not content with the equivalent society renders back to him for the benefit he confers, but wants to share what of right belongs to others."

"That spirit I have often seen him manifest. Well, if simple riches are a bar to man's entrance into heaven, how much more so is discontent, envy, malice, hatred, and a selfish disregard for the rights and well being of others. The rich have their temptations and so have the poor, and neither will enter heaven, unless they overcome in temptation, and receive a purified love of their neighbor. This at least is my doctrine."

"Of the two, I would rather take Clinton's chance of heaven," said Lee to himself, as he went musing away, "even if he is a rich man."

#### CHRIST MAS.

BY HELEN IRVING.

THE bloom and beauty of summer, the ripeness and richness of autumn are gone-all the mockery of gold and crimson and purple that lately robed the dying woods, has left not a trace of its gorgeousness—all is desolate and bare. If you search in the hollows, you may find, where the wind has hid them, a few red leaves: but, have a care, lest they crisp and wither beneath your touch, for the life is all gone out of them. Down in the meadow the brook has ceased its singing, and the short chirp of the hardy little snow-bird seems more lonely than silence. The dreary winter has come—and with it comes to most of us a loving, lingering thought of the summer past, which, whatever our care or sorrow, hung about us so much of beauty, and breathed upon us such soft delicious airs-of the autumn, crowned with so many golden days, and whose nights were glorious with the harvest and the hunter's moon. It is slowly that we turn to love the stern December and his train, who beneath their rough aspect still hide for us so much of happiness.

When the winter has fairly folded our homes in its snows, and abroad we mark no trace of the beauty we have loved, very pleasant is it to see, as the season comes, the green Christmas wreaths, bright with crimson berries, glancing out from the windows as we pass—to note the churches wreathed with evergreens, and turned almost to groves with the stately pine and cedar—to hear on the Christmas morning the glad voices of children and the merry sound of bells.

I would the observance of this day were universal, for to methere is a peculiar beauty in its celebration. It seems fitting that young hearts should overflow with gladness on the anniversary of His birth who "took little children in His arms, and blessed them"—that in every home it should be a season of peculiar rejoicing, at the remembrance of Him, the sound of whose footstep on the threshold of the house at Bethany was ever a blessing—

who loved the hospitalities of Martha and Mary—who shared in the joy of their household and wept with them in their sorrow.

Crowned is this festival with pleasures for children—the eager expectation of Christmas eve, the glad fulfilment in the well-filled stockings of Christmas morn; the dreams of the good Santa Claus, whom they so soon discover to be but a most intangible fairy at the command of papa and mamma—the merry dinner at whose table even the youngest has that day a place—the glee-some games around the fire at night—the precious hour added to the evening's length—a hundred trifles to which the joyous freedom of the day gives birth, delights to a childish heart. And in after years, when, even if sorrow have not shadowed it, the world has taken a different hue from that it wore in early life, like green islands in the sea of memory, brighter and fairer than aught in the present, seem these hours of childish mirth and happiness.

And beautiful is the re-union of families that so often takes place at this season. The fond gathering of parents and children—the meeting of long parted brothers and sisters—the binding anew of ties which absence and new interests had almost loosened—the re-kindling of old loves—the soothing of all unkindness—the healing of all wounds.

But, amid all this joy and gladness, how often, in some heart, is a low voice of sadness making itself heard! In how many a home falls a weight on the mother's heart, and gush to her eyes the tears, as she misses the fair face of the daughter who sat at her right hand in Christmas days gone by—or as amid the merriment she hears' not the sound of a little voice that was more than all music to her, twelve months ago. Many a home where the father's hand trembles and his lip quivers, as the vision rises before him of a gallant son, whose joyous heart, whose mirth and life made the Christmas more merry than all sunshine, and whose glad eyes he can meet on earth no more.

Ah, seasons like this awake in many a bosom a slumbering sorrow—awake anew that yearning for lost smiles and tears and love, that has been hushed or soothed by time—filling the heart with a tender melancholy, softening and subduing it to all gentle sympathies. How does God make blessed to us the memory of the dead, in the divine love, that thus seems to fill and expand the soul, as though the pure spirits of the departed had indeed

come to our hearts in answer to the yearning of our affection, and breathed upon us the heavenly atmosphere of their new home. Sweetly, though sadly, comes their dear remembrance, in hours of joy and sorrow, of smiles and tears—and never perhaps more vividly, than when days come round in which we have been glad together. Long will linger in our hearts the sweetness of a smile, the music of a laugh, the dearness of a loving tone—and so it is, that while to childhood, festivals like the present are days of unshadowed glee, the maturer heart hears low, sweet voices calling from the past, that make it often a season beautiful only from association, and "merry" only from remembered joy.

## MY LITTLE TWIN SISTERS.

#### BY EVELINA MORRIS.

They have large gazelle eyes that are witching and deep,
Where young love and beauty so guilelessly play,
When through their long lashes they winningly peep.
That they'll steal through your heart close it tight as you may;
And so fawnish and sly,
You'll not know how or why.

They have heavy dark ringlets, which carelessly fold
O'er pretty round necks of the softest brunette,
Where dancing they blend shades of dark brown and gold,
The rarest that sunlight can ever beget;
And fondly they nest
Close to beauty's warm breast.

They have sweet little mouths which in contrast disclose
The corals and pearls of the far Indian wave;
And their velvety cheeks took their dye from the rose,
While their wild-ringing laugh shames the echoing cave—
And kindles soul-fire
Like Orpheus's lyre.

When with dimpled arms twined in blithe pastime they roam,
And their steps seem more airy than cool mountain wind—
I think them some shining ones strayed from their home,
For they'd be brightest cherubs had Heaven wings to lend:
They're more pure than the drop
In the white-lily cup.

### THE JOURNEY'S CLOSE.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

BY CELIA.

WHERE the fading light is glancing,
See an aged form advancing
O'er a dark and weary way—
With the weight of sorrows bending,
Heavily his lone path wending
Through the twilight of the day,
While the cusky, chilling shadows fitfully around him play!

His scattered locks are long and hoary,
Worn his sandaled feet, and gory,
For the path is rough and steep;
And his mantle, closely gathered,
By an olden girdle tethered—
And his trembling footsteps keep

Resounding ever, like an echo, through the darkness still and deep.

Of his race the last and only,
Onward, drearily and lonely,
Goes he forth with solemn tread—
All the light of beauty shaded,
All the joy of being faded,
For the hopes of youth are fled,

And his steps are treading, treading, to the chambers of the Dead!

Lovely was his being's morning
As Aurora's smile, adorning
All the arches of the sky—
Glorious his spirit's lightness,
Beautiful the angel brightness
Of his proud and thoughtful eye!

And the stream of his existence glided swift and joyously!

But there came the frost of sadness,
Chilling every fount of gladness
By its blighting—wasting power;
And the friends his heart had cherished,
One by one decayed and perished,
Like the blossoms of an hour—

Like the frail and sickly blossoms drooping in an autumn bower!

Low his gentle ones he buried—
By the savage Spoiler hurried
To a dark, untimely grave;
Lone and hopeless then he wandered,
As his gloomy grief he pondered,
And his heart to mourning gave—

Mourning sad and ceaseless as the sighing murmur of the wave

Thus he wandered, sad and weary,
O'er the meadows bleak and dreary—
Through the valley and the glade—
Over hill and rugged mountain,
Nor beside the silver fountain
Lingering in the cooling shade—

Resting never, pressing ever onward where his heart is laid!

Worn with sorrowing and weeping,
While the pains of age are creeping
Fast upon his tottering frame—
And the warmth of day is fleeting,
And the chilling mists are meeting
In the sun's departing flame—

On amid the gathered blackness tread his trembling limbs and lame!

Downward, downward, ever wending,
Through the shades of Death descending
To the gateway of the Tomb;
Where the sound of pinions rushing,
And dark waters, deeply gushing,
Comes amid the chasmal gloom—
And he faintly, feebly marches on to meet his coming doom.

Goes he forth alone and fearless,
Through the darkness chill and cheerless,
In the dim and narrow way?
Comes no Helper to uphold him?
Not a shelter to enfold him
From the breath of dread Decay?

Must be droop, and faint, and falter, in his lone and dire dismay?

Ope thy eye, unseeing mortal!
By that chamber's dreary portal
See a beckoning spirit stand—
Death's defier, Love's Evangel,
Heaven's serene and smiling angel,
Beckoning with the spirit hand,
Welcoming the lonely wanderer to a new and joyous land!

Lo! around the pilgrim gather
Legions, from his being's Father,
Sent to guide his footsteps frail!
All the way their love has led him,
Through the dark and danger sped him,
That his spirit should not fail—

They have watched his weary footfalls thro' the wild and shadowy vale!

See! the portal wide uncloses
There his mortal dust reposes,
In a deep and dreamless sleep;
But the spirit sad and lowly,
In the presence of the Holy
Nevermore shall sigh or weep—

Evermore the glorious beauty of Eternal Youth shall keep!

Tremble not when shadows gather,
For the angels of thy Father
Watch beside thee in the gloom;
Never fainting, never sleeping,
Lovingly thy footsteps keeping,
In their passage to the Tomb—
In their long and weary passage to the Hills of Endless Bloom!

# HUMAN SYMPATHIES.

BY J. R. JOHNSON.

WE are in a world where we need the sympathy of our fellow beings. How cold some are! If they suffer not from the storm themselves, they think not that any one is shelterless, or they care not how many are. If they have a sumptuous table, it is of no moment to them that millions are starving. They can complacently sing—"Sweet Home," and lift not up one prayer for the homeless. They can ride in cushioned carriages, and heed not the weary, wandering child of want. Such there are. But, blessed be God! we can find cheering contrasts. There are those who practically recognize the common brotherhood of the human family. They weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. The blessings of the Redeemer rest upon such, and they will everlastingly rejoice amid the holy sympathies of heaven.

#### THE BLUE EYES.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Standing before a magnificent mirror in the light of brilliant lamps, a young and radiant creature regarded her reflected image with a smile of pleasure. In a ball dress of singular taste and elegance, her silken brown hair falling in luxuriant curls about her snowy neck and glowing cheeks, her graceful bosom heaving with every breath she drew, and her white, delicate and slender hands glittering with jewels, truthfully might the poet have said of her—" beautiful exceedingly!"

There was beauty in the symmetry of her form—beauty in the sweeping arch of her brows—beauty in the finely chiseled mouth, Grecian nose, and brilliant teeth—but above all, was there a strange, touching, captivating beauty in the pure azure of her large, soft, lustrous eyes.

She smiled, I say, as the faithful mirror flung back to those beaming eyes the light of their own beauty; and through those lovely lips were breathed the half articulate words—

"If he will not love me, others shall, at least!"

But at that moment the smile faded from her lips, a sigh heaved her breast, and the shadow of an intrusive thought darkened those eyes of blue.

"If he will not love me!"

She repeated the words, and sinking upon a fantenil, pressed one of her white, jewelled hands upon her brow. When she removed it, those large eyes flashed out with a deeper blue and a wilder lustre, through the glittering crystal of a tear. This she dashed from her long and fringing lids, and arising majestically, rang for an attendant.

"Has Mr. Sandford returned yet?"

"He just went into the library, ma'am," replied the woman who appeared.

A moment after, she of the blue eyes opened a small door, which formed the entrance to the apartment whither her husband had retired. He was sitting by a table, nervously fingering the folds of a newspaper, which he appeared little inclined to read.

Mrs. Sandford paused on the threshold. The stern and forbidding expression of her husband's gathered brows scarcely left her courage to address him.

" Philip ----"

At the sound of that low and gentle voice, Mr. Sandford raised his head, and lifted his eyes from the newspaper, to meet the shrinking gaze of his wife. He started, and his lip curled bitterly, as her radiant beauty flashed upon his vision.

"You are going, then?" he said in a suppressed tone.

"Yes, Philip," she replied, blushing deeply. "Mr. Lawrence and Lucy are going to call for me."

"Very well!" muttered Mr. Sandford, compressing his lips, and dropping his eyes to the newspaper.

The blue eyes flashed. With a toss of her curls, Mrs. Sandford turned, and was about leaving the room, when a better impulse seemed to take the place of her momentary resentment.

"I hope you are not displeased, Philip ----"

"Displeased! Why should I be? I believe it is now-a-days considered very absurd for husbands to be displeased with any thing their wives may choose to do!"

" Mr. Sandford!"

"Why should you for an instant fancy that I am displeased? True, you care nothing for my society; you prefer the glitter and the glow of a ball room to the comforts of your household hearth; you choose to leave your child—our child—to the tender mercies of a nurse—but such are the ways of the world now-a-days, and of course I shall not fall into the vulgar fault of making any complaint. Even though you prepare for balls without so much as asking my advice—"

"Philip! Philip! I have not—I have not deserved this!" cried Mrs. Sandford, with a passionate jesture.

"Oh, be ealm--be calm!"

"'Be calm!" Oh! you can well say 'be calm,' when you drive me frantic with your coldness, your irony, your hateful taunts—"
"Sophia!"

"Well, well! I will be calm! I have nothing to blame myself for, and I will not be vexed!"

"You have nothing to blame yourself for!" repeated Mr. Sandford, slowly, in a deep, significant tone. "Certainly not! Now-

a-days, a wife should never think of consulting her husband before making up her mind to go to a ball at all hazards."

"I cannot hear that, sir, with either patience or calmness!" cried Sophia, vehemently. "You wrong me, sir—you know you do! I should never take any important step without consulting you, were it not for your coldness, your sarcasm, your bitter taunts! This afternoon, I was on the point of consulting you—of asking your permission, before making up my mind to go to the ball; but your manner, your forbidding aspect, disheartened me. Then I felt that you loved me no longer—that you did not care whether I went or remained at home, and so I held my peace. You paralyze my tongue with your indifference, and then you blame and reproach me for not speaking."

"I believe, Sophia, a wife would never hesitate to mention a project to her husband, of which she thought he would approve. It is then plain that you knew I would disapprove of the step you are taking, and that—you have no regard for my feelings."

To this stern reproach, Sophia made answer in a burst of passion.

"Why should I regard your feelings more than you mine?
You disapprove of every thing I do. You would have me satis-

fied with your coldness, nor ask for, nor desire anything more. But I cannot submit to such tyranny, and I will not!"

And Sophia burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. Sandford's features contracted with an almost fierce expression. His teeth closed angrily, and glittered through his curling lips, while unconsciously his fingers tore the newspaper into fragments. For nearly a minute he regarded Sophia with his blazing eyes, in silence. Notwithstanding her beauty and her tears, he was angry still. Yet he was not cruel—he was not cold! Devotedly, passionately did he love that beautiful, warmhearted, capricious wife. It was what he deemed her injustice, in accusing him of coldness, which had roused his resentment; for he could not see the cause she had to consider him cold. Proud, sensitive, reserved in his feelings, he had always concealed his anguish on witnessing his wife's love of pleasure, for he could never bring himself to betray his jealousy of the admiration she every where received, and seemed so much to love. This reserve she construed into coldness; and she imagined that his displea-sure, when she mingled with the society of which he himself was

not fond, was the result of a selfish and domineering disposition. rather than of love. This misunderstanding was the cause of all their unhappiness, for while Sophia laid all the blame upon her husband's selfishness and want of affection, he felt that her love of pleasure, and her disregard for the comforts of home, were the faults which ruined his peace. Therefore, loving her as he did, he was wrought almost to fury by her reiterated charge of coldness; and after witnessing her tears for some time in silence. he said in a bitter tone:

"It would be no wonder if I did not love you, since you care so much more for the admiration of the world, than for my happiness. Your conduct is enough to drive all the love out of my heart !"

Sophia raised her blue eyes, which flashed through her tears. She remembered the time when but the first crystal drop, swelling under those fringed lids, had the power to soften her husband in his sternest moments, and, contrasting the past with the present, she gave utterance, on the better impulse of the moment, to the thought which had entered her heart, as she stood before the mirror:

"Although you do not love me, there are those who do; and since I am nothing to you, I may as well make the most of their society!"

"Indeed!" hissed Philip, trembling with passion. "Then permit me to advise you to dry your tears, else the light of those eyes, which are to bring admiring lovers to your feet, will become dim."

"By your tone," answered Sophia with a sneer, "one would judge that you would gladly have it extinguished altogether."

"Heaven knows, it would have been for my happiness had it

been so, before, like an ignus fatuus, it lured me to my ruin!"

"Why don't you pray Heaven, then, that I may be struck blind?"

"I can almost find it in my heart to do so!" muttered Philip. With an angry and scornful gesture, Sophia swept from the room. Her eyes were soon bright and lustrous as ever; her maid placed another jewel on her arm, according to her directions, and five minutes after, Sophia was on her way to the ball, resolved to win all the admiration in her power. Meanwhile, Philip sat with his chin resting on his palm, absorbed in thought. The last hasty words which had escaped his lips awoke remorseful reflections, and he felt—for the first time, with any degree of force—that there was much fault on his side, as well as on Sophia's.

"She did love me once," thought he: "sometimes I feel that she loves me still. Perhaps, if I was more frank and cordial with her, she would be so with me, and we would live more happily together. I must govern myself better: I must never again allow myself to speak with haste and passion, as I did just now. I will try kindness, to wean her from the dissipations of society; and this night I will begin. I will set up for her, and ask her forgiveness for my harsh and hasty words."

Mr. Sandford certainly loved Sophia, with her graceful person, her warm heart, her transparent complexion, and her tender eyes of blue; and good reason had he "some times" to feel that she loved him still. She was one of those creatures with whom love is a necessity; and when her idol-for such her husband wasthrew off the cold mantle of reserve, and appeared himself, she was all affection and devotion. But she loved society better than he, and she was as incapable of comprehending his indifference to it, as he of appreciating her fondness for balls and parties. And she loved her child, too-the darling Sophy-although she could leave her, to participate in the pleasures of the world. I will not say that, during the three years of her married life, Mrs. Sandford's disposition had not suffered from the evil influence of unhappy domestic relations contrasted with the follies of gay society; but as yet all her better feelings were not smothered, nor had vanity usurped the place of the most disinterested and pure affection—as we shall see.

Sophia had not been an hour in the ball-room, before the radiance of her brow began to be overshadowed by frequent and fitful clouds of sadness. The reflection that she had left her husband angry and unhappy, and that she was not altogether blameless, in their last and most serious quarrel, would intrude upon her gayest moments, causing the bright smile to fade from her lips, and the light of pleasure from her blue eyes. In the graceful whirl of the waltz, she became abstracted, and often she accompanied the merriest music with sighs. Her friends, unaccustomed to beholding her any thing but gay, supposed she was

ill, and treated her with the kindest attentions; but these only added to her sadness, in reminding her of its cause.

"You are really suffering, Mrs Sandford," said Mr. Amsden, a gentleman with whom she was on terms of friendship. "If you wish to return home, my carriage is at your service."

Sophia thanked him, with a smile, but politely declined the offer. No sooner had she done so, however, than she regretted her decision, and her melancholy returned with tenfold force.—Weary of attempting to appear gay, she at length resolved to presume upon Mr. Amsden's friendship, and ask the favor which he had before so kindly offered.

Accordingly, she sought out Mrs. Lawrence, whom she accompanied to the ball, to inform her of her resolution; after which, she cast her eye about for Mr. Amsden. Not discovering him any where, but supposing he would soon make his appearance, she proceeded to the dressing-room; and after putting on her things, she again endeavored to find Mr. Amsden, but with no better success. Impatient, and unwilling to trouble her friends, Sophia confided the cause of her embarrassment to no one, but after waiting a few minutes for Mr. Amsden, and making some inquiries for him, she glided from the hall, and tripped lightly down the broad stairs.

Sophia was a creature of impulse. Unwilling to return to the ball-room, and reflecting that her home was only two streets distant, she unfortunately formed the rash design of proceeding thither alone. It was not until Mrs. Sandford was in the street, that she discovered that it had been raining. The water struck through the thin soles of her shoes in an instant. She turned back in haste, but instantly reflecting that she would be less liable to take cold, if she ran immediately home, than if she returned to the dressing-room, or stopped to call a carriage, she turned again, and tripped rapidly along the street. The unhappy woman had proceeded no more than half way, however, when it recommenced raining in torrents. She was soon completely drenched, and, it being a December night, she was likewise thoroughly chilled .-Alarmed by the storm, she ran faster than ever, regardless of the eyes which followed her in astonishment. A stranger offered her his umbrella, but, fearful of insult, she refused it, and kept on amidst the rain. At length, in considerable trepidation, Sophia

reached her own door. It was well she arrived as she did, for, at that moment, the street lamp before the house seemed suddenly to be extinguished. Surrounded by darkness, frightened, faint, and sick, Sophia felt for the bell-knob, and rang violently. strange feeling in her head oppressed her, and she leaned against the door for support.

Impatient, terrified by the darkness and the storm, Sophia rang again, almost immediately. A moment after, the door was opened, and she fell into the arms of a domestic. Startled by the wholly unexpected appearance of Mrs. Sandford at that hour, and in so strange a manner, Margaret uttered a cry of consternation.

"Hush!" said Sophia, recovering herself. "Don't disturb Mr. Sandford. I do not wish him to know that I have been so imprudent. But why-where-where is the hall lamp? How could you be so careless as to let it go out? Help me up stairs, and, Margaret, do you take care that such an accident never happens again. It is dark as a pit here!"

The domestic gazed at her mistress in amazement.

"Sure," said she, "the lamp is burning very well; and I am sorry if I doesn't plaze ver."

"Margaret!" answered Sophia, in a tone of irritation and displeasure, "what do you mean? You are really too impudent to be tolerated. Why do you tell me the lamp is burning, when the hall is certainly so dark that I cannot distinguish a single object?"

"Indade, Mrs. Sandford, I spoke nothing but the thruth; and ve must have lost yer rason to say the lamp doesn't burn, when sure ----;

- " Margaret !"
- "What, ma'am?"
- "Cease this absurd talk! I will not hear it. There is no light!"

The domestic once more stared at her mistress in the greatest astonishment; but perceiving how pale she was, and imagining, from the strange expression of her large blue eyes, that she must have lost her senses, she dared not utter another word. She conducted Sophia directly to her own apartment, where a bright coal fire was burning in the grate, and a lamp glowed on the table.

"Margaret! Margaret!" cried Sophia, wildly, holding the domestic's arm-" tell me truly-for heaven's sake, tell me-is there a light here?"

Afraid to dispute with her mistress, whom she now regarded as quite insane, and terrified by her wild manner, Margaret, instead of replying with words, led Sophia to the fire, and placed her hand near the glowing coals.

"Oh, God! have mercy on me!" shrieked Mrs. Sandford, clasping her hand upon her eyes. "I—I feel the heat, but I see no light! Margaret! my eyes!"

And with a low moan she sank in the arms of the terrified domestic, who placed her on the couch, and ran in frantic haste for Mr. Sandford. Philip was writing, in the library. Startled by the abrupt entrance of Margaret, he looked up in surprise.—Paralyzed with consternation, the domestic could not speak.

"What is the matter?" demanded Philip, rising abruptly.—
"Speak! What has happened? What noise is this I have heard? Is the child ill?"

" No-Mrs. Sandford ----"

"She has not returned?"

"She is in her chamber!"

Under the conviction that something terrible had happened, Philip, turning pale as death, rushed to his wife's apartment. He found her lying upon the couch, with her hands clasped over her eyes, and uttering low moans, which went like death-knells to his heart. He flew to her side, and throwing his arms around her, discovered that she was drenched with the cold rain.

"Sophia—dearest Sophia!" he murmured from his overcharged, trembling heart—"where have you been? What has happened? Speak to me, dearest!"

Mrs. Sanford answered only with the same low, piteous moan.

"For God's sake—if you love me—speak, my own Sophia—my darling! Relieve my suspense. Tell me—what has happened?"

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" moaned the unhappy wife-"you have

got your wish !"

"My wish? What do you mean?"

"My eyes! oh! my eyes!"

"Your eyes!" echoed Philip, chilled with vague terror.—
"There has nothing happened to them!"

"Philip!" murmured Sophia, in a voice which seemed to fall faintly from a heart smitten with the sickness of despair and death—"Philip—I AM BLIND!"

Mr. Sandford was for a moment petrified with consternation.

"Sophia! it cannot be!" were the words which burst from his lips, as soon as he could speak. "I know it cannot be! You are not blind-not BLIND?"

"Oh, Philip! I cannot see you! All is darkness before my eyes. Oh, it is awful—awful to be—blind!"

Mr. Sandford rushed to the chamber door. The terrified Margaret was waiting without.

"Call Thomas!" exclaimed Philip. "Be quick! Send him in all haste for Dr. Duncan."

He returned to his wife. He clasped her in his arms. He kissed with passionate tenderness those large blue eyes, the light of which had been his light of love, but which rolled in darkness now. Frantically he bestowed on her the most endearing epithets, and entreated her to say that she could see. That man of deep feelings, who usually appeared so cold and reserved, was now all passion, all impulse, like a child. Sophia, who had never before known the depth and strength of his love, felt a ray of joy steal in upon the darkness of her soul.

"Philip—you do love me!"

"Oh, God, how much! My best, my dearest wife! you have doubted my love, I know-for I have been unkind to you-but I have always loved you devotedly, and you will forgive me!"-Forgive my harshness-my cruelty-and, oh, my wife! forgive my last words, thoughtlessly spoken, as we parted this evening!"

"I forgive you—from my heart I do—for I know—I am sure,

you could not wish me blind!"

"Could I—oh, could I, when your eyes are dearer to me than my life? Yet I was cruel to you, Sophy! and did this calamity fall alone on me, I should know it was a judgment from heaven. But my sin could have no evil influence on one so pure, so good as you!"

"I have been very wicked!" murmured Sophia. "I have been so vain-so unlike a true wife, a dutiful mother! But bitterly have I repented this night. I could not be happy, when I remembered how unkind I had been to you. I could not wait for our friends-but I came alone-on foot-to ask your forgiveness!"

Philip could only murmur, "My Sophia! my own wife!" and clasp her to his heart. Meanwhile he had administered some warming medicine, and removed her wet clothes. He now waited anxiously for the arrival of Dr. Duncan; but during the delay, he did not neglect to console her with his affection, and cheer her with the hope that her blindness was only transitory—the result of some derangement of the system.

It is probable that both Philip and Sophia indulged this hope. Great, therefore, was their anxiety for the arrival of the family physician, who was a man of unusual experience and skill, and who, they felt, would be able at once to put an end to their suspense. At length he came. Philip grasped his hand, and with a hurried explanation, led him to the bedside of his wife. If Sophia's anxiety to hear his decision was great, Philip's amounted to dread, and was painful in the extreme. A fearful silence prevailed, whilst Dr. Duncan considered the symptoms, and examined those large blue eyes. The doctor turned to address Mr. Sandford, aside.

"I beg you not to conceal any thing from me," said Sophia. "I can bear to hear the truth now better than at any other time. I am prepared for the worst. Then I pray that you will keep me in suspense no longer—but tell me at once whether I am really blind, or whether I suffer merely from some temporary disorder of my system."

"Mrs. Sandford," replied Dr. Duncan, "I will be candid with you, as I have always been—since I can rely on your firmness and good sense. Your eyes alone are affected."

Philip became frightfully pale, while Sophia only sighed.

"But she is not permanently blind!" questioned Mr. Sandford, with prayerful eagerness.

"My friend, I will not deceive you. She has suffered a paralysis of the optic nerve, apparently so complete, that I doubt whether her sight will ever be perfectly restored."

Philip was silent with despair. His lips quivered, and he pressed the hand of his unhappy wife, while his heart was so full of sorrow that he could not articulate a word.

It is painful, however, to dwell upon this portion of our story. The light of the blue eyes was extinguished, and we will draw a veil over the two hearts which sympathize so deeply in their sorrow. For many days Philip never left the chamber of his wife. He seemed to have no longer a thought of earth, except

that which concerned the alleviation of her distress. Never had his deep and entire affection for her been so apparent, and if there be any consolation in a husband's devotion, she must have been consoled. On the other hand, never had her heart been so full of love and gratitude for him.

It was not long before Sophia became reconciled to her lot.— She learned with a sweet and serene joy that, with nothing but the love of her husband and her child, she could be happy. The kind attentions of her friends, who came to sympathize with her in her affliction, were gratefully received, but they were nothing in comparison with Philip's devotion, which gave her so much strength to endure the awful dispensation. And Sophia seemed to conceive a new tenderness for her child, in which, although she could not behold its beauty now, she took more pure delight, as she strained it to her heart, than she had ever felt before.

It must not be supposed that no efforts were made to restore Sophia's sight. The most skillful oculists were consulted, none of whom could do any thing for her, or give her any hope.

And now Philip gazed upon those large blue eyes, and knowing that they could never behold him more, or look upon the beautiful earth, or drink in the light of the glorious sun, loved them with a strange yearning, with a child-like tenderness and idolatry, with a deeper, purer, less selfish devotion, than they could ever have inspired with all their former soft and lustrous beauty. Languishing beneath their long, dark fringes, they were more than ever now the light of his happiness.

It was touching to witness the solicitude with which the devoted husband sought to compensate the fair sufferer for her loss of sight. He was never tired of reading to her, until she was tired of listening; and well did she love the tones of his voice, which gave to poetry a finer beauty, and to romance a greater charm. Then, in the spring-time of the year, Philip conducted her into the midst of sweet verdure and fragrant flowers, and painted to her warm imagination the beauties she was not permitted to behold. She inhaled the fresh and delicate odors of the spring, she felt the flowers upon her cheek, and Philip's hand in hers—she heard the tones of her child's beloved voice mingling their music with the notes of the singing bird—and she was happy—very happy.

"I am happy," she would say—" happier than when the eyes of my body were opened, and the eyes of my soul closed; but now, Philip, could I only gaze once more on you and on our child, my earthly bliss would be perfect!"

Two years glided away. Sophia lay motionless—almost lifeless—on a couch, amidst the deep shadows of the curtain's sweeping folds. Another soul had been ushered into the world. Little Sophy had a brother now, and Mrs. Sandford had another object to love. Ah! how the mother's heart yearned towards that object—the child of her blindness—which she could not see!

The mother's lips moved with a feeble murmur. Philip bent over her to listen to her faintest words. Immediately after, he gave some hurried directions to the attendants, and the babe was placed on its mother's breast. Her heart overflowed with indescribable tenderness.

"Oh, Philip!" she murmured, "if I could only see it!"

She raised the fringes of her large blue eyes, which opened with a strange expression. A cry of joy escaped her lips.

"Philip," she said, "I see—I see the light!"

"You see!" he cried, "you see! My Sophia—do you see?"

"Yes—thank God—I see the light—I see you—I see my babe—dimly, but yet I see! Oh, God be praised!"

And forth from these blue eyes gushed tears of rapturous joy, which Philip, thrilled with indescribable ecstacies, fondly kissed away.

"Oh, my Sophia, my love!" he murmured; "this happiness is too much—too much! Can you indeed see?"

She could—she could—she saw him—she saw her babe again—and almost fainted with excess of joy.

Strange as it may seem, Sophia's sight had thus unexpectedly returned. Those blue eyes saw again—dimly at first, it is true, and never perhaps with all their former clearness and strength, but still they saw, and the happiness of Sophia and Philip was complete.

It were superfluous to add more to our story. The reader can imagine the continued devotion of Philip, and the fondness of Sophia for his second child, with whose birth were associated the most tender and joyful emotions.

Yes-the light of the blue eyes was restored; but her soul's

vision, which had been born of her physical blindness, also remained. She had learned where the real happiness of a true true wife and mother is to be found, and henceforth, although she still enjoyed the society of her tried and attached friends, she seemed to live only to beautify and cheer her household hearth.

## TO S. E. T---.

#### BY S-

"Tis a saddened heart, and a tearful eye, That I now lift up to heaven."

"A SADDENED heart!" Alas, how much
Those simple words reveal!
A spirit wounded by the touch
Of life's relentless steel;
A soul too sensitive to brook
Earth's ever changing tide,
Where e'en within love's ardent look
The darkest guile may hide.

"A saddened heart!" Ah! what of grief
Hath swept its chords so soon?
Oh! why was Hope's glad strain so briefAnd Trust—Love's sweetest tune?
Has Death—that messenger of woe,
Thy precious jewels taken?
Is thine the sorrow orphans know?
Art homeless—and forsaken?

"A saddened heart"—Sweet songstress, say.

Hath thy young spirit loved—
And has that witching, golden ray
A mocking phantom proved?

And when that cup of bitterness
Was to thy spirit given,
Did Earth seem all a wilderness,
And "nothing true but Heaven?"

"A saddened heart"—And must it be?
Shall tears still dim thine eye?
Has Earth lost all its charm to thee?
Sweet lady, tell me why!
Oh! would that I had power to sing
Some spirit-touching strain,
Whose joyous melody should bring
Thy gladness back again!

"A saddened heart"—Oh! mournful thing,
Thou sighest not alone—
There are ten thousand hearts that sing
The language of thine own.
And many a "tearful eye" is raised
To Him who reigns above—
And many a quivering lip hath praised
The God of truth and love.

"A saddened heart"—It hath been minc,
And I can give to thee
The echo of that song of thine,
My deepest sympathy—
But—thanks to Thee—oh! Thou whose way
Is hidden from our sight—
Thou hast not left my soul to stray
Through endless realms of night.

"A saddened heart." Thou child of tears,

Look up—and find relief!

Thy Saviour wilt not mock thy fears,

"He was acquaint with grief."

He bore our sorrows! Love divine,

Attune our hearts to praise—

Let not our sinful souls repine,

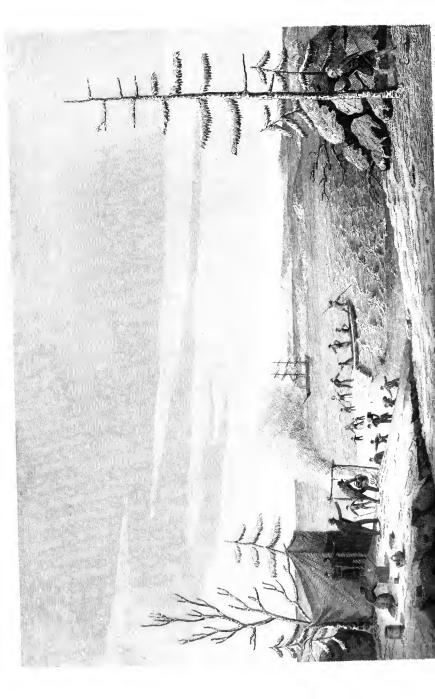
Oh! teach us joyous lays!

"A saddened heart"—Our Father grieves
Our spirits with His rod—
In loving-kindness he bereaves,
That we may turn to God.
He does not willingly distress,
Or one stroke harshly give—
Oh! may we learn His hand to bless,
And seek His face—and live!

### RIGHT AND WRONG.

It is said to be a law of nature, to abstain from doing wrong; but why am I bound to do right? not because I think I am, nor because you think I am; for our minds may change, and then I might do as I please. This is not the power that binds me to the right; that which binds me must be superior to myself even the will of God. The light or law of nature is but his will revealed.







The Blue Pouellia.



# SONG OF THE EXILE.

Flusic by G. F. Wolfman. Plusic by Lyman Weath, Author of "The Grave of Bonsparte," "Snow Storm," &c.





#### SONG OF THE EXILE.



2 Once more upon my native river
The moonbeams play—
Once more the ripples shine as ever—
Far, far away.
But ah! the friends who smiled around me
Where, where are they?
Where the secret charm that early bound me?
Far, far away.
The song, the song, &c.

3 I think of all that hope once taught me,
Too bright to stay—
Of all that music fain had brought me,
Far, far away;
And weep to feel there's no returning
Of that glad day;
E'er all that brightened life's fresh morn
Was far, far away.
The song, the song, &c.

### TO THE BLUE RUELLIA.

BY E. W. CASWELL.

SEE ENGRAVING.

Ruella! sad, but peaceful thoughts Sleep in thy pearly eye, And beautifully thine azure robe Reflects the quiet sky.

Not where exotics proudly smile 'Mid queenly flowers array'd, Drinking the spray from marble founts In some fair garden shade,—

Not there thy home; thou dost not love The cold admiring gaze, Of wealth, or pride, or royalty, Seeking their heartless praise.

Thy pathway lies in quiet haunts,
Beside some murm'ring stream,
Or where primeval forests shade
The blazing noon-tide beam,

The Indian lov'd thee, for thou wert
The symbol of his rest;
Thy ruby gems, and soft, sweet blue,
(Types of the evening west,)

Whispered to him, how pleasantly!
Of that far brighter land,
Where the Great Spirit welcomes home
His chosen warrior band.

And so upon his Chieftain's grave
He planted thee with care,
For thou hadst peaceful thoughts for him,
When he went mourning there.

Note.—This delicate flower is found in Georgia and Alabama, and grows as far north as Pennsylvania. The pale blue of the corolla deepens with the richness of the soil, and the faint blush tinging the middle of the petals, changes to rich red spots on either side of the bright central vein. It is said to be the flower with which the Indians decorated the graves of their chiefs. The specimen which we give our readers, was drawn and painted from nature for the "Ladies' Wreath," by the authoress of the above beautiful lines.—Ed.

# LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D. D.

SEE ENGRAVING.

No one can study the history of the Pilgrims, freighted as it is with incidents the most startling and true, without being impressed with their heroism, the goodness of their cause, and the triumph of their faith. They were born to a noble destiny, and never, for a moment, did they falter in its accomplishment. They first rise to our view, like a morning star, from a long night of gloom and darkness, about the middle of the sixteenth century, under the reigns of Henry the VIII., "bloody Mary," and her milder, yet bigoted successor Elizabeth, all of whom assumed to be the head of the visible church, claiming the supreme right to regulate her doctrines and worship. The great reformation under Luther in Germany, Calvin in France and Switzerland, John Knox in Scotland, and Wickliffe in England had accomplished much for the cause of truth and religious freedom. Still the spirit of intolerance and persecution was not dead. The enemy had been routed from his strong holds, but not utterly vanquished. Puritans desired to see the work of the reformation complete, and the last fetter upon the conscience broken. And because they, like moral heroes of other times, dared to obey, what they considered to be, the rule of duty, they were branded as rebels, arraigned before magistrates, fined, incarcerated, and many of them put to death. Finding that nothing, but bonds and imprisonment awaited them in the land of their birth, they determined on a removal to Holland, where the principles of the reformation had taken deeper root, and where the fires of persecution had ceased to burn. - Accordingly in 160S, after much opposition and many hindrances. John Robinson and his devoted and persecuted flock embarked for Amsterdam, where they sought a refuge and a temporary home. Though freed from the rod of tyranny, yet they had not found the promised elysium, and after a season of religious quiet and pecuniary trials, they removed to Leyden.-Here they were esteemed for their integrity, their frugality, their earnest piety; but they felt that they were Pilgrims still. Their toils were constant and severe, their poverty was extreme; their

children were born to a hard lot, with little prospect of mental or moral culture, and exposed to temptation and vice. They had heard of America—a far off land—a land which the oppressor's foot had never trod. Thither did they turn their eyes, with yearning hearts, for a home in that vast wilderness, where rumor and oppression and deceit might near reach them more. They cherished the hope that there they might serve God unmolested, plant a church where not only the oppressed of England, but of unborn generations, might enjoy a pure and untrammeled worship.— These, which were the seed thoughts of great and coming events, were nurtured in their heart of hearts, until they matured into the solemn purpose to emigrate to the New World. The Dutch were quite willing they should sail under their flag and colonize under the auspices of their government; but, England was their native land, and though she had exiled them from her soil and sympathy, yet with all her faults, they loved her still, and preferred, if such could be secured, her patronage and protection. Their purposes, wishes, principles and faith were briefly stated in a letter addressed to Sir Edwin Sandys, agent of the Virginia Company, and having influence with the capitalists of London. Through him, the necessary means were furnished, to be repaid, with large interest, from the first fruits of their hard toil. The ships, May Flower and the Speedwell, were obtained; the latter, however, after trial, proved unfit for the voyage, and the May Flower must take what she could, leaving the rest behind. It was decided that the younger, more vigorous and active should go, while the older, and more infirm, among whom was the venerable and beloved pastor, should remain. If the Lord prospered their undertaking, and they were successful in finding a home in the New World, they were to send for those remaining; if not, the heroic adventurers were to return and find still a place in the hearts and at last a burial in the graves of their fathers. The Sabbath previous to their separation, was a day of mingled sadness and hope, of fasting and prayer, "when they sought of the Lord a right way for themselves and their children." When the day for the departure of the Pilgrims had come and they could tarry no longer, the brethren that were to remain accompanied them from Leyden to Delft Haven. Here was witnessed a scene of sublimity and sorrow, of faith struggling with natural affection, such as might

well awaken the interested regards of men and angels. The venerable pastor, with his white locks falling in graceful folds over his shoulders, might be seen, kneeling with his devoted flock around him, upon the bare earth. He prayed—and such a prayer was seldom heard or offered—deep, earnest and tremulous were his tones. He committed his exiled flock to the care and keeping of the Great Shepherd. After the prostrate company had given vent to their struggling emotions in sobs and tears, they rose, calm, tranquil and courageous in the exercise of a sublime trust. Among the leaders of this devoted band, whose names ought never to be forgotten, were Elder Brewster, vigorous in body and in mind; John Carver, distinguished for his wisdom and goodness; William Bradford, strong, bold, meek, and enterprising; Edward Winslow, young, ardent, and full of hope; Miles Standish, brave and unsubdued by terror or trial; Hopkins and Allerton, full of faith and courage; all indeed were adapted to the sublime work of planting the seeds of a new and mighty empire. From Delft Haven, they sailed for Southampton in England, and on the sixth of September they took their last, sad look of their native shores, and set their sales for a new world. As night closed upon them, they found themselves far out at sea, and many were the thoughts of home and the friends they had left behind. Their voyage proved to be stormy, and their frail vessel, freighted with over a hundred souls, was often tossed by conflicting winds and tempests. But in every hour of peril their faith was triumphant. He, who had vast purposes to accomplish through their instrumentality, held them as in the hollow of his hand, and said to the raging winds and waves, "Peace, be still!" At the first sight of land, as if prompted by one impulse, they fall upon their knees in humble recognition of the Power that preserved them through the perils of the sea. In the cabin of the May Flower they now for the first time draw up the first rude elements of an empire, enter into a solemn compact, establish certain laws, regulating their mutual intercourse, asserting and defining their rights, social; civil and religious, in a word institute a government, under whose sheltering wing they might worship God with none to disturb or to make them afraid. That simple, but august compact was the first of a series, by which, the fetters of a huge system of political despotism was ultimately to be broken, and the reign

of religious freedom was to commence and be perpetuated on the earth. Baptized with the spirit of their mission, they were now prepared to leave the May Flower, which had been the cradle of great thoughts. Having coasted about for some weeks without effecting any permanent landing, they finally, on the fourteenth of December, a day ever memorable in the annals of New England, wade through the cold and threatening serf, to a bleak and barren shore, and plant their feet in safety upon Plymouth Rock. No comfortable abodes and smiling friends awaited their reception, but a dreary wilderness, whose deep solitudes had never been broken by the voice of prayer or the hum of industry. Let the reader, for a moment, picture to his mind's eye this whole scene of the landing of the Pilgrims, and see if there is any thing more sublime in history. See the May Flower, with its precious freightage of men, women and children, hovering, like a wounded sea fowl around that stern and rocky coast, seeking a place to die -the cold, December winds sighing through her tattered shrouds as if it were 'her last requiem-between them and civilization stretched three thousand miles of pathless ocean-before them was an unbroken, snow-covered forest, where the howl of the wild beast mingled with the fiercer war-cry of the savage-and yet, not a regret in man's heart, to shake his high resolve, and not a tear to dim the lustre of a woman's eve

Follow them through the transactions of that first, long and terrible winter, when famine and want stared them in the facewhen fatal disease was laying low the pride of manhood and the loveliness of woman-when this sad, stricken, but still highsouled and trusting band laid in swift succession their loved ones in that sloping bank, that looked mournfully towards England, and then returned undismayed from these sad rites, to the high task of unrolling a nation's destiny-and can you find, in the whole history of man, a more brilliant specimen of the morally sublime? Need I say, in conclusion, that to the Pilgrims, who landed on Plymouth Rock, we are indebted for many of the elements of character and institutions of learning and religion which now distinguish us as a nation? They acted a noble part in the grand drama of this country, and let us their descendants act worthy our immortal sires, and manfully defend those great principles of religious freedom, for which, they sacrificed their homes, their country, and their lives.

### THE UNCHANGED.

#### BY ANNIE R. SMITH.

I saw her mid the birds and blossoms when a rosy laughing child, Playing by the silver rivulet, joyous in its murmurings wild; Now wandering o'er the sunny green with buoyant step and free, In the mild and balmy breeze that fanned the flowery lee.

In life's fair spring-time when the heart is lightest, free from care, When fancy spreads her pinions wide and soars on wings of air, Earth's mantling robe, so brightly decked with rainbow-colored hue, Came o'er the soul in visions soft as falls the pearly dew.

The morn of youth was on her cheek when love her bosom thrilled, With golden dreams of future bliss her gentle soul was filled—Unsullied by the world's cold strife, its darkness and untruth, When in its tender infancy, the guileless love of youth.

She thought the world could ne'er be lone while one might not depart, Who was the worshipped idol of her young and trusting heart; His dark eyes woke the flame within of soul lit, lustrous hue. To be unquenched—the holy light of pure devotion true.

Genius marked his lofty brow for wreathing chaplets fair, And from the deeply treasured fount of knowledge rich and rare, She quaffed the crystal streams that flowed with kind and fervent heart, As flowers will gather sweetness that may never more depart.

And oft she gazed with rapture on that bright angelic face. So radiant and beautiful with eloquence and grace; His voice, like tones of music sweet, bound with a magic spell, As gems of wisdom from his lips in heavenly accents fell.

In fashion's brilliant halls where gay alluring pleasures throng, No flattering smiles could win her from her childhood's happy song; When many a garland twined her brow and passion's voice soft fell, She was true to him who knew not how she had loved so well.

Ah! cruel fate that bids the shades of change with fleeting years, Sad separation's bitter pang must dim with burning tears—
Like some lone beacon's glimmering ray the star of hope shall be,
To guide the bark by tempest driven o'er life's dark troubled sea.

306 SONNET.

The cherished love of early years say not she can forget,
That springs in youth's fresh vernal prime and with its tears are wet
Its tender buddings crushed may be, and blighted its return,
Its wasted fragrance lingers still around its broken urn.

When time shall fade youth's glowing charms, its joy and romance fled, Love's purest flame is shining o'er the altar of the dead—
Through desert paths and weary of life's ever-changing day,
With light and peace his memory shall pave her lonely way.

I saw her in the moonlit vale, a lovely maiden's form, Her spirit in illusions wrapped, her cheek with vigor warm; Untouched by sorrow's withering hand, so pale, for hers were dreams Of other years—that for the night had cast their halo beams.

And may the silken tie so fond, unbroken e'er remain, Bright angels hover round her way to shield till life shall wane; Unchanging be the heart's first love, till in immortal bloom, In yonder Paradise her home and rest beyond the tomb.

### SONNET.

#### FROM THE ITALIAN OF BOCCACCIO.

#### BY CLARENCE COOK.

SLEEPING one day, in sleep appeared to me
A winged one who seemed to fly from Heaven
Upon the track of her, whose beauteous vail
Dust is become, but she is made a goddess.
So fair and joyful did she then appear,
I seemed to burn with a more hot desire
Than I was wont, and all the frost dissolved
Which in a grievous mourning long had held me,
And gazing at her, the angelic figure
Her hand extended, as if she desired
My hand to press, and I from slumber woke.
O me! How grievous my misfortune was!
Since, if she then had only touched my hand,
I to the earth had never more returned.

# THE BIRTH-DAY PRESENT;

OR, THE FLOWER-PIECE.

#### FROM THE FRENCH. -- BY ANNA.

"What! is it already seven o'clock? Oh, I must hurry and commence my work!" exclaimed the pretty Celine on awaking. "I ought not to be so idle. Truly, one would think that I had plenty of time, while the day after to-morrow is my dear mother's birth-day, and my painting is not yet finished."

Such were the reproaches that the young girl addressed to herself, as she took from under her easel a sketch of the head of Geno, which her father had requested her to copy.

"But I must carefully close the door of my apartment," she added, "so that no one may discover my secret."

Celine now opened a cabinet that stood near her, and took from thence a partially completed drawing of a vase of flowers, which she had carefully concealed in one of its partitions. She immediately took up her brush, and eagerly commenced working upon it. Her chamber was only separated from her mother's apartment by a narrow hall, and frequently she imagined that she heard steps approaching the door. Her heart trembled with fear—the pencil remained immovable in her hand, and, at times, it seemed to her as though some one was about to open the door, and then, alas! her secret would be discovered.

But I hear my young readers exclaim—"Why this fear and mystery? Is not Madame Derfeuille aware that her daughter occupies herself with her painting?" Doubtless she is. Still mothers do not always know every thing. Madame Derfeuille, however, has her suspicions that her little Celine is preparing something as a present for her on her birth-day.

The hours fly quickly by when we are occupied. And it seemed to Celine that she had only just commenced to work, when one of the domestics came to call her to breakfast, telling her that it was just nine o'clock. She hastily raised her painting, hid it behind a screen, and then repaired to the breakfast room.

Her father and mother were already in the apartment, together with her brother Adolphus. The latter no sooner perceived her than he exclaimed, mischievously—

"What, sister, are you up so early? Can it be possible?"

Without making any reply, Celine threw her arms round M. and Madame Derfeuille, and affectionately embracing them, said:

"Ah, papa, only listen to that teasing boy!"

"Believe me, my dear daughter," said M. Derfeuille, smiling, "your mother and I are perfectly assured that you have only just left your painting. Study alone could have caused you for a moment to forget the act of respect which you are in the habit of paying us each day."

"That is a good way to excuse Celine," replied Madame Derfeuille, pleasantly, "for having omitted to come as usual, upon

rising, and wish us good morning."

"You will see," said M. Derfeuille, "that it is the head of Geno, which she is copying, that has caused this omission. Is it not so, Celine? But you must have made considerable progress, considering the time that you have spent upon it."

For a moment Celine hesitated to reply, and then said quickly:

"Yes, oh yes, papa, it is advancing rapidly. Yesterday I drew the nose, and to-morrow I will finish the mouth."

"And do try," interrupted Adolphus very gravely, "to sketch him as if he were about to speak."

In the meanwhile the breakfast was served, and they all placed themselves at table.

After a short pause Adolphus suddenly exclaimed-

"What is there so beautiful as an antique head? What pleasure my sister must take in copying all those heads of the old Greek philosophers! Why, papa, I do believe that this is at least the twelfth that Celine has sketched to please you. Before long you will fancy yourself a near relation of these wise men."

"Well, young man," replied M. Derfeuille, "have you finished your dissertation upon the art of painting? It is a pretty thing for an ignoramus like you to criticise my taste and that of your sister."

"Your taste it may be," interrupted Madame Derfeuille, "but I do not think it exactly Celine's. For you must allow that all these antique heads cannot be particularly interesting to a child of her age."

Celine remained perfectly silent for fear of betraying her secret.

"Mother is right," replied Adolphus, "and if I were an artist I would not draw heads of any kind, for I consider them a very inferior branch in the art. You know yourself, dear father, every year when you visit the academy, that you scarcely glance at the portraits of the Baron of A—, the Count of B—, the Marchioness of C—, and the many others which cover the walls of the building. Now, if this sort of painting does not attract your attention, you cannot render justice to the merit of the painter, and what is the use of possessing a talent if no one values it? The artist then labors for his present interest only, and not for future fame."

"Fame! fame!" exclaimed his father, "that is the hobby-horse of all young folks. Ah, my poor Adolphus, in time you will know the world better; you will then learn by experience, that, in the arts, it is often necessary to sacrifice a vain desire for fame, to wants more urgent and pressing. Many a young painter, upon first entering his career, has disdained to stoop to the simple branch of portrait painting, by which he might have earned a support, and he still lives in his garret, surrounded by various exquisite historical pictures, for which he cannot obtain a sale."

"All that may be true, dear father, still it is the great historical scenes, the brilliant fetes of arms, the touching acts of humanity, that we so much admire, when delineated upon the canvass. At the sight of Achilles, advancing towards the Trojan camp, and boldly defying Hector, I feel myself almost a hero; like him I weep the loss of Patroclus, and I share with him his implacable rage. On viewing the combat of the Hoxatii, I fancy myself a Roman; at the passage of Thermopyle, a Spartan; at the battle of Fontenoy, I imagine myself a conqueror equally with Maurice, and I cross the Alps with the army of our victorious emperor.— Thus, according to my idea, nothing can equal historical paintings. In them, at least, the heart, eye, and soul are satisfied, but in your portraits --- "

"This is fine talk, Adolphus!" interrupted Celine, "but do you expect a woman to attain to eminence in that branch of the art where so much imagination must be necessary?"

"Oh, his contempt for portraits is all nonsense!" replied M. Derfeuille. "He forgets, Celine, that you took mine last year, and that then he thought quite differently on the subject. That

we should take but little interest in the likeness of a stranger is very natural; in the same way, as in our daily walks, we pass hundreds of persons by, with the most perfect indifference, when we do not know them—but does it follow from this, that we can meet our friends or relatives in the same manner? Now, as we naturally concentrate our affections in our own families, the likenesses in which are delineated the features of one or more of its members, are truly most dear and precious. Celine, cannot you confirm the truth of my words? As you beheld your father's features grow beneath your pencil, did you not experience an ever-increasing, ever-livelier delight?"

"It was then, for the first time, dear father," replied Celine, affectionately, "that the little talent that I possessed gave me true and heart-felt pleasure."

"And do you think, Adolphus," added M. Derfeuille, "that I beheld with indifference that image of my features, so perfect that it seemed as if the heart rather than the hand of my child had traced it? And what was it, my son, that consoled you as well as your mother and sister during my long absence last summer? What but this very portrait? Each morning, when you gazed upon it, I seemed to be present to you, and this illusion softened your regret; but now that I am with you, the portrait is despised. But I can forgive this, for although it smiles upon you as formerly, it cannot, as I do, return your affectionate caresses."

As M. Derfeuille finished speaking, he glanced tenderly upon his wife, whose eyes were filled with tears, while the two children clasped him affectionately around the neck. After a few moments' silence, Madame Derfeuille added—

"My dear husband, your remarks upon the subject of portrait painting are very true; and Adolphus must confess himself conquered. Still, although I allow that painting never has greater charms than when it represents the image of those most dear to me, I must observe that your excessive partiality for portraits carries you a little too far."

"I cannot but agree with you, dear mother," exclaimed Celine, "and I must confess that brother was not so very wrong, when he said a few minutes ago, that the copying of so many antique heads could not give me much amusement."

"Of course," replied Adolphus, "since for the last year my

sister has not left Greece. First, she sketched the wise Socrates, with his wry face, then the grave Henophon, who always looks as if he were going to sleep; next, she must copy Heraclitus, who is always weeping; then Plutarch, who does not appear as if he were any thing uncommon; finally, there were at least twenty days spent upon Homer's beard, and to cap the climax, papa must give her this horrible Geno, who is always making faces."

"I pity Celine indeed," replied M. Derfeuille, "but it is truly my desire to possess a copy of all these heads to adorn my pic-

ture gallery."

"Well, well," replied Madame Derfeuille, "but for my own part, I would like to see scattered here and there some flower pieces. You know how much I admire them."

As her mother said this, Celine bent her head to conceal a smile

that played about her lips.

"I have always carnestly desired," continued Madame Derfeuille, "that my daughter should devote a portion of her time to this branch of the art. I consider the painting of flowers as a pleasing and instructive study for a young girl."

"Oh, dear papa!" exclaimed Celine, "I should take so much

pleasure in painting flowers!"

"Why did you not speak of this before, if my portraits weary you so?" replied her father. "Well, in a day or two you can lay aside Geno's head, and I will engage one of our best artists to instruct you, so that in a year from your mother's coming birthday, you may be able to present her with a handsome flower piece."

"That will give me a great deal of pleasure," said Madame

Derfeuille.

"And me also," cried Celine, springing in delight from her seat. Oh, only to think of it, in a year I will be able to paint flowers! Farewell, papa," added the laughing girl, "I am now going to commence my work, since M. Geno is probably expecting me."

As she uttered these words, Celine disappeared. On entering her apartment she immediately commenced her painting, laboring at it with incessant ardor. The following day passed—the next was Madame Derfeuille's birth-day. With a portion of her pocket-money, Celine had secretly purchased a frame, in which she fastened the flower piece, and, taking advantage of the mo

ment, when her father and mother were in the drawing-room receiving some visiters, she quietly entered her mother's sleeping apartment. Hardly had she placed the picture on the mantlepiece, when she heard her parents' voices, and she had but just time to conceal herself behind the folds of the window curtains, when the door opened, and M. and Madame Derfeuille entered. The first object that met their view was the painting. Overcome with surprise, they approached the mantle-piece, and read the following words, which were inscribed beneath the picture:—"Celine to ker Mother."

One can scarcely imagine the delight of these good parents at this unexpected token of filial affection. Celine now came from her place of concealment. They overwhelmed her with caresses, and she in her turn embraced them warmly, wishing her dear mother many, many happy birth-days.

### TO CHARLOTTE.

BY HELEN IRVING.

With fair and costly bridal gifts
Thy friends about thee throng,
And wilt thou take amidst them all,
One simple flower of song?

A flower from out thy native land, Sent far across the sea, And holding fragrant in its heart A loving wish for thee.

I may not see thee, veiled and fair, Before the altar kneel, Nor listening, hear thy wedding-bell? Ring out their joyous peal.

Thou gatherest in their native clim:
Thy bridal orange-flowers,
And softly breath'st thy marriage-vows
'Neath sunnier skies than ours.

For Love, who knows no stranger-land, Where'er his light wings roum, Gives thee afar, within one heart, A country and a home—

So bright a cline, so fair a home, My wish may only be That Life may keep what Love has given— Sweet bride across the sea!

### THE FEAR OF LIFE.

BY REV. A. D. MAYO.

The Scriptures mention those who "through fear of death are all their life-time subject to bondage." This class of persons we suppose, includes a large share of the race; especially those whose sensual and selfish lives leave room for little of the highest happiness here, and cloud the prospect of death with anticipations of a just retribution. And this is indeed a terrible bondage, "the fear of death." To be forever under the shadow of such an apprehension, which can only be thrown off by a reckless and unnatural exertion of the faculties—is certainly of all servitude the most distressing and humiliating. It is no more than a just recompense for our careless and foolish way of using what we have.—Fear and sin are yoke-fellows, and if we will chase the latter, our steps must be dogged at every corner by the former.

But there is another fear, not so common, though perhaps more dangerous, since it assails a nobler class of minds, and secretly vitiates the activity of much of the best energy of the world-the fear of Life. The fear of death belongs to a low state of culture. and is most powerful among savages, and those who have debased themselves in the midst of Christian privileges. But when a man learns the real nature of this life, and calculates his own force. and knows much of the character of his fellow-men, this fear of getting out of the world gives way to a dread of remaining in it. Especially to a class of persons who live more in the inner than the outer world, and from various reasons have lost a relish for the ordinary joys of human existence, does this weariness of earth and longing for heaven assume an almost overmastering power. They know, as other men do not, the obstacles in the way of living nobly here. They deplore the strength of those passions that poison their purest thoughts. They lament the absence of angelic energy to carry out angelic inspirations. For the obstinacy, the stupidity, and the selfishness of men stand between them and every great achievement, and to conquer that opposition requires a vigor which they do not possess. So they come to regarding this life as only a scene of discipline, a place where a

certain amount of suffering must be gone through that they may be fitted to begin a better course among other circumstances.—What wonder that to such men life should become not only a weariness, but a fear—that they should hang loosely upon this world, and already by mystic anticipation live out of it amid the glories of another.

It cannot be denied that too much of what is called piety is in reality only a distaste for the employments of the present, and an intense longing for the joys of the future. Selfishness may unconsciously lurk even in our prayers, and a romantic fancy jaded by the realities of time, may revel in building its air-castles in eternity. It is time that such feelings received their proper designation, and the authority of religion be withdrawn from the exhibition of pious discontent. We know it is our duty to be always ready to die-to accustom ourselves to look upon the last mortal change with a submissive, even cheerful spirit. Only when we have overcome the "fear of death" have we truly begun to live. But this Christian state of mind is entirely different from that impatient longing for change—that weary dissatisfaction with present duty, which dares to invoke the angel of death to release us from our half-performed obligations, to enjoy the delights of an indolent devotion and an easy holiness beyond the grave.

Even if we thought only of the opportunities of happiness, which ought to be the last consideration with a Christian, such a desire would be unreasonable. For do we ever reflect that the indulgence of this wish is a libel upon God's beautiful world and all the creatures he has placed within it, and a monstrous assumption of vanity? What! these wide spaces of lights and shadows, this marvellous union of waters, winds, stars, flowers, and green fields and blue sky-this nature, beautiful beyond comparison, yet curious as beautiful, inexhaustible even in its meanest appearance by human investigation; this great brotherhood of animated creatures, beast, bird, and insect, almost touching us upon one side, while on the other, open to the subtler influences of the material creation—this congregation of human beings, thousands of whom need our exertions-others our friends, our lovers, and our helpers,-do we really say that we are so peculiarly constituted that in all this we can find nothing to reconcile us to life? Is our taste so etherial that no earthly delight can quicken it into admiration? Then indeed we are only fit for annihilation—for with what face can we plead to be admitted to the enjoyments of a future state, when we have shown ourselves incompetent to appreciate the multiplied delights of this! Least of all, should the spiritual epicure long for heaven, since gratitude for the pleasures of the present is the only passport to even a comprehensiveness of the more elevated joys of the future.

But this feeling perhaps oftener arises from a sense of incapacity and inefficiency to perform the duties of this life, and a hope that elsewhere the toil of living will be lessened, than from a selfish desire for pleasure. But we must remember that this world was contrived expressly for our feeble strength. Its duties range from the energy of a child, up to the gigantic power of a Newton.— Every variety of faculty, every possible degree of vigor, mental, physical or spiritual, can here find its appropriate employment. If we have despised our legitimate duties in the more ambitious desire to do things beyond our strength, or by our vices have destroyed our ability to do any thing, then we may as well endure the painful process of recovery here as elsewhere. But if not, we only prove our own ignorance by saying we have no sphere in this life. Would we faithfully march up to the first duty, and not flinch from the second, and live for a time after this style, we should soon discover how admirably adjusted is our present state to our capacity. Indeed this life is but the gymnasium of the soul. We go through its prefatory exercises that, bye and bye, with stronger minds and clearer affections, we may encounter higher offices. Is the toil of half a century in the counting-room, the household, the field, or the workshop, or even in higher ways of thought and the details of benevolent action, lost, if by it are acquired a courage, a patience, a steadiness of face, of intellect, an integrity of will, and a depth of constancy and affection which may go with us across the gulf of death, and introduce us to nobler employments, with energies somewhat adequate to their demands? We do not need death, but more of this common, wearisome life to fit us for what shall come. We are yet children, and there is a whole eternity before us to become angels in; let us not waste our day of preparation in longings for what awaits us if we are faithful.

It may be that the dissatisfaction with life oftenest arises from

the demands of our affections. It is hard to love out into the dark, to send our weak, feeble hearts over into the immortal country, grasping for those who have gone away. And while in this world, we cannot sustain ourselves long at a time upon those elevations where our dead are dimly seen, as in visions, awaiting our reunion. Yet we know not how much this waiting of ours may enhance the joys of meeting. May not this very experience be what we need to make us more worthy of their society? It is with veneration, and a sense of our own unworthiness that we should claim alliance with those who have looked on immortality. Would we dare to carry to them all these foolish repinings, these wicked passions, this want of faith, this unwillingness to do what God appoints us here? Not if we felt how such things would separate us from them. Even in heaven, they would place between us a great gulf, across which they could only beckon and smile to us, sitting in our weakness and sorrow. Rather let us make these hearts of ours wide and deep by the indulgence of all humane sympathies, and barricade this tottering wall by a life of heroic action, and train the intellect by honest allegiance to truth in a world of falsehood, that when we do go, there shall be nothing in our souls to keep us apart; and we can sit at their feet all ready to learn what they have gained by going before.

The crowning grace of the Christian life is faith. The man who believes in God is not impatient to get away from the place where God has put him. His gratitude for mortal delights will not permit him to despise the present. His earnest zeal to be good and do good will need no heavenly circumstances to sustain its ardor, and his affections will be fully and generously dispersed all over the earth, that when the voice calls out of heaven, he may gather them up and go calmly, like a full freighted ship, to the haven of love.

They who employ their time in the improvement of the mind will be surest to escape all the disgusts of life. They will increase in the stores of a rational enjoyment, as they increase in years, and their old age will be relieved of half its burdens and of all its dullness.

# THE YOUNG LADY AT HOME.

BY M. F. WILLISTON.

MR. and Mrs. Morris were residents of one of the most delightful of New England villages. They were blessed with an easy competence, numerous friends, and three lovely children. their eldest daughter, was nearly eighteen when she finished her school education, and returned to her father's dwelling. Her arrival gave joy to the whole household, and for several weeks was the principal theme of thought and conversation among its vounger members. Jane was in ecstacies at the thought of being emancipated from school restraints, to return to the scenes of her childhood. The blue river, and the hills and groves beyond it, appeared even more enchanting than imagination had represented them during her absence; and yet she felt, while gazing upon them, that the inmates of her home were far dearer than all its local associations. She was delighted to observe the admiration with which Emily, who was but ten years old, looked at her drawings; and when, one evening, as she rose from the piano, little George ran towards her, saving, "Will you sing that pretty tune every night before I go to bed?" she thought that with the love of such spirits, her happiness would be complete.

But time wrought a change. She was too much engrossed by her various occupations, to devote a large share of attention to her brother and sister; and when they came to her for assistance or amusement, she frequently sent them away with fretful exclamations at being disturbed, that by no means increased their love for her. She did not realize how small a thing will wound the sensibilities of a child. No, she did not stop to think of this. One afternoon, when Mrs. Morris had gone away, Emily came into the parlor where her sister was reading, and said:

"Jane, I wish you would take a walk with me, I'm so tired. I have been shut up in the house all day."

"I can't go, I am busy," was the reply.

"Why, sister," said Emily, with an air of disappointment, "you never tell any of your acquaintances that you are too busy to go

any where with them, and you have not walked with me for a long time. I think you might as well be at boarding-school."

Jane was not greatly pleased with this remark, but she said nothing, and Emily seated herself at a window, and looked sadly out into the garden. All her bright visions of happiness in her sister's society were banished by her neglect; and she sat some moments, indulging unpleasant feelings of discontent. Suddenly she started, as if a bright thought had found a place among the gloomy ones that were passing through her mind, and looking up, she said:

'Jane, what makes you always appear so much more interesting when we have company, than when we have not?"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished young lady.

"I mean," was the reply, "that when visiters are here, you take a great deal of pains to please them, and would inconvenience yourself, before you would refuse them any thing; but when they are gone, you seem to think only of yourself, without caring whether your own friends are happy or not."

Jane looked embarrassed, but quickly recovering her composure, she replied—"It is proper to pay particular respect to company, but why do you think that I care nothing about the happiness of my friends?" Her fingers had unconsciously slipped from the book she had been reading, and it lay closed in her lap.

"Why," said Emily, "I don't know as I do think just so; only I like to have you treat me as well as you do other girls. But at any rate, you needn't look so sober about it. I'll forgive you," she added archly, "if you will promise to go with me to aunt Susan's, to-morrow morning. Mother wishes me to do an errand for her, and she said perhaps you would like to go."

"I think I will," was the reply, in a more affectionate tone than Emily had heard for many days.

"Now you are a dear, good girl," said she, "and I won't trouble you any more to-day," and she left the room with a cheerful smile.

Jane re-opened her book, but she found it difficult to confine her attention to it. A new train of thought had been presented to her, and she could not easily lay it aside.

That evening she sat alone in the retirement of her chamber, seriously thinking of her sister's words. "Is it true, then," said

she, "that I am more anxious to secure the good opinion of strangers, than to contribute to the happiness of my dearest friends? My past life has indeed been a selfish one. In future, I will have nobler aims, and if I ever seek my own happiness, it shall be in promoting that of others." And then she knelt before her God, to pray for that grace without which her resolution would be vain. A new light had dawned upon her, and in the self-forgetting performance of her duties, as a daughter and sister, she found a higher and purer gratification than she had ever before known.

Maiden, has a selfish word or deed of thine blighted a bud in the garden of domestic happiness, or planted there a thorn to be a source of future sorrow? Henceforth let it be thy care to water the flowers, and train the vines; and new fragrance and beauty shall be thy recompense.

# TO A FAVORITE STREAM.

BY M. F. WILLISTON.

How bright are thy ripples, thou beautiful stream! When, lit by the sun, with his earliest beam, They hasten their speed at the zephyr's command, And merrily dance o'er the white, shining sand.

At noon, when the zephyr is fushed in repose. Thy current more smoothly and silently flows; And wandering clouds pause and smile when they see Their own pearly beauty reflected by thee.

When shadowy Night has her banner unfurled. Emblazoned with stars, o'er the slumbering world, Thy mirror-like waters so motionless lie, They rival the splendors that shine in the sky.

Thon beautiful stream! giving back to my sight. The clouds in the day-time, the stars in the night, Delighted thy soft verdant margin I tread, My feet by thy music and loveliness led.

Should fate, unforeseen, ever call me away, From home and these haunts where 'tis pleasure to stray, One thought will a share of my sadness redeem—
Thy image shall dwell with me, beautiful stream!

## HASTY WORDS.

BY KATE CAROL.

A SWEET girl, truly, was Edith Allen, the acknowledged belle of Ellingham. Nay, smile not so disdainfully, my fair and fashionable reader, as though it were a light matter to be the "bright particular star" of a mere country town, the very existence of which is unknown to nine-tenths of the inhabitants of our goodly land. Many unlovely qualities may be mingled with the charms of one who reigns supreme in Fashion's gayest circle, and the dazzling brilliancy that surrounds her may conceal every defect, but in a New England village, where every deed is known, and every word repeated, something more is requisite for her who would obtain an ascendency over her companions than a graceful manner or a punctilious observance of all the rules of etiquette. Therefore it is that I think it were greater cause for triumph, to occupy the place which Edith Allen held in the hearts of her Ellingham friends, than to stand as an unrivalled belle at the close of a fashionable "season" in any of our large cities.

Edith's parents had passed from earth to heaven while she was still a child, and with her sister Minie, four years younger than herself, she had come to reside with her uncle in Ellingham, when the sunlight of only elemen summers had passed over her James Allen, her father's only brother, was a wealthy farmer, who had lost his wife three years after his marriage, and whose childless home was cheered alone by the presence of a When, therefore, he heard of the heavy afflictions maiden sister. which had fallen upon his nieces, he went at once to New-York, arranged his brother's affairs as speedily as possible, and told the weeping girls that they must henceforth consider his house as their home, and let him supply, as far as he could do so, the place of their departed father. And well was he repaid for his kindness to the orphans. Young as she was, the lessons of a devotedly pious mother had not been lost upon Edith, and though she deeply felt the blow which had deprived her of those as dear to her as life itself, she strove to conceal her grief, and to forget her own sorrows, while cheering her sister, and performing every little act

of tenderness for her uncle which affection could suggest. Often, very often, did memory revert to the hours passed with the departed ones, and as the thought would come that those precious seasons had gone forever, that the eyes which had beamed upon her so gently, and with such heart-felt love, were closed in death, and that she was never more to hear those familiar accents which had blessed her from her cradle, she longed to give way to her emotions, and to weep over the past in unrestrained sorrow. But she had already learned that an indulgence in such grief unfitted her for every duty, and nobly she struggled with herself until she had conquered all morbid or selfish manifestations of feeling,and though the "loved and lost" were still as dear as ever, she could think and even speak of them with calmness and quiet composure. Gradually her mind and heart expanded until at the age of seventeen, Edith Allen was the joy and pride of her uncle, the precious confidante and guide of her sister, and the favorite of all her village companions, who delighted to call her "the queen of Ellingham."

But though she was kind and courteous to all, Edith had formed a particular attachment for a young lady, residing near her uncle's house, and many were the happy hours she passed with her friend Annie Lyman, in rambling through the woods after wild flowers, or in sitting at work, conversing upon some of the thousand topics so pleasant to the youthful heart. Annie was the only sister of the village corgyman, and though there was a difference of five or six years in their ages, she had shared his every joy and sorrow—I had almost said his every thought—from her early childhood. Their parents were traveling in Europe at the time when our story commences, and Annie had been for some time domesticated in the Ellingham parsonage. Strange indeed did it seem that one so high spirited and impulsive as the ever-active Annie, should choose one outwardly so calm, and sometimes almost cold, as our friend Edith, for a bosom friend: but so it was, and Horace Lyman was rejoiced in his inmost heart as he saw the influence which she was already beginning to exert over his wayward sister. He had studied Edith closely, and every time he saw her, his confidence in the principles which formed the basis of all her actions, was strengthened, and his admiration of her character was increased. Annie had one great

fault-kind-hearted as she was and really ardent in her affections, she was apt to speak harshly without thinking of it, particularly if any thing occurred to vex her, and sometimes by a few hasty words, which she had forgotten the next moment, she would wound deeply those whom she best loved. Her brother had often entreated her to overcome this failing, and had represented to her how much needless pain she might frequently cause her friends by her unguarded words-but though Annie had again and again promised amendment, and had, for a time, really endeavored to improve, still she had by no means corrected the fault. Edith said little to her about it, but by the influence of her example, ever silently watching her own heart and lips, that she might not speak hastily or unadvisedly, she was gradually leading Annie to see how much better it was to return "a soft answer" when provoked, than to yield to the momentary feeling of anger which might arise in her mind.

It was May-and one of the loveliest days of that "merry month." The sky wore that deep, heavenly blue, which methinks is no where so beautiful as in dear New England; and a slight shower which had fallen on the previous night, had cooled the atmosphere, at the same time that it had scattered thousands of pearls and diamonds upon the trees and shrubs, now glistening in the bright rays of the morning sun. The clock was striking eight as a merry party, some on horseback and others in carriages, issued from Ellingham, and taking one of the bye-roads leading from the village, were soon concealed from view by the shade of a thick grove. It would be a tedious and an unnecessary formality to introduce my readers to each of the sixteen young ladies and gentlemen who composed the cavalcade—with Edith and Annie they are already acquainted, and I will detain them, therefore, only long enough to say a few words about the respective cavaliers of each. Herbert Winslow, a pale and slender youth of nineteen, was Annie Lyman's consin, and very dearly was he loved by herself and her brother. His parents had removed, soon after their marriage, to the West Indies, where Mr. Winslow held a government office. For fourteen years they enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity; wealth flowed in upon them, and every earthly blessing seemed to have fallen to their lot. But sorrow came at last: an unfavorable season nearly destroyed the crops-fer Mr.

Winslow had purchased a large plantation, and derived much of his wealth from that-the blighting hand of death was laid upon the happy household band; and of eleven children, who had formed the light and joy of the fireside circle, Herbert and his twin sister Lillie alone remained. The broken-hearted father soon followed his children to the tomb, and Mrs. Winslow, with her two surviving darlings, left the graves of her departed ones, and returned to find a home again in her native New England. A moderate competency was all that was left of her husband's large fortune, but it was enough to support and educate her children, and she asked for nothing more. Three years had elapsed since her return to the city of N., when the destroyer came once more, and the little Lillie was taken to join her angel brothers and sisters. Mrs. Winslow was crushed almost to the earth by this new blow, but for Herbert's sake, she roused herself from her lethargy of grief, for he, her only child, was violently attacked by the same illness which had borne his sister to the "silent land." For weeks she watched by his bed-longing for, yet dreading the crisis of his disease-but still he lay in a state of apparent unconsciousness, and the physicians well nigh gave up all hope of his At length the mother's prayers were answered; the fearful hour came and went, and Herbert was pronounced out of danger. Slowly but surely health returned, but the repeated sorrows he had been called to endure, had left their impress on his spirit.— Lillie had been every thing to him-almost his guardian angel, and the loneliness which her departure caused, seemed for a time insupportable. Remembering, however, that it was his heavenly Father who had chastened him, and who had but taken again to himself, the treasure he had lent to earth for awhile, Herbert strove to be submissive to the Hand that had removed his earthly idol: and he rested not, till from the depths of his soul, he could say, " Not my will, but Thine be done."

At the time of which we speak, he was passing a college vacation with his cousins in Ellingham, striving to recover the health which his intense application to his studies for two years, had materially impaired. Here he had been joined the previous week by a favorite classmate, Melville Grey—a tall and handsome youth, who was Annie's present companion, while Herbert had taken Edith under his especial care for the day.

Merrily the hours flew by, as the happy company pursued their way, now pausing a moment, while the gallant knights alighted to gather wild flowers for their "ladyes fayre," and now hurrying onward to the place selected for their pic-nic. It was a wild spot which they had chosen; a narrow streamlet, rushing down a deep ravine, sometimes leaping twenty or thirty feet perpendicularly, and then broken in its fall by the rocks in its bed, furnished them with music-while a small dell near its base, cleared from underbrush, and shaded by several magnificent oaks, formed what Annie laughingly called "the drawing-room of the day." It was reached at length-and the party, having secured their horses and carriages at a little distance, seated themselves to discuss the various plans which might be suggested for the enjoyment of the succeeding hours. Edith and Annie were voted the committee for preparing a repast—and Herbert declared his intention of assisting them. Mr. Grev begged to be added to the committee, and after several amusing objections had been raised, all of which he answered in the same gay strain, his request was granted, and the remainder of the company dispersed in various directions to while away the time till one o'clock, which had been agreed upon as the dinner hour. Edith now began to spread the snowy napkins upon the green sward, while Herbert unpacked for her the various hampers and baskets which had been brought in the carriage; and in the meantime, Annie and her companion gathered wild flowers to make boquets for the adornment of the table, or hung wreaths of ground-pine in graceful festoons from the overhanging branches of the trees. Young Grey, happening to find a very beautiful blossom among the flowers—the only one of the kind, tastefully arranged it with two or three tiny sprays of hemlock, and fastening them together with a blade of grass, begged his fair friend to wear them for the rest of the day. Blushing deeply, Annie took the little gift, and placed it in her belt with umusual care. A moment after, as Herbert passed her, he playfully threw a handful of cowslips over her-and she, determined, as she said, to repay her saucy cousin, began to pelt him with them in return. The mimic skirmish continued; Annie besought Mr. Grey to come to her assistance, and Herbert declared that Edith should come forward in his behalf. As he eaught up a fresh supply of flowers, he accidentally threw with them a small

twig, which in his haste he had not noticed, and as he was but too good a marksman, Annie received the whole in her face.—
"Worse and worse, Master Herbert!" she exclaimed, laughing; "now see how I will serve you," and seizing a branch of pine which lay by her side, she was about to inflict summary vengeance upon him, when she saw her petite boquet, lying on the ground completely spoiled. A dark cloud instantly came over her face, and she cried in a tone of vexation almost amounting to anger, "Oh! Herbert Winslow, how can you be so careless. You

"Oh! Herbert Winslow, how can you be so careless. You are too rude to be fit to associate with any one. Just look at the beautiful flower which I had promised to wear all day!"

The color rushed to Herbert's cheek, and he was about to make some hasty reply, when he checked himself and compressed his lips as Edith said:

"Annie, Annie, what are you saying?"

"Saying? I am saying just what I think, that Herbert is a shamefully careless fellow, who does'nt care how much he vexes or troubles any body, as long as he can enjoy himself."

Edith's cheek flushed painfully at this reply, for deeply did

Edith's cheek flushed painfully at this reply, for deeply did she sympathize in Herbert's sensitive nature, and she well knew the pain which such a speech would cause him; at the same time that she felt in what an unfavorable light Annie was placing her own character, by manifesting such an unlovely spirit.— Herbert, who had not spoken hitherto, now came forward and said,

"I was very careless, dear Annie, but I am exceedingly sorry for it; will you not forgive me?"

The unhappy girl was, however, too much excited to notice the expression of suffering on her cousin's face, or to speak pleasantly to him, so she made no reply to his questions, and after sadly gazing upon her for a moment, he turned slowly away, and walked into the woods. Melville Grey would have followed him, but Edith, knowing that Herbert would prefer to be alone, requested him to bring her some water from the spring in one of the goblets they had unpacked from the baskets.

"Oh, Annie!" said she, as soon as they were alone, "how could you speak so, and give Herbert so much pain, and what will Mr. Grey think of you?"

"Nobody cares what he thinks," peevishly retorted Annie—
"pray don't trouble yourself, Edith, about me or my affairs.

Herbert was shamefully rude, so there; and as for Melville Grey I wish he and his flowers were at the bottom of the Dead Sea."

"If it were quite as agreeable to you, Miss Lyman, I should prefer the Jordan or the Red Sea to the one which you have chosen," said the smiling young man, who had overheard the latter part of her remark as he returned from the spring.

It was Annie's turn now to blush, and overwhelmed with confusion, she made some hasty apology for leaving them, and darted into a neighboring grove. With true woman's tact, Edith commenced a lively conversation with Mr. Grey, endeavoring to make him forget what had just passed, though she was painfully oppressed at heart. She had watched Annie very closely of late, and as closely had she scrutinized every tone, look and word of young Grey, and in her own heart she thought that neither was altogether indifferent to the other. They had not met for the first time now; Annie had passed several weeks with her aunt Winslow in the city of N. during the previous winter, and among all of Herbert's college friends, none had been so polite and attentive to her as Melville Grev. After her return to Ellingham, however, she seldom mentioned his name, and it was only when Edith saw them together now, for the first time, that she learned how well they had become acquainted with each other. Surprised at first that Annie should not have spoken more frequently of one, whom it was evident to the watchful eye of her friend that she regarded with no common esteem, Edith began to suspect that it was from the very fact of her partiality for him, concealed as she thought it to be in her own bosom, that she spoke of him and often to him with such reserve.

Mr. Grey was a young man of fine promise in every respect. An excellent scholar, elegant in his manners, and very prepossessing in his personal appearance, he was also the heir elect of a weakthy uncle, and the favorite of a large circle of friends in his native city of Boston. But, more than all, he had consecrated his talents, his wealth, his influence—every thing that he possessed—to the service of his Maker, and the depth and fervency of his piety had purified and elevated his character, till he had become far superior to most of his college companions. Annie well appreciated him; she had found in him the realization of the ideal she had often pictured to herself, and she did esteem him as a friend

very highly. But her mind was too well balanced to allow her to love any one, however engaging he might be, who had given her no reason to suspect that he had any particular preference for her, and therefore she guarded well her heart, lest he should make a deeper impression there than would be well for her happiness or peace. But now she had betrayed herself into a hasty and unladylike passion; she had manifested before him such an unlovely spirit as would surely alienate from her even his friendship -and Edith's question would ring in her ears-" What will Mr. Grey think of you?" She felt that he must despise one who could not better control her own passions, and who could vent her vexation in such ill-natured speeches. These were the thoughts that first passed through her mind as she wandered through the grove, whose solitude she had sought to conceal her confusion; and then she remembered her sensitive consin, and felt how deeply she had wounded him, and for what? For nothing but a simple flower, which was, after all, nought to her. Long did she struggle with herself, endeavoring to calm her agitation, that she might return to ask the forgiveness of those to whom she had so unadvisedly spoken, but her spirit had been too much ruffled to be easily calmed again, and more than an hour had passed before she felt that she could control herself sufficiently to rejoin her friends.

In the meantime, Edith and Melville Grey, after having remained for a little while in the same spot where we left them conversing, had proceeded to finish arranging the repast, and it was now within fifteen minutes of the time appointed for the reunion of the company.

"Are you ever cross, Miss Allen?" exclaimed Mr. Grey, as he saw her endeavoring, for the sixth time, to re-fasten one of Annie's boquets, which had slipped from its circlet of grass, and which resisted all her efforts to tie it again, but which, nevertheless, could not bring a shade of impatience over her smiling face

"It might not be necessary to ask that question, if you could read the face of my heart, Mr. Grey, as well as the outward conntenance upon which you have been watching so closely to detect a cross look," replied Edith, smiling. "I will not say that even in my heart I am provoked just now, but there are times when the internal world and the external cheerfulness are scarcely attuned to each other."

"Would that all your sex possessed your power of self-control, then," returned her companion.

"All minds were not cast in the same mould, Mr. Grey—and it is a hard lesson for an impetuous spirit to learn. I know this by experience, for there has been a time when a slight matter would bring a dark cloud to my brow, and years of warfare with a hasty temper, have convinced me that it is no easy thing to subdue even the expression of such a sinful nature—how much more to root out that nature from the heart!"

"Surely if you have known so much about this matter by personal experience, you are well qualified, Miss Allen, to aid others in their endeavors also to conquer a hasty spirit," was the young man's only answer.

"Our aid must come from on high—God alone can help us," said Edith, gravely—and before her companion could reply, Annie stood by her side.

"Will you forgive my very unladylike behaviour, Mr. Grey?" she asked, blushing deeply, and then added—"I fear I shall never learn to control my temper till I have alienated all my friends from me."

"That friendship cannot be worth the retaining, which will be alienated by a slight error, from one who is so ready to acknowledge and atone for her fault," said Grey earnestly—smiling as he spoke, and proffering his hand to Annie.

She would have said more, but some of the party now appeared, and simply whispering, "You too must forgive me, Edith," she turned to welcome them back to the "drawing-room." Ere long, all were assembled, save one, but the smile which Melville Grey's words had called up, faded away as Annie watched in vain for her cousin's return. Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed, and still he came not, and Annie's heart throbbed painfully, while her eyes filled involuntarily with the tears she could not keep back, as an indefinable dread of evil came over her. Edith, too, was evidently alarmed, for Herbert was always punctual, and she knew something extraordinary must have happened to detain him. Starting suddenly from her seat, Annie seized an empty goblet from the rural table, and begging her friends to excuse her for a few moments, hastened into that part of the woods where Herbert had disappeared.

(To be continued.)







Ginegranate.



# HASTY WORDS.

#### BY KATE CAROL.

#### CONCLUDED.

She was scarcely out of sight of the party, when Mr. Grey was at her side, begging permission to accompany her.

"Do not let me spoil all your enjoyment of the day, sir," was Annie's reply; "you had better go back and tell them not to wait for me," but her heart was not with her words, for she felt that his company would be a great relief to her.

"I prefer to be your companion for the present, Miss Lyman, unless you absolutely forbid it," said Grey, and Annie made no further objections.

"I have often been here before," she said, after a short pause, "and there is a wild glen just beyond that old rock, which Herbert always admired very much, and where I thought he might have gone and forgotten the time"—but her voice trembled, for the fear would cross her mind that something might have happened to him beyond the forgetfulness of the hour. A moment more and they had reached the spot, when in a sequestered retreat, under the shadow of a large rock, which was her cousin's favorite seat, Annie saw him sitting with his head resting on his hand, leaning slightly forward.

"Herbert, dear, dear Herbert, how glad I am to find you here!" she exclaimed, bounding towards him, but the head was not lifted to greet her, nor the hand extended in welcome. She threw her arm around him, and touched his forehead—it was white as marble and icy cold. "Oh! Herbert, speak to me, do speak to me," she shrieked, as Melville Grey took Herbert's lifeless hand in his own for a moment, and then asked her for the cup she had brought with her. From a little stream near, he brought some water, then gently laying his friend upon the grass, with his head in Annie's lap, he sprinkled a few drops upon his face, and began rubbing Herbert's hands. Annie pressed her hand to his heart, but she felt no pulse beating there, and in a tone of agony she cried, "Is he dead? Mr. Grey—don't—don't tell me so." The young man was touched to the soul by her distress.

"Be not alarmed, Annie," said he—"this is not a dangerous illness, but only one of the death-like swoons which he sometimes has. I have nursed him through several of them before."

Annie clasped her hands in silent thanksgiving as her cousin opened his eyes—but Grey motioned to her not to speak. Soon Herbert raised his head, and looking at the young man, said—

"Where am I, Melville?"

"Close your eyes, and lie still for five minutes, and I'll tell you," replied his friend, and the sufferer had no power to do otherwise. Ten minutes slowly passed, and again the eye-lids unclosed, and a look of consciousness returned to his pallid features.

"Herbert, dearest Herbert, can you forgive the pain I have caused you?" said Annie, in a low tone, but her cousin closed his eyes once more and spoke not. The large tears coursed silently down the poor girl's cheeks, and fell hot upon Herbert's forehead. He started, as from a dream, and exclaimed—

"Is that you, dear Annie? What is the matter, and why are you and Melville here with me?"

Young Grey explained to him how the party had waited for him to appear—how his cousin had set off to search for him, and he had ventured to accompany her—and the manner in which they had found him.

"I am better now," said Herbert, at length. "I had such a terrible headache, that it seems as if I had never suffered such agony before. Dear Annie, do not look so frightened; I shall soon be well."

"I am not frightened, but very unhappy," was his cousin's reply. "Will you forgive me, Herbert, for having caused you so much suffering? I did it unthinkingly, to be sure, but my thoughtlessness is no excuse for my error."

"I have nothing to forgive you," Annie dearest—it was that terrible headache—oh! it is coming on again"—and the last words were almost screamed, as again the returning color fled from his face, and his head fell into Annie's lap. Unwonted and intense anxiety was written upon the expressive features of Melville Grey as this new paroxysm of pain seized his friend, for never had he seen Herbert thus, and he felt that he had been mistaken in his first supposition that it was merely a fainting fit.

"What shall I do?" cried Annie in agony. "Oh, my cousin,

how could I speak those hasty words which have done all this evil?" but though she rubbed Herbert's hands in her own, and sought in every way to restore life, it seemed to elude all her efforts.

"May I venture to leave him with you while I call your friend Edith?" asked Grey.

"Yes, go, do go for her," said Annie, and in an instant more she was alone, with the dead as it were, for not the slightest motion was perceptible in Herbert's body. The moments seemed hours to the wretched girl, but it was really only a short time before Melville and Edith had returned, accompanied by three or four others. Grey had found them enjoying as well as they could their repast, for Edith had begged them to wait no longer-but a cloud seemed to have come over their happiness, for the smiles and jests so frequent in the early part of the day, were now faint and few. Requesting the young gentleman who had the largest and easiest carriage, to take it as near the spot where Herbert was lying, as a rough cart-path would allow, Mr. Grey had asked one or two others to accompany him for the purpose of assisting him to put Herbert, who, he said, had been suddenly seized with a fainting fit, into the carriage that he might be conveved home. Edith flew to Annie's side, but the latter spoke not, only as she pressed her friend's hand, she turned upon her a glance which caused the "rain-drops of the heart" to spring into her eyes But the next instant, Grey and his companions appeared, and lifting Herbert from the ground, they bore him to the carriage, which Annie and Edith entered, that they might support him between them while Melville drove slowly home, leaving the remainder of the party to follow when they pleased. Not a single word was uttered during that long drive, which seemed truly interminable to the miserable Annie; but the Ellingham parsonage was reached at last, and she bounded into the study after her brother.

"Horace, I have killed Herbert! come and help Melville Grey take him into the house," she exclaimed, and darting into the kitchen, called the housekeeper to make ready a bed for Mr. Winslow, who was very ill. A couch was already prepared, and the two young men bore their precious charge into the house, and laid him upon it with the utmost tenderness. No one asked a question; all the restoratives usual in such cases were applied

by Horace and the housekeeper, while Annie had gone with the speed of the wind for the village physician. Dr. Hilton came at once, but he shook his head sadly as he gazed upon the still unconscious Herbert. He, however, prescribed some new remedies, and in an hour or two they succeeded in producing some signs of life. Annie took her station by his bedside, and for four days and nights she never left it for an instant, notwithstanding the earnest and united entreaties of her brother, Edith, and Melville Grey. At the expiration of that period, the lethargy which had continued, in a greater or less degree, to cloud Herbert's mind, seemed to leave him, and the physician gave them strong hopes of his recovery. On the evening of the fourth day, he fell into a quiet slumber, and Annie was persuaded by her friends to seek some rest in her own room. Completely exhausted as she was, by her long vigil, a deep sleep overpowered her, and it was many hours before she awoke. As she opened her eyes at last, the sun was pouring its beams into her room, and she lay almost stupefied for a moment, then raising her head from the pillow, she surveyed the apartment. An open book was on the chair by her side, and as though some one had but just been reading in it, a pencil was lying upon it, and these words were underscored-

> "A word—a look—has crushed to earth Full many a budding flower, Which, had a smile but owned its birth, Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.'

Instantly the whole scene through which she had so lately passed, was recalled to Annie's mind, and the tears came thick and fast as she re-read the lines. Turning to the fly-leaf of the book, she saw in a hand-writing she well knew, "Melville Grey, G. College," and at once she began to wonder how the volume came in her room, and whether those lines were marked with a particular reference to her.

"Are you awake yet, dear Annie?" said Minie Allen, who at that moment entered: "Sister Edith told me to see if you wanted any thing when you awoke."

"Yes—no—stay, Minie, who has been reading in my room this afternoon?"

"I have," answered the young girl, "but I did not mean to leave my book there. It is one Mr. Grey left on the parlor table yesterday, and as Edith told me to come and watch by you till you awoke, I brought it to read—and then when somebody called me, just now, I laid it in the chair, and forgot it."

"Who marked these passages that are pencilled, Minie?" asked

Annie in a low tone.

"Mr. Grey, of course," was the reply. "I had a pencil in my hand, but I should not have dared to draw one line in his book. Shall I call Edith for you, Annie? Your cheeks are flushed as with fever."

"No; you may tell her I will be down stairs in a few minutes, and how is Herbert?"

"He is much better to-day, and is now asleep. There, Mr. Grey is calling me to walk with him, and I must go. Good-bye till tea-time, Annie," and away bounded the light-hearted girl, while Annie, relieved at being once more alone, gave vent to her feelings in a passionate burst of tears. She did not dream that any other hand than that of Melville Grey had underscored those lines, and thinking he had pencilled them, and then left the book below, for her especial perusal, she gave way for a time to the mingled emotions which oppressed her. But she did not long thus indulge herself. Murmuring half unconsciously Longfellow's beautiful and meaning lines—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day;"

she arranged her toilet, and sought the room which Edith had occupied for the past few days. It was vacant, and not liking to disturb her cousin, Annie entered the parlor, where to her amazement and confusion, she found Mr. Grey reading alone.— She started, and would have retreated, but it was too late. With a frank sinile he advanced to greet her, and inquired if she were rested from her fatigue.

"I thought you were walking with Minie," she said, after a few moments of desultory chatting.

- "No—a younger cavalier than I is favored with her company to-day, and I am left in solitude."
- "Where are Horace and Edith?" asked Annie, somewhat recovering herself.
- "Your brother has gone to visit a parishioner, who is dangerously ill, and Miss Allen wished to watch your cousin while he slept, that none might disturb him, wherefore I am very glad to see your face, Miss Lyman."

Annie glanced at the book which Grey held in his hand, and again the deep blushes came, as she saw that it was the second volume of the same work which Minie had been reading. Her companion saw the effect which the book produced upon her, and inquired if she had ever read it.

"It was given me," said he, "by a favorite cousin, whose pencil marks are every where to be seen. There are three volumes, and they are all underscored here and there in the same manner."

"And where are your marks, Mr. Grey?" asked Annie with a little of her usual gay tone.

"I have not touched a pencil to either of the volumes, Miss Lyman. That cousin has gone to her rest, and the books are, therefore, sacred to me. I could not bring myself to add or erase a single dash."

Infinitely relieved, Annie now commenced a conversation upon general subjects, and never before had she seemed half so lovely to the admiring eyes of young Grey. There was about her a subdued manner that he had not noticed before, and particularly when she spoke of Herbert, he almost fancied that he once or twice saw tears in her eyes. An hour and a half passed by so rapidly, that both were surprised when Mr. Lyman entered, and asked if tea was ready, as he was almost exhausted by his afternoon's ride. Herbert was still sleeping, so Edith was not called, and Annie presided at the evening meal, as of old. The more that Mr. Grey watched her, the more was he pleased-her affectionate manner towards her brother, her courteousness to himself, and the tender interest she manifested in her cousin and Edith, perfectly charmed him, and he was happier than he had been for many days. As soon as tea was over, Annie sought her cousin's room, and finding him awake, she begged Edith to leave him to her charge, and let her resume her old position of nurse. Her friend yielded, and went into the garden to walk, where she was speedily joined by Mr. Lyman. In the meanwhile, Grey had gone to his own room for the purpose of writing to his most intimate friend, his mother, but as his apartment communicated with Herbert's, and the door opening into the room of the latter was ajar—for it was twilight, and Annie had not noticed it—he inadvertently overheard a part of the conversation of the cousins.—His attention was first arrested by hearing Herbert say—

"Nay, dearest Annie, I have nothing to forgive; you spoke

hastily, and without thinking of what you said."

"Forgive me for doing that, then, my cousin—and, oh! I do think I shall never utter such hasty words again. I have suffered more during the past week than I could have believed it possible for me to endure, and now I must have your forgiveness, or I shall suffer still."

"It is yours, fully and freely, Annie, and I entreat you, let the dead Past bury its dead."

"It shall, Herbert, but the tombstone of Memory shall remain, to remind me of my fault, and warn me against committing a similar error. Henceforth and forever, I trust I shall beware how I utter a hasty word."

Melville Grey heard no more, for his thoughts were deeply engrossed with the new being which Annie seemed to have become, but his letter was not written that night!

At the end of two weeks, Herbert was sufficiently recovered to walk and ride again, when one pleasant afternoon Mr. Grey proposed to Annie that she should leave her cousin to be entertained by Edith and her brother, and herself accompany him to the scene of the late pic-nic. The request seemed to give her some pain, but he urged her not to refuse it, as he had a particular end in view; so she at length consented and went for her bonnet. I will not weary you, dear reader, with a description of the ride, for of all things I detest long, meaningless sentences, about passing among hills and dales, winding around the base of a steep precipice, &c., &c. Suffice it to say that in two hours, Melville Grey and Annie Lyman were sitting in the same spot where they had found Herbert three weeks before. Having, unfortunately (?) never been one of the parties in a real, bona-fide love affair, I cannot, from experience, write down "the thoughts that breathe

and words that burn," which are so common on such occasions. I only know that Mr. Grey succeeded in convincing Annie that good might sometimes result from evil, for if she had never spoken those hasty words, on the day of the pic-nic, and learned such a lesson of humility and meekness too well ever to forget it, as she had done, he should never have known what a very dear young lady she was to him, and never should have dared ask her to do that, to which he now wished to gain her consent,—i. e. to walk with him through life, as his chosen companion, his own dearly loved Annie.

"Would you have me infer, therefore, that I am henceforth to do evil to see whether good will come of it?" she asked, with serio-comic gravity, but "my saucy Annie" were the only words she got in reply.

We will leave the lovers to enjoy themselves for a time, and then ride home at their leisure, while we take a peep into the parsonage parlor. Herbert, after reading awhile, had gone to his room, to write some necessary letters. Edith, who had consented to remain one day longer with Annie, since Minie could now well supply her place in their uncle's family, was deeply engrossed in a book, while Mr. Lyman had thrown himself into a large rocking chair, for the purpose, as he said, of thinking out a skeleton for his next Sunday's sermon. An hour passed in silence; Edith read on, apparently unconscious of the presence of any one in the room—but at last, raising her eyes from the page before her, she encountered the keen, penetrating glance of the young clergyman fixed upon her. Blushing deeply, and evidently much confused, she rose and would have left the room, but Mr. Lyman begged her to be seated again, as he had something to say to her.

"You leave us to-night, Miss Allen; I may not chance to see you alone again, and therefore I wish now to thank you for your kindness to my wayward sister. Your influence and example have done their work well—and by the help of her heavenly Father, I trust she will henceforth be enabled to restrain herself from speaking such hasty words. I know not how to express my gratitude to you. May you receive a rich reward."

"I have done nothing worthy of your gratitude, Mr. Lyman; and even if I had, Annie's devoted love is a sufficient reward in itself."

"Is it so all-sufficient that nothing could add to it, Edith? My love can be little to you, I know, but your love—oh! Edith, it would be a priceless treasure to me. May I dare to hope that it can ever be my happiness to possess it?. I am aware that the life of a village pastor is a humble and perhaps obscure one, but if you can consent to share that life, all that a devoted and loving heart can do to make you happy, I will gladly do, for long and fervently have I loved you, Edith."

She answered him not with words, but smiles, blushes and tears told an eloquent story—and ere many months had passed, the "queen of Ellingham" had been transferred into "our pastor's wife."

## STANZAS.

This Earth's too small for the spirit's home!

Too cold, and dark, and drear!

She gropeth her way—but pining still

For a brighter, happier sphere.

Glimpses she has, through vistas dim, (Though earth her vision mars,) Of a beauteous home, in a world of light, Beyond, beyond the stars.

Where Gop's own presence, evermore Illumines all the way! Where earth, nor sin, nor death, again Shall mar that glorious day.

The Soul shall drink "redeeming love,"
Breathe an undying strain
Of holy joy, and peace: when Christ
Receives his own again.

E. C. T.

As it is certain all must die, the first use we make of our reason should be to prepare for death, that when it comes, we be not taken unawares and punished as deserters, loitering at a distance from our post.

## THE BURGOMASTER'S SON.

### A TALE OF NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

#### BY RULE RUBY

#### SEE ENGRAVING.

A Long time ago, when the present large, proud, and prosperous city of New-York was a small, humble, and unpretending town, with hardly as many hundreds as it now has hundreds of thousands of people—when its limits were marked by a stockade wall or fence, which, beginning at the foot of the present Wallstreet, crossed from river to river—when it was known by the Indians as the Island of Mannahatta, by the settlements on the Jersey and Long Island shores as the capital of the New Netherlands, and by the colonists themselves as the good city of New Amsterdam—and when the inhabitants were remarkable for their industry and for doing every thing, there lived a burgomaster, one Robert Ten Eyck, who had an only son, famous for his idleness and for doing nothing—that is, nothing useful.

Short, round-faced, and dumpy-bodied, Bob, the burgomaster's son, was known as the wildest, idlest, merriest, and at the same time most mischievous youth in all New Amsterdam. Play he would, work he wouldn't, and all the threats and coaxing in the world, could not prevail upon him to abandon the one or take up the other. Bob was incorrigible.

Notwithstanding all this, he was the pet of the colony. Every body liked him. Go where he would, he was sure of a hearty welcome. Play tricks on whom he would, the victim would laugh, heartily as those around him, because Bob did it; had it been perpetrated by any one else, he would in all probability have roared with rage. But Bob—who could get angry at him! Hence it was that he had no enemies, and that every body liked him.

Full of mischief, he was continually on the look-out for victims. When he found them scarce, he invariably fell back upon his principal stock in trade—his good-natured sire—and worked him till he perceived the kindly temper of the worthy burgomaster

was approaching a crisis, and then—ceased: his intuitive sagacity warning him when it was wise to retreat, and when to proceed.

It was a common thing with him, when hard up for ideas, to ascend a small knoll near his father's house, to "give himself a shaking," as he expressed it, by rolling his short, round body from the summit to the base. This rarely failed to shake up his brain and set it running; when it did, he repeated the feat till the desired result was brought about, when his blue round eyes would sparkle with anticipative fun.

When observed, by the colonists, at this sport, they would remark: "Fat Bob is rolling down the hill, again. Some one is sure to suffer!"

One morning in June, Bob, always an early riser, rolled himself as usual to beget an idea. At the close of the third effort, his blue eyes sparkled.

"I have got it, at length," he mentally exclaimed. "I heard Roeloft Beekman say he was going a-fishing this morning.—Wonder if he will!"

And the blue eyes of the little rogue twinkled with anticipative mirth, as, cutting across the fields, he proceeded towards the North River. On reaching the beach, he found a small skiff fastened to a stake driven in the sand, which was covered with water. Looking in the boat, he perceived a pair of sculls, a fishing line, and a basket of clams.

"Roeloft's been here, got every thing ready, and gone back for something which he had forgotten. Guess I'll save him the trouble of rowing out. Haven't been a-fishing for a good while.—Don't think Roeloft will have such a jolly eeling time to-day, as he thought he would. Wonder how he'll like it!"

So saying, Bob jumped into the skiff, drew in the painter, seized the sculls, and quietly rowed out to a stake in the river, when he fastened the boat, baited his hook, and throwing it overboard, coolly cast his laughing eyes toward the shore.

Standing on the beach, and gesticulating threateningly, was the tall, stout figure of Roeloft Beekman.

"Bring that boat in, you young rascal," he shouted, in a voice hoarse with passion, "or I'll break every bone in your body!"

"You will?" said Bob, with a quiet grin. "Break every bone?"

"Every bone, you young scapegrace!"

"You are very good, Roeloft; but you know you won't!"

"Why won't I?"

"Because breaking a boy's bones is a hanging matter!" returned Bob, quietly. "Now you don't wish to be hung—do you, Roeloft?"

"Bring in that boat!" roared Roeloft. "How dare you take a

man's property in that way? It's stealing!"

"That's a matter of opinion," laughed Bob. "Wonder if you hadn't better go and argue it with my father, the burgomaster .-Tell him you called his son a thief, and he'll fine you ten guilders! Go to him, Roeloft, and while you are discussing the point, I'll catch the cels! The slippery things are biting like fun. I'll have a whole boat load by the time you return!"

At these tantalizing words, the wrathful Roeloft uttered a roar of rage, and turning on his heel, shot off towards the town.

"He'll tell the whole neighborhood of it," said Bob, laughingly, as he drew up his fourth fish and disengaged it from the hook, "and that will be the best part of it! But," he added, looking up, "it's getting dark. Shouldn't wonder if it rained. It's just as likely to as not. Go down there, old fellow," he said, addressing his hook, "and bring up another eel. If poor Roeloft can't have his boat and his fun, he must have his eels. This is the greatest eel bed in the world. All you have to do is to throw down your bait, and they'll wriggle up to it in schools. Eels," continued Bob, philosophically, "are like women. Bait your hook temptingly, and they'll gather round you in scores!"

While these and similar reflections were passing through his

mind, he was suddenly aroused by a loud, clear, ringing voice hailing him from the shore-

"Halloa, there, Bob! A storm is coming on. Haul in, or you'll get upset !"

Bob raised his eyes from the line and turning them in the direction of the shore, beheld a young man of some two-and-twenty years, standing on the beach, and making signals.

"That's Will Orphen, the beaver trapper," muttered Bob, "and the cleverest fellow in New Amsterdam. He's a good deal like sister Gertrude, he's so good natured. I upset one of his traps once, and he never got angry a bit. And then he's so brave, too. They say that in the battle at Horse Neck, last week, between the colonists and Indians, he killed fifteen of the savages with

his own hand. Wonder," he continued, as the young man's voice fell again on his ear, "what he's making such a fuss about? There's no great danger that I can see. The sky looks a little black, to be sure; but that isn't any thing. And the waves are running a little, but that isn't any thing either. It makes the eels bite better—that's all. I must catch a good many for poor Roeloft, or he'll feel bad!"

"Did you hear me, Bob?" shouted Will Orphen.

"What's the matter, Will?" said Bob, quietly.

"Haul in—haul in!" shouted the beaver trapper, warningly.
"Don't you see the storm that's coming up?"

"Is it going to rain, Will?"

"Like enough; although I can't exactly say. But haul in. quick—or you'll be upset and drowned!"

"Hold on a little while. I haven't caught enough yet. Great sport out here. The eels bite as if they liked it. All you've got to do is to throw down your hook, and pull 'em up!"

"Why, Bob," cried the young man, "you must be crazy! See how the clouds are scudding along. And the river—look how it's swelling. Row in, for heaven's sake!"

"Well, I'll think of it! Wait half an hour longer-"

"Half an hour? Are you mad? In that time you'll be dead! Hark! the wind is sweeping in from the sea like a solemn dirge! Oh, row in—row in!" cried the young man in a tone that touched Bob to the heart.

"Well, I'll do it for your sake," drawing up his line with a sigh—"but it's a shame to give up, when the eels are biting so gloriously!"

"Never mind that. Haul in!" repeated Will Orphen, "on you'll get upset! Don't you see how the river's rising? Haul in!"

"Aye, aye, Will; all right!" returned Bob, quietly rolling up his line. "Wonder," he continued, "how the storm came on so, without my knowing it? How black the sky is! Looks as if we were going to have an ugly blow!"

"Why, Bob!" shouted the beaver trapper, in a tone of deep anxiety, "what are you about?"

"Winding up my line," replied Bob, quietly.

"If you don't fall to your oars without further delay," cried the beaver trapper, "you will never reach the shore alive!"

"Don't be afraid, Will," returned Bob. "It's all right out here. Not half so bad as you think. I'll take hold of the sculls in a minute or so!"

"Bob—Bob! you will drive me crazy!" shouted the beaver trapper.

"What a big heart!" murmured the imperturbable youth.—
"He's for all the world like sister Gertrude. What great friends they'd make, if they only knew each other. Guess I'll ask him home. Wonder how he'd like it!"

Having now wound up his line, he pitched it into the baitbasket, and then, while attempting to withdraw the painter from the stake, swept the sky and river with his eye.

"St. Nicholas!" he exclaimed, "Will Orphen is right. It isn't a blow—it's a storm! If I should get swamped, big Roeloft would lose his skiff and line, as well as all the eels I have caughtfor him. And wouldn't that make him feel bad? He would never get over it!"

"Bob—Bob!" shouted the beaver trapper, in a clear, ringing voice that rose high above the stormy wail, "you can never get that painter off with your hands. The knot is drawn too tight. Cut it with your knife!"

"I can't do it," returned Bob.

" Can't do what ?"

"Cut it," said Bob. "It don't belong to me. I've got no right to cut it. Besides, I've got no knife!"

This reply plunged Will Orphen into an agony which is indescribable. It was as he had said. The painter was drawn so tightly by the tossing of the boat, that it appeared, at intervals, as if ready to snap.

"There is no help for him," groaned Will Orphen, "unless it come from heaven! Even if he should get loose from the stake, his little arms would never enable him to reach the shore!"

"And he never ought to!" said a coarse voice near him.—
"What right had he to take what don't belong to him? Here I had made up my mind to a good fishing time, got out my sculls, line and bait, and had only gone back to the house for a bottle of scheidam to comfort me on the water, and when I returned—look you! the little rascal had whipped off skiff and all, and was pulling up the eels and laughing as if he considered it one of the

best jokes in the world! And now, see what has come of it!—There he is, struggling with the stormy waves, with nothing between him and destruction, but—"

"The hand of God!" said Will Orphen, solemnly. "You cannot, Roeloft, entertain anger against Little Bob, when he is in so perilous a strait as that in which we see him now. Come, let us do something to save him!"

"You may," rejoined Roeloft, in a brutal tone which made fire flash from his companion's eyes, "but I won't! If the mischievous rascal waits for help of mine to relieve him from his strait, he'll have to wait till doomsday!"

"Is that your answer, Roeloft Beekman, when life and death hang on our efforts?" demanded the beaver trapper.

"It is!" returned the other. "And what then? Do you wish to quarrel? If so, come on!"

"You ask me, 'what then'?" said Will Orphen, falling back a step or two, and looking the portly Roeloft full in the eye, "and I answer this: Any man capable of refusing assistance to a fellow creature whose life is endangered, is both a coward and a brute, and one with whom it would be everlasting infamy to exchange a single word. Go, wretch—I would not soil my fingers by letting them come in contact with your vile person!"

A glow of mingled shame and rage darkened Roeloft's features.

"You'll smart for those words one of these days," he said, stepping back. "Save the young rogue yourself, since you are so solicitous for his safety, and take all the danger that attends it!"

With these words, he turned from the beach and slunk off towards the town. On turning his eye again towards the object of his anxiety, Will Orphen could scarcely restrain a cry of joy.

Bob had at length succeeded in withdrawing the painter from the stake, and was now pulling in towards the shore. But his oar strokes were of that quiet, easy character so peculiar to fleshy persons; on observing which the beaver trapper shouted aloud—

"Bend to it, Bob—bend to it. You will never get in at that rate. The tide is taking you up, and you don't gain any. If you allow yourself to be carried up beyond the limits, the savages will shoot out in their canoes and capture you. Bend to it, Bob—bend to it!"

"The Indians won't roast me this time, I guess!" returned the

youth, quietly. "They'd have the whole town after 'em. They know better than to touch any of the stock of old Bob Ten Eyck!"

Notwithstanding this bravado, Bob threw a little more energy into his movements, and the skiff worked slowly in toward the shore, carried up, however, every moment by the rolling and impetuous tide. He was in a few minutes within twenty yards of the beach.

"Pull away, Bob," cried the beaver trapper, encouragingly.—
"A little more elbow grease, and you'll soon be out of reach of danger!"

"It's awful work," answered the youth, as he turned for a moment to glance at the distance between his skiff and the sands. "I never worked so hard in my life. I can hardly pull another stroke!"

never worked so hard in my life. I can hardly pull another stroke!"

"Don't give up, Bob," said Will Orphen, with assumed playfulness, for in truth he was alarmed at the pallor visible in the youth's countenance, as well as at the import of his reply. "Never say die, my brave fellow! A stroke or two more, and you'll be out of reach of the rollers. That's it, my little hero—bend to it. There's better game in you than most people are aware of. Spur up, and get in out of reach of that roller. Quick—it is rushing toward you like a sea horse. A stroke or two more, with all your might and main—quick, or it will overtake you. Ah!"

The gigantic wave, in spite of the youth's bravest efforts, had overtaken and upset his frail bark, and Bob was now splurging in the foamy tide. In an instant, Will Orphen, flinging off his hat and heavy boots, plunged in to his rescue. Throwing out his slender but sinewy arms, and calling up every nerve for the exigency, he clove through the heavy and agitated waters, and was, in an incredibly short time, within a length of the struggling youth.

"Keep up, Bob," he cried, cheerily—"keep up—help is at hand!"
Bob uttered a cry—a gulp—a sigh, and, unable to hold out
longer, threw up his hands in affright, and disappeared.

Without hesitating an instant, the beaver trapper, with a dexterous diving movement, hurried after him. A moment or two later he reappeared, amid the heaving waves, bearing the senseless form of his little friend in his arms. As he rose to the surface, his shoulder grazed some hard substance. It was the skiff. Thanking his stars for this unexpected chance, he placed the

body of the youth upon the boat's upturned bottom, drew himself breast high upon its flat surface, and throwing out his feet with superhuman energy, slowly forced the tiny vessel and its precious burden in toward the shore, which he reached at length in safety, when rolling the senseless and half-drowned youth on the sand, he succeeded in due time in restoring him to partial consciousness, though not in eradicating from his still bewildered mind the consequences of his fright.

Then fastening the skiff to a stake, Will Orphen hastily drew on his boots and hat, and catching up the pale and shivering youth, hurried to the burgomaster's, followed by a score or more of persons, whom the surly mutterings of big Roeloft had started from the town, and who had witnessed the heroic feat of the young beaver trapper from the beach.

The consequences of Bob's skiff adventure were a brain fever, and three months' confinement to his bed. During his convalescense, he was visited almost every evening by his gallant preserver, who invariably had some lively story to tell, which, while it helped him along wonderfully, and caused the old burgomaster to unbend from his magisterial dignity, and almost split his sides with laughter, never failed to make Gertrude, when her eye caught the young beaver trapper's, to blush, simper, and look down upon the sanded floor as though she saw something there which attracted her attention mightily.

Bob didn't understand this at all, and wondered what it meant. "She never gets so red in the face, and never drops her eyes so, when I look at her!" he would say to himself. "And then she's always so quiet, too, when Will's here; don't say a word, except 'no, sir,' or 'yes, sir.' Whereas, when he's away, she can sing, and talk, and skip about like a grasshopper. Something has come over her, and I don't know what it all means. I'll ask her about it, some time."

On Bob's complete recovery, these things changed. Will Orphen, instead of visiting the burgomaster's every night, rarely made his appearance there oftener than once a week. And on these occasions, Bob noticed, first, that Gertrude's cheeks never failed to redden up, nor her small blue eyes to sparkle at the first intelligence of the young beaver trapper's approach; secondly, that his father, the burgomaster, made it a point, whenever Will

Orphen came, to go out and spend the evening at some neighbor's, "as though," thought Bob, "he didn't care about having too much to say to the young man;" thirdly, that his father invariably sent him, Bob, to bed, "as if," thought the youth, "he didn't want me to have any thing to say to Will Orphen, either;" and, fourthly, that he always left Gertrude with the beaver trapper, when he must have known that either couldn't or wouldn't say any thing, when he was by, except "yes, sir," or "no, sir."

"Now," thought Bob, if father should leave me to keep him company, there would be some reason in it; and Will Orphen would like it a great deal better—I am sure he would!"

After indignant reflections like these, Bob yielded himself to slumber, and never failed next morning to ask his sister if Will Orphen went away pleased on the preceding evening, whether he ever intended to come again, whether she "talked up to him" as she ought, or whether she compelled him to do all the talking? That, for his part, he wouldn't stand it if he were in Will Orphen's place; he would go where people were not afraid to talk up and look up, too!

But what *most* astonished Bob was the *regularity* of Will Orphen's visits under these circumstances. How the beaver trapper, whom every body knew to be a fellow of *spirit*, could allow himself to be used in this way, was beyond Bob's comprehension. But why did he *continue* his visits, when he knew the kind of treatment in store for him? This was a problem Bob could not solve, except by imputing it to Will Orphen's uncommon good nature. But then how wrong in the burgomaster, who was scrupulously honorable in his conduct—and how culpable in Gertrude, who was proverbial for her amiability and smartness, to impose upon him!

But Bob's wonder and indignation were still further deepened one morning by the sudden appearance of his two aunts from Communipaw. They had not been in the house half an hour, ere they began to make every body in it sensible of their presence. They threw off their things, and went bustling about as though they had a great deal to do, and but very little time to do it in.—They ordered the burgomaster himself about, as if they had some mysterious right to do so; they ordered Gertrude around, and bade her do this and that, as though she was not her father's house-

keeper, and as though she were some drudge; and as for Bob, they set him to plucking chickens and chopping mince-meat, till, wearied with exhaustion, he dropped from off his stool upon the floor.

All that day and late into night the two aunts were working, flitting, and driving all around the house. Early the next morning they were up and at it again, with the same impetuous spirit as on the day before. By noon every thing was finished, and at three o'clock the aunts retired to "change their dresses," as they called it, while Gertrude, accompanied by Katrine Van Norden, her confidential friend, neighbor and companion, hurried to her room, which looked out upon the young orchard behind the house, for the same purpose. All this puzzled Bob, wonderfully. What was the meaning of it? What was the object of the heaps of things which the two aunts had prepared in such hot haste? What meant Gertrude's smiles and blushes all yesterday and to-day? What meant the burgomaster by that onecontinued smile and that mingled air of thoughtfulness and satisfaction which had pervaded his countenance for the last two days? And why did the two aunts, and Gertrude, go to change their dresses? What was to-day more than any other day? It wasn't Sunday—it wasn't a holiday—it was a plain working day. and with nothing extraordinary about it at all. Then what did it all mean? Nearly bursting with curiosity, he rushed into Gertrude's room, "determined to understand it."

"Git," he cried, "what is it all about? What is going on? What are our aunts here for? What are all the cakes and the pies and the sausages and the chickens and the roast pork for? What makes father so pleased, and why do you redden up so? Won't you tell me?"

"Hold your tongue, Robert, do, and don't bother me!" replied Gertrude, blushing deeper than ever.

"But I will bother you, Git, until you tell me!" cried Bob.

But Gertrude, who, standing before her dressing table, and assisted by her friend Katrine, was now involved in the mysteries of her toilet, paid no attention to him, and the excited youth, after repeating his interrogatory half-a-dozen times without eliciting any reply, was about giving up the matter in despair, when, glancing at his sister's hat, a happy thought struck him.

Watching his opportunity, while Katrine was helping Gertrude

on with her shawl, he slily caught up the hat, and throwing it on his head, stepped softly through the open door out into the orchard, and gave a shout which attracted the attention of Gertrude and her companion towards him in an instant.

On perceiving the position of her hat, Gertrude, uttering a faint cry, sprang out after the mischievous youth to take it from him. But Bob wheeled around, and darting through the orchard, ran on till he came to a young apple tree, the only one in the field as well as in the whole colony, up which he climbed with the agility of a squirrel, when, nestling himself between the branches, he looked laughingly down upon the agitated Gertrude, and answered her coaxing appeals for the half crumpled hat with defiance.

How long the scene might have lasted there is no telling, had not another actor, who had from his wagon, as it drew up to the house, witnessed the flight across the orchard, made his appearance and brought it to a speedy termination. It was our old friend, the beaver trapper, decked, not in his usual rough costume, but in his holiday attire. But even his appeal was of no effect until he promised to comply with the condition which the mischievous youth had previously, but without avail, offered to the now doubly blushing Gertrude. On obtaining his promise, Bob descended from the tree, and returned the stolen hat to its owner, who, on receiving it, gave him a hearty box on the ear, and then darted, laughingly, back to the house with all the fleetness of a fawn.

"Now, then, Will," said Bob, not heeding the blow, "what does it all mean?"

"It means, my boy," said the beaver trapper, "that your skiff adventure was the prelude to a wedding. For rescuing you from the waves, Gertrude was pleased to give me her heart, and we are going to the dominy's to be married."

"And you are to become my brother?" cried Bob, with an air of wild delight. "Hurrah! But, say, Will. When father used to leave you and sister alone, tell me—did she make you do all the talking? . Did she do any thing besides reddening up and dropping her eyes?"

- "Yes," replied the beaver trapper.
- " Did she talk up, right?" asked Bob.
- " Right!" replied Will, nearly bursting with laughter.
- "Then it's all right, after all !" shouted Bob. "Hurrah!"

### WASTED MOMENTS.

BY E. W. CASWELL.

Wasted moments! wasted moments! Golden sands,

From Life's hour-glass often dropping,
Thrown by reckless hands away,
How ye're scattered day by day;
On the way-side, lost for aye,
Search and labor all is vain,
None can gather ye again.

Precious moments! precious moments! Hurrying by,

Like foam-bead on the wave, like chaff.

All unheeded so ye flee,

Though no power can purchase ye,

Worth nor wealth of Indian sea,—

Valued not, till life just o'er,

We dying shrick, "one moment more!"

Precious moments! precious moments!

How ye go!

Bartered oft for sinful pleasures,
In whose fleeting smiles we find
Ceaseless anguish for the mind,
Sorrow only left behind,—
What shall be the depth of pain,
Wasted moments claimed again!

Wasted moments! wasted moments!
On your wings

How many a span of life has flown,
Which had bloomed with virtues fair,
Deeds of love and blessings rare,
Joys of industry and prayer;
Gained perchance the boon of Heaven,
Had we prized each moment given.

Life is made of passing moments— Heed we this?

And we have a work before us:
God is watching from the skies,
He who does, is he who tries.
Every moment heaven-ward flies.
Bearer of a thought and deed,—
Shall it tell of wasted seed?

Precious moments! precious moments!

With our might

Should we hasten to enrich them,—

For the hands that gain or save,

Soon the midnight of the grave

Buries like an ocean wave,

And there is no knowledge there,

No devise, no hope, no prayer!

Wasted moments! wasted moments!

Missed not now—

In the Judgment-morn ye'll greet us,
Gathered into months and years,—

Burthened with our causeless fears,—
Idle words and sinful tears,—
Heartless prayers and prayerless days,—
Bursting on our aching gaze.

Precious moments! precious moments!

Deathless soul!

Look upward far beyond the skies,

Life is there without its close—

Climes where no rude tempest blows—

Founts whence living water flows—

Crowns where dimless glories shine—

If thou wilt, these all are thine!

# THE POMEGRANATE.

SEE FLOWER PLATE.

The Pomegranate, in floral language, reminds us of the preciousness of time; and the accompanying plate was drawn from nature, for the Ladies' Wreath, by the author of "Wasted Moments." Its red, globular fruit is about the size of a large orange, and has a thick, smooth, brittle rind, and is divided into several cells, which contain oblong, hardy seeds, surrounded with a soft pulp. These seeds, which are of a bright red, shading into lustrous white, present a very beautiful appearance as they are exposed, compactly arranged in their little cells, and contain a delightful acid, with which a cool drink can be made scarcely inferior to lemonade. It is said that the seed of the Pomegranate was formerly used for dying scarlet.

### THE VILLAGE BELLE.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

Our village, kind reader, is one of the most picturesque and beautiful that ever you saw. It is situate on a stream whose waters spring from mountains a hundred miles distant, and bury themselves at last in the fathomless Atlantic. A great range of mountains stretches north and south, in the east, covered with greenest verdure; and chrystal springs leap forth on every hand to add coolness and beauty to them during the summer days .-Looking from the brow of one of these magnificent hills, our village seems to be a mere birds' nest among the trees and foliage. The white buildings, with their green blinds, have a neat and cool appearance, while the spire of the church pointing to the skies speaks favorably as to the moral and religious condition of the villagers. Every place has its own peculiar characters and characteristics, and our village is not an exception to the rule.-Our pastor is an ancient, white-haired man, and though in visage sometimes stern, you would think, yet his heart is as soft as a woman's. He loves the children of his little parish as a father loves his own family flock. The doctor is another important personage in our village; and next to him is Squire Warren with his only daughter. The Squire is wealthy, and the gentleman of the village—that is, the only man who does not work each day for his bread. His daughter Susan is a beautiful woman, about twenty-four years of age, and is and was, especially formerly, called the village belle. For the last four years her name has been sounded only with blessings throughout the village, for so numerous have been her acts of generosity, so pure and beautiful her life, that we all love her as we would a sister. My story is of and about her, and I will describe her. She has auburn hair, and eyes of a dark blue, so dark and flashing sometimes that you would call her a wit or perhaps a lover of almost wild pleasure. But her brow is fair and open, indicating gentleness and frankness. To tell the truth, she is made up of many opposite qualities, and yet so nobly good and christian-like is she in the majority of her conduct, that no one can help but love her. She is far from being the woman she once was. Now a sadness continually shades her face—there are tears in half her smiles. Her whole study seems to be how much good she can accomplish—how much suffering alleviate. If a friendless emigrant finds his way to our village, or a penniless beggar, her heart is at once full of sympathy, and her hand obeys her heart. She is always on the Sabbath (which dawns beautifully and peacefully in our valley,) with her little band of Sunday-school scholars, modestly teaching them the holy truths of the Bible. Wherever good is to be done in a modest way, there you will find her. And my story is about her.

A few years since, and for many miles around, Susan Warren was known as a village belle. She was indeed very fair and beautiful, and was known as the only child of doting parents .--Her eyes were fairer than the dew-drops or the blue-belle, and the white of the lily was inferior to her gentle brow. Far and near was spread the fame of her loveliness, and she had many suitors. It is not perhaps to be wondered at that at the age of eighteen she became giddy with the increase of flattery. was the fact, and she began to acquire a love for coquetry which sadly pained the hearts of some of her true friends. Many suitors laid their hearts down for her acceptance, but she really loved but one of them all. Charles Hanson was her early school-mate, and though born of poor parents, had by perseverance found his way at last through college, where he obtained high honors. had always loved Susan, and yet was so modest in spirit that until now he had never dared to speak of love. To be sure they had always been favorites at school, and still afterwards, but they were not engaged. The brave-hearted young man who had fought his way through the perils and pains of poverty, came home from college with high honors, and with the determination to ayow his love to Susan.

With a throbbing heart he walked one evening towards the pleasant house of Squire Warren. As he stood upon the threshold of the "front door," he heard the merry, ringing laugh of Susan, and when he entered the parlor, she arose to greet him. She was polite, but it seemed to him not affectionate. Another young man was present, of whose society she appeared very fond. He

felt chilled at her manner, and fast began to lose courage in his determination to avow his love to her. Feeling disappointed at his reception in a few minutes he arose to leave, when she rather earnestly requested him to stay. But he would not, and she followed him to the door, saying with her face crimson—

"Charles, you know I want you to stay!"

Her voice reassured him, and the next morning he called again and spent an hour delightfully in her company. She seemed once more to be the dear girl of his childhood, affectionate and beautiful, and deeply interested in all his successes and trials. The rose came quickly to her cheek, when from the past and present he dared make mention of the future, and he saw or thought he saw that her heart was safe in his keeping. One pleasant day, while they were riding close by the banks of the river which courses through the village, he avowed his love with all the warmth of a true and genuine man. She did not check him in his outburst of passionate love, but blushed like the richest rose, and when he begged her to answer if she loved him, answered "Yes!" And so tearfully yet joyfully that he clasped her to his heart. He asked her then, "Will you be mine?" but to that simple question she would give no answer. She loved him, but she also loved the power she had always had over the hearts of suitors, and did not wish to lose it, and so she replied:

"You know that I love you, and is not that enough for the present?"

She would not engage herself, and Charles left her, hardly knowing whether to rejoice or be sad. He saw her many times, and she always treated him as a lover, and he began to lose confidence in her. At last he was obliged to leave our village to enter the bustling world, that he might establish himself in a profession. The last evening he spent with Susan, and when he kissed her brow, and said, "Now, Susan, I must bid you farewell, and away for the seminary to fit myself for doing good!" her heart relented, and she half repented not engaging herself to him. But it was too late now—he did not ask her again to become engaged.

"I shall never forget you," she replied to one of his questions. "You know that I love you better than any one else."

<sup>&</sup>quot;And I shall return by and by," he said, "to claim you as my own."

She blushed, but replied nothing; she loved him, and did herself look forward to the time when Charles should be her husband, but she had been so flattered and caressed that she could not bear to bind herself to one man until she married him. At the foundation her heart was truth and love, but her life, full as it had been of flattery, had marred the beauty of her conduct.

When Charles left, she felt lonely and sad, and wept more than once in her pretty chamber by herself; but she was careful that no one should know it but herself. The day after he left, one of her numerous admirers visited her, and she seemed to him to be as happy and spirited as ever—no one could tell by the look of her face or by her conversation that she had just said farewell for probably a year to one she loved best. So she kept her train of suitors constantly about her.

Charles went far away to a town of importance, and commenced the study of his profession. He was to be a clergyman, and was studying theology; and very often when sad and lonely, he found pleasure in writing long letters to Susan. It did seem to him sometimes that her replies were hasty and cool—it did seem to him sometimes, when his soul was full of love for God, that Susan was too light and trifling ever to be the faithful wife of a pastor, and yet he could not forget the lovely disposition which she once possessed, nor the love for her which had grown for many years in his heart.

One summer evening, when our village was flooded with soft moonlight, so that its beauty was wonderful, Susan Warren was walking by the side of a young lawyer, who had then just opened an office in our village. He was fine looking and polite in his manners, and Susan was a little captivated with his ways. He saw how beautiful she was, and knew that she was heir to considerable property, and hoped to win her to become his wife.— Certainly her conduct was not such as to lead him to suppose her engaged. Not that she encouraged his love exactly, but she manifested great partiality for his society. This moonlight evening, Susan seemed to be more thoughtful than usual—perhaps the beautiful scene recalled to her memory the times when she had walked with Charles Hanson as now, or perhaps her conscience upbraided her for her faithlessness to him. The young man at her side too was thoughtful, and talked vaguely about friendship and love.

"How sad this world would be, Susan," he said, "without the love which is in it! It is worth all the pains of the world to feel the exquisite pleasure of love!"

"And yet," said she, "how often is love crushed into the dust

for the sake of gold or ambition!"

"I never could imagine," he replied, "how man could relinquish the woman he loved, really loved, for any thing in this world—nor how a woman could do the same thing."

"And yet it is often done," said Susan.

"To win a noble woman's heart, a true woman's heart, is a great thing," he said, and lowering the tone of his voice, he added with trembling, "Susan, I sometimes dare to hope that I have been so fortunate as to win yours-pray, tell me, if I am not too presuming-I know I scarcely believe that so great a happiness is in store for me!"

Now was the time when she ought to have told him that she was another's—but love of conquest led her to dally with the young lawyer, and she replied with a smile—

"Cannot we discuss the philosophy of love without descending

to personalities?"

He looked hurt, yet consented to pass by the subject nearest to his heart, and talk with her lightly and jestingly about love.

She knew very well when she returned home that night that she had acted wrong, and when her father put a letter in her hand, saying, "Here's a letter from Charles, Susie," she blushed scarlet, as if she had been wronging him. It half seemed as if her father spoke in a reproachful tone of voice, and when she opened the letter and read its words of pure and unchanging affection, her heart smote her, and she covered the letter with tears.

"I love thee better than ever, dear Charles!" she whispered, and she said the truth. And yet the very next day she was almost, if not quite, flirting with the young lawyer, and so she alternated between her love for Charles and her love of flattery and coquetry. She never forgot him-her letters were sometimes cold, it is true, but then again they were affectionate; and though he was sorely tried, yet he had faith in her and her truth. Stories sometimes found their way to him through the letters of other friends in our village, which said that Susan Warren was very intimate with the village lawyer, and many thought them to be engaged, but Charles would not credit them.

A year had now passed, and Charles concluded to make a visit home for a few days, and to enjoy a surprise, came home without writing to any of his friends that he was coming. He arrived in the village by coach about sundown, and went at once to his mother's humble but pleasant cottage. After seeing all his home-friends, about nine o'clock he started for Squire Warren's. As he approached the door, he saw by the noise and sounds of mirth that Susan was holding an evening party, and a large one for a country village. He felt disappointed, for he had hoped to have found her alone, and told her once more of his love and truth.

The evening was a warm one, and the doors were all thrown open, as well as the windows, and it was an easy matter for him to pass unobserved into the parlor. It was faintly lighted, and no one remarked him so as to distinguish him. The room was crowded; here were a couple talking low to each other, there a knot of two or three laughing and talking with spirit. His eye wandered anxiously over the room after Susan, but he could see her nowhere. It was very strange if she was not present! He retraced his steps to the hall, where he had noticed two or three parties—he saw her leaning out of the window into the moonlight, and the village lawyer was at her side. They were talking, and he could not help but listen.

"I love you, Susan," he said, and at those words Charles burned into a fever—could it possibly be that Susan was a flirt?

"I love you," he said, "and have told you often—you have encouraged me—pray make me happy to-night—say that you will be mine!"

"Why should you always talk about engagements and marriage?" she replied.

Charles heard no more—he grew suddenly as cold and stern as a statue. The sudden and terrible change in his heart from love to disgust seemed to have frozen him to the spot. He could scarcely believe his senses, and stood staring straight at her as if she had been an Amazon. Suddenly she saw him, and cried out with a half shriek,

"Charles! Charles! when did you come? Come and sit by me. How are you? You are not well, you are very, very ill—speak to me! What is the matter?"

She took his hand-she forgot the young lawyer-she kissed

it before all who were present, but he only gazed at her with that

same cold look, and moved towards the door.

"Stay—do stay!" she said, as she fairly sobbed upon his hand, but he left the house without a word. She saw him depart, and then fainted. The evening party was broken up, and she was carried in bitter anguish up to her chamber, and all night long her father and mother watched over her.

The very next morning, Charles left the village by the stagecoach, and was on his way back to the Theological University. He was heart-broken, but fully satisfied that Susan did not love him truly, and was not fitted to be a pastor's wife. He suffered keenly—it seemed as if it would kill him for a long time, but he was a Christian, and could look upon this world and all its griefs as of but little importance in comparison with the grandeur of eternity.

The story crept slowly, from house to house, through our village, and it became known that Susan was very ill. A fever seized upon her, and threatened for days to end her life—to lay her beautiful form away in the grave. Through a great many nights she raved about Charles; it was touching to hear her sometimes when she called upon him in piteous tones to come back, while great tears gushed from her eyelids. At last the fever left her—left her weak as a babe, but resigned. A great change came over her—she was sad always, but awoke to a new enjoyment of God and all His promises. When at last she recovered from her illness, she was no more a flirt. She was melancholy at times, but never was morose. She was kind to every one, but no longer encouraged any of her suitors, and they soon retreated from her presence.

The first Sabbath on which she was well enough to attend church was a soft and lovely day, and as she sat in Squire Warren's pew and gazed earnestly up into our good old pastor's face, the sadness upon her countenance was so tempered with a joyous resignation that it was very beautiful to see.

As she came out from church, she met the mother of Charles. A crimson flush passed over her face at first, but she took her hand as if craving pardon, and those who saw her say that tears dropped down out of her eyes: certain it is that Charles' mother received her affectionately.

Many days, even years have passed since then, and Charles never has come back. A wealthy gentleman, who became much interested in him, and who was going to make a journey to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, offered to bear his expenses if he would accompany him, and Charles gladly accepted the kind offer. As soon as he returns—and it is now quite time—he will enter the ministry.

Through all the months which have passed since Susan's illness, she has pursued a beautiful and pure life. The shade of sorrow never leaves her face—she often smiles peacefully, but there is a sadness ever upon her brow. Her father and mother often sigh when they look at her, and the kind old pastor loves her as well as he would his own daughter, and thinks that not a purer-hearted Christian exists. The whole village loves her, and blesses her name. The young lawyer long ago ceased to visit her as a suitor, and is about to be married to the daughter of one of our merchants. Yet he speaks of her as a precious gem, reserved for some happier person than himself. No where does charity look so exquisitely beautiful as in a woman, and Susan is all love and kindness. Without benevolence, a woman is worthless-is worse than nothing. It adds beauty and grace to her countenance and figure, and without it she only excites our contempt. For awhile, mere brilliancy, beauty, and wit, may captivate the heart of man, but a woman cannot enchain a noble man long with such qualities. Her beauty becomes stale; her wit is cold and frosty, and if there is not a woman's warm heart beating beneath her breast, he cannot love her long. If women only knew how incomparably more beautiful they are when ministering to the wants of the suffering-when bending over the sick couch, and whispering words of comfort in the ears of the afflicted, or in lending heart and hand to philanthropic reforms, than when tripping the "light, fantastic toe" through fashion's halls, or obeying all the senseless mandates of a heartless etiquette, they would no longer fritter away the valuable time which God has given to them in foolish amusements and avocations. Never does a woman look so lovely as when she shows that she has a kind and affectionate heart.

Never looks Susan Warren so beautiful as when engaged in some work of benevolence: never so lovely as when teaching her

class of little scholars in our church. Then her forehead, always so pure and white, seems like a saint's. Love sits enthroned upon it. Her eyes are then blue as the Sabbath sky, and her voice low and soft as the melody of birds. Dressed in a gown of lily purity and whiteness, and with her snowy fingers clasping her small gilt-edged Bible, she is a rare picture of innocence and love. The tinge of sadness upon her face only lends a charm to her beauty, and though she is now past the age of a girl, yet she is young in feature and action.

There are those who hope that she will again meet Charles and be happy, but whether *she* indulges in any such hope I cannot tell—only that we all wish her every and all joy and happiness through life.

Six months, kind reader, have passed away, and, strange to say, they have been months never to be forgotten in our village. Six months ago, and our kind old pastor left us for two weeks to attend the religious anniversaries held in the great city of ——. There he met Charles Hanson, just returned from his long tour abroad. Charles was glad to see his old pastor, and with a trembling voice enquired about his father and mother and other friends. He essayed once or twice ineffectually to ask about Susan—at last he asked:

" Is Susan married?"

"No," replied the clergyman, "nor do I think she ever will."

"What can you mean?" asked Charles; "it must be that she is engaged!"

"She never loved any one but you," replied the pastor sadly.

"But what did I see? What did I hear?"

"She was at one time," continued the pastor, "too fond of attention and flattery, but never loved but you. When you left she fainted, and fell into a dangerous fever. All night long she raved about you, and when at last she got well, she became a sorrowful girl. She has lived ever since the life of a beautiful and sincere Christian. If you could look at her, Charles, now, you would love her as you once did!"

He was in tears and agitated.

"She would not receive me now," he said. "I left her so rashly, so wrongly, she never will love me again."

"Do you love her still?" asked the old pastor.

"I have never loved any but her. I have tried to forget her, but cannot," he replied.

A few days later, and Charles Hanson one pleasant evening walked up the lawn in front of Squire Warren's house. Again, as when he last walked there, the moonlight was soft and beautiful. His heart beat fast as the memories of other days stole over him. Early spring flowers were just opening to the breeze, and he could see them in the moonlight; the house too was flooded with it, and looked like a fairy place. He walked slowly up to the door—it was open, and he walked into the hall. Then a being, beautiful and fair, Susan, threw herself sobbing upon his breast.

"Oh, Charles, forgive me, Charles!" was all she could say, and then she wept the most exquisite tears that ever she had wept. The pastor had come and told her all, how Charles yet loved her, and she was ready to meet him.

"You must forgive me," said he, "for acting so rashly. I do not deserve at last such fortune!"

I cannot describe their happiness—I cannot portray the perfect joy which filled Susan's heart.

The news flew rapidly the next morning over the village, and not one of us all but wept over the result with joy. Old Squire Warren looked ten years younger than before, and Susan's mother rejoiced too in the happiness of her child. The next Sabbath, at church, Susan was all smiles and blushes. She did not think it wrong in God's house to rejoice over his goodness. You could see by her face that her heart was happy as a bird's.

Just one week ago to-day, Charles and Susan were married, and a happier wedding never was made. The old pastor was full of joy to think that he had reconciled the two hearts which had gone astray from each other. Susan was dressed in simple white muslin, and wore a white rose-bud in her hair. Never did she look so exquisitely beautiful and fair. Charles was pale and trembling because his cup of happiness was running over!

"I, who have the best right to her," said Susan's father, "must lose her now—rude is the world!" and tears dropped down his cheeks, which Susan kissed away, whispering in his ear:

"You shall not lose me, dear father—and you have won him!" pointing to Charles.

"You are right, Susic, you are right," he replied, "and yet you must let me weep!" It was for joy as well as grief.







Annual Larateva.



# THE COTTAGER'S SAEBATE.

Mords Belected.

Music dy Asabel Abbot.



### THE COTTAGER'S SABBATH.



### THE COTTAGER'S SABBATH.



Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain,
There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,
And tarry you here till I seek you again.

4

3

To-day, on that mount would we seek for thy blessing,O spirit of holiness, meet with us there;Our hearts will then feel, while thine influence possessing.The sweetness of praise and the fervor of prayer.

## BUNYAN'S COTTAGE AT ELSTOW.

SEE ENGRAVING.

EVERY thing connected with the "Prince of Dreamers" is interesting-every thing, from the humble cottage where he lived, and the forge in which he labored, to the prison where the beautiful and inimitable allegory, the "Pilgrim's Progress," was conceived and written. Indeed, to our mind, some of the minutest circumstances in the early history of one to whom the judgment of posterity has awarded the highest honors, possess the greatest interest. Among these, the scenes of his childhood cannot fail to attract attention. Here is the cot in which he was born, and where he lived till after his marriage; here, too, the forge where he pursued the trade of his father—that of a brazier, or tinker.— Elstow will ever be famous as the birth-place of this remarkable man, and will continue to have an abiding interest for all admirers of the great moral monument which he has bequeathed to mankind, long after the humble tenement-which is now standing, and the resort of thousands-shall have crumbled into dust.

## THE ANNUAL LAVATERA.

SEE PLOWER PLATE.

LAVATERA is a genus of plants of the herbaceous, shrubby, perennial kinds. This species has an annual fibrous root, full of thick fibres, a foot in length, with innumerable other capillary fibres; the stem is round, rugged, five or six feet high, and very much branched; the leaves are on long petioles, very soft, tomentose, toothed, seven-angled, the angles of the upper one sharper; the stipules are lanceolate, cilate, bowing at the bottom, and then erect; the flowers are axillary, about four together, and placed on upright peduncles; the stigmas are ten in number; the fruit is smooth, within the calyx; the capsules are ten, round a column terminated by a hemisphere with a very small point at the top, disappearing when the fruit is ripe, and leaving a hole in the middle of the capsules, which then turn black. It is a native of the island of Candia, or Crete, and flowers in July. It sometimes possesses red, white, or purple flowers.

### THE PLEASURES OF A SICK ROOM.

#### BY HELEN IRVING.

"Pleasures of illness!" I hear from the lips of some reader, whose sparkling eye and glowing cheek never dimmed or paled before disease—"As though sickness were aught but an affliction—to be endured patiently it may be, but sorrowfully at best." Nevertheless, I know that hours of illness are brightened by sungleams, whose memory will lighten up and warm the heart, long after the remembrance of the olden pain and gloom has passed away.

When the rich tide of health is rushing through the veins, and the measure of the hours is filled up with life and joyousness, it may be a dreary vision—the thought of being shut out for long weeks from the bright world—of meeting days of weariness and pain—but believe me, the reality is not all shadow. The heart will make to itself a new world, and the four walls of a sick room often encompass a little Eden, which no strife from the wilderness without ever comes in to disturb. Life wears at all times the hues of the soul, and often the gift to a weak and suffering body, is a spirit which through all its changes reflects only beauty.

When the shock that has prostrated is past, and we begin once more to realize existence, the first joy stealing in, is the blissful consciousness of the atmosphere of affection that encircles us.—We know that our closed lids will surely open upon loving faces, and sweet caressing eyes; that the air is hushed for our sensitive ear, that voices grow more low and musical when they breathe our name, that ready hands will offer the cooling draught before we ask, and light touches soothe the aching brow before we shall complain. We hear the tread of little feet grow lighter, passing by our chamber-door, and all the stir of household life subdued for us. In the weariness and languor of illness, this sense of hovering love becomes a joy, inexpressibly sweet.

And affection comes to us from without—friends whose love we had never measured, bend over us kind, sympathizing faces,

share in the watch beside us, and cheer our waking hours, and with a strange sweet pleasure we learn how many care for us—to how many we are dear. Then, bringing a new delight, come letters from those afar—breathing love and tender interest, and telling us of the world outside, to which we had grown half indifferent. They write briefly, for we are ill and cannot bear much, but the lines seem fuller and sweeter than of old, and the familiar hand more beautiful.

And fairer and more fragrant than ever greeted us in the finest garden, or the rarest conservatory, are the flowers brought to gladden our shadowed room. We press them to our lips and inhale their perfume with a sense of delight such as no blossoms ever yet bestowed. It is a joy to have them in our sight—to watch, in our indolent leisure, their slow unfolding, their delicate bloom—to feel that Nature is not shut out with the glare of her sunlight—that in some of her fairest forms, she comes to us, though we cannot go to her.

And a pleasure which one who has been ill in the summer will not soon forget, is the watching, after long, wakeful hours, of the slow, sweet coming in of dawn. Out of the room shadowed by the dim night-lamp, we look through the window whose curtains have been lifted at our desire, and see the mockingly bright stars begin to pale—the grey light spread over the sky. There is a hush without, more deep than we ever felt before, and like the first faint flushes of returning health, steal up the dusky East the carliest merning hues. Softly and slowly and dreamily they brighten, till all the light clouds blush and glow with crimson and gold—there is an expectant rustle in the full-foliaged trees while in her fresh and dewy beauty the world seems waiting for the coming of the sun. I have been lifted to the window on such a morning, and with my head pillowed on the arm of a dear watcher, while the delicious air of dawn breathed over me, have gazed with a rapture as if I beheld a new creation, and have lain down again, when the fast-coming brilliance must be shut out, folding in my heart a dream of beauty that seemed more dear than the sad glory of all the sunsets I had ever seen.

Among the choicest pleasures of an invalid are the delicious reveries that sometimes float through the brain, in the listless calm which ensues, when suffering has passed away. Hour after

hour we lie with closed eyes, encompassed with sweet thoughts and dream-like fantasies—things wild and strange seem to us probable and real, and we let our spirit go drifting down the future, with a sense of security and indolent enjoyment, as though we had eaten of the lotos, and won its dower of "dreamful ease."

But though so little from without comes to the sick room, life does not grow monotonous as one might fear, for each day brings countless things to amuse and interest-trifles that in health would be lost amid the weightier joys and occupations of active life. It is an amusement to watch the very arranging of our room, and should our hearth be brightened by an open fire-a fire of wood-a source of endless variety of thought and cheer is vouchsafed to us. There are few things so simple, of such infinite resources as a fire on the hearth. Then the gifts to an invalid possess a peculiar charm. What a delight to look on at the unfolding of some package which contains a luxury for us! It may be books, or flowers, or fruit—an exquisite engraving, a gracefui statuette, or far-off delicacies to tempt our dainty taste-but whatever it is, love comes with it, and a world of interest. All things have a heightened value—the brief tale or the sweet poem read to us in some beloved voice, is as full of meaning and as rich in expression as the pleasure of listening is new and rare. The daily visit of our cheerful, kind, may hap elegant and accomplished physician, is an event of greater satisfaction than a dozen, gay morning calls at another season.

Finally, a joy only to be appreciated by experience, is the calm, sweet pulsing of the slow returning tide of health—the coolness of the lately fevered veins—the dewiness of the once parched lips—the dear prophecy of coming vigor, in the quiet throbbing of the heart. We take up our life as a new gift, and when it wears once more the crown of health, we much forget the pain and sorrow through which it was lost and won, and remember only the warm light that struggled with and finally overcame the shadow. The pleasures of a sick room may vary with each invalid, as his surroundings chance to differ, but be assured something of brightness will come to all.

# TRIBUTE TO MISS L. E. LANDON.

## SUGGESTED BY READING A VOLUME OF HER POEMS.

BY MRS. E. C. TERRY.

THE world was all too cold for her,
Partook too much of clay;
And so she spread her angel wings,
And soar'd to heav'n away.

She lov'd the soft blue skies which glow'd
Above her own fair isle;
She lov'd its streams and waving woods.
Its children's happy smile.

And was there not one spot for her, In all her cherish'd land— But she must lay her sinking form In Afric's burning sand,—

Beneath the soldier's measured tread.

Beneath the clanging sound
Of war's accountiments, and where
Hyenas prowl around?

Away from kindred, far away From native hill and dell; Far from her childhood's happy seenes, And home she lov'd so well!

And yet what boots it, that her manes
To foreign lands belong!
That sun-scorch'd grave lacks power to quench
The memory of her song.

It floats like incense from the urn,
And like sweet music pours
Its never dying melody
Along her native shores.

Across the wave—in distant climes, On man's remotest track Her words have oft been read—her soul To earth seems wand'ring back.

DAUGHTER OF SONG! when thy last look Upon this earth was bending— When thy last pulse was throbbing slow, And thy last strain was ending—

Was there no sister spirit there,
On whom thy thoughts were bent?
On whom thy mantle might descend.
To whom thy gifts be lent?

Ah. no! You stood alone—like some Bright heauteons star of even: Alone in life—alone in death, But, not alone in heaver.

### THE INVALID'S MISSION.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

"LAY the book aside, Ellen, I cannot hear any more to-day, for it makes me feel too unhappy."

The speaker was a fair young girl, an invalid, who was languidly reclining in an easy chair, and listening to the voice of her attendant, reading aloud from a book, dear to many a heart, the Memoirs of that heroic and devoted woman, Mrs. Harriet E. Newell, whose distant grave will, for many a year, be a holy shrine to Christian hearts. About her, were strewed the various appurtenances of a sick room, and the young invalid, beautiful though wasted, wore upon her cheek the too brilliant flush that betokens the presence of the fell destroyer, Consumption. Every comfort that affection could supply, filled her beautiful apartment, and a lovely landscape lay before the open windows, while the sunset rays of summer shone brightly and warmly in, and the breeze bore up from the garden below a soft and misty perfume, but there was a shade of sadness on her countenance which the bright sky and cheerful sunshine could not dispel.

"What was that word I heard just now?" enquired a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, emerging from a recess of the apartment, where he had been seated, unobserved, taking the young girl's hands in his own, and looking fondly and anxiously into her face. "Unhappy! my child? That is a strange word to fall from the lips of my usually lively Maggie. And this book has made you unhappy, has it?" he asked, taking up the book, which Ellen had laid aside.

"You here, papa? I did not know that you heard me," said Margaret, coloring deeply, and hesitating as she replied. "It is not the book exactly, dear papa—not the story itself so much, as the reflections it awakened."

"I am not quite sure that I understand about your reflections," said her father. "You don't think of becoming a little missionary, do you?" he asked playfully. "Do you think I am going to spare you yet, darling?"

He spoke with a smile upon his lips, but it vanished instantly, as if some mournful thought had just crossed his mind, as he looked earnestly into her face, while a deeper shadow crossed Margaret's beautiful countenance, and, for a moment, she seemed struggling to speak with composure.

"Dear father!" she at last began, putting her hands in his once more, and bending her head to kiss his, that he might not see the tears which filled her eyes—"have you ever thought that there will come a time, perhaps soon, when you must spare menever to come—"

"Maggie, don't, don't talk in that way, if you love me," suddenly interrupted her father. "I know what you are going to say, and I cannot hear it," and dropping her hands hastily, he started up, and commenced pacing the apartment with agitated steps. Margaret sat silently for a moment, watching with tearful eye the trembling form of the strong man, who beneath this suddenly awakened emotion, seemed almost unnerved, and then rising from her chair, she approached her father, and putting her arm caressingly about him, she gently led him to the sofa, and seated herself beside him.

"Forgive me, dear papa," she said in a low voice, "I did not mean to distress you thus, but I feared you were not aware how perfectly I understood my own situation, while you, in the tenderness of your solicitude, were afraid to agitate me by alluding to it. I have long desired, yet dreaded, to tell you how I feel about it, and perhaps another time I could not speak as calmly respecting it as now."

Mr. Ellerton made no reply, but he drew Margaret more closely to him, so closely that she could almost hear the hurried beating of his heart.

"In the first place, father dear," said Margaret, with something of the embarrassment she had at first evinced—"I must tell you why that book made me unhappy—because I heard, there portrayed, the history of a noble life that had been devoted to the accomplishment of lofty deeds—a life, that had been marked to its close by sacrifice and self-denial; and then I looked back upon the eighteen years of my own life, devoted entirely to the gratification of self, and I could not recall a single good thing I had done. I thought of all your kindness to me—how every wish

had been gratified, and every indulgence showered upon me, and what a poor return I had made—how selfish, and unthankful, and unreasonable I had been, when you might have expected so much of gratitude from the only one left to you. Now I know what you are going to say," she continued, in a more lively tone, and interrupting her father as he was about to speak—" You know you would never acknowledge that I had any faults. But let me go on. Then I thought of my friends, of all those whom I have known from childhood, or have mingled with in society, and I cannot convince myself that my influence over them has been productive of any good. Even during the few months that I have been ill, when I have made to myself so many promises of amendment, I have been unkind and unreasonable to those around me, to you dear father, and to poor Ellen here, who has tended me so faithfully."

"Don't say that, Miss Margaret," said the young woman, much affected, and pausing in her employment of arranging the invalid's easy chair and pillows—"Nobody ever had a kinder mistress than you have been, and while I live I never wish to leave you."

"I shall leave you first, Ellen," said Margaret, with a sorrowful smile, as Ellen resumed her duties with a quivering lip.-"Oh, papa! that is it," continued Margaret, bursting into tears, and speaking yet more earnestly, "I feel that I must soon leave you, and all that are dear to me, when I have no record of a life well spent, to comfort you, or to give me assurance for the future. I too, though in a different sphere from Mrs. Newell, have had a mission to accomplish; but how has it been performed? Not even begun, when I feel that my days are numbered. I know. dear father, that you have thought, with many others, that to live a moral life is all that is required of us, and for a long time I quieted myself with this thought; but I have begun to see · lately, that much, much more is required—a change of heart, a devotion of life, with all its energies, to the service of God-and now, with my time fast speeding away, I am beginning to wake up to my situation. It is as if a voice were continually saying 'What thou doest, do quickly,' but what can I do now? I cannot visit the sick or poor, or pay visits of charity, or attend church or even perform those little acts of kindness for you which I have so often neglected. But I most earnestly wish to do right .--

Dearest papa, can you not tell me what I must do, or study with me this long neglected Bible of mine, that you may help me find something which will give me some light on my path?" and the young girl looked tearfully and eagerly into her father's face.—
The workings of his fine countenance showed him to be painfully agitated, and for a moment or two he did not reply.

"My child, my darling Maggie," he said at last, "I will read

"My child, my darling Maggie," he said at last, "I will read with and for you any thing you desire, but do not, if you love me, talk in this way about leaving me. I have lost one after another, those most dear to me, save yourself; and now the thought of losing you, my last and only one, is too agonizing to be borne," and hastily relinquishing his clasp, he left the apartment.

Arthur Ellerton was a merchant of much wealth, and the life of his daughter Margaret, the only one left him of a tenderly beloved family which had fallen beneath the touch of that insidious spoiler, whose victim she was destined to be, had been spent amid all that could gratify the taste and fancy. Every thing desirable in life, save "the one thing needful," had been her portion; and as the father gazed upon his beautiful daughter, the star of the brilliant circle in which she moved, and marked how all hearts turned to her, and the lips of all smiled welcome at her approach -as he heard her sweet voice in the song, or watched her light form in the dance, his heart beat proudly within him, for he loved her with that intense tenderness which those only can apprehend who fear that their idol may suddenly be torn from them. resolutely did he drive from him the presentiment, which would sometimes intrude itself, that this rare loveliness was but the precursor of the fatal spoiler. For some years his apprehensions did indeed seem to be groundless, and his busy fancy painted the bright future of a life endeared to him by her presence. He saw in imagination her name linked with one that the world called distinguished and honorable, and then through the lapse of years, he saw new bright faces beautifying his home, and taking the place of the lost ones, and heard youthful voices pronouncing his name, and blessing it; and Hope and Fancy, unmindful of the past, filled up the glowing picture with brilliant colors. But the cloud came at last! A slight cough, scarcely noticed by those around her, but whose first echo awakened in his bosom the most agonizing apprehensions, first made its appearance; then the too

brilliant eye, the hectic fever, the cold night-sweat, all unyielding beneath the best medical skill, dashed one hope after another from his grasp. How dark and dreary then seemed life, for he had no hope beyond. Though not an infidel, he had regarded sacred things with indifference; and now when friends spoke of resignation to the will of God, he felt that he had no part or lot in the matter. Hoping that Margaret herself was unconscious of the danger of her situation, he sedulously avoided alarming her fears, by alluding to it, and all that he fancied could enliven or interest her, was strewn about her in profusion. But Margaret was not so unsuspicious of danger as those about her imagined. For months she had been gradually awakening to the conviction that her days were numbered. She knew full well the insidious nature of the disease beneath whose hand so many of her family had fallen, and now in this trying hour came the conviction that she was unprepared for death. Then it was, that with yearnings for something higher and holier than earth can bring, she turned from the gay round of pleasures in which she had sought to find happiness, feeling in bitterness of spirit that all was vanity. She saw the record of a life, but idly spent at best, lying dark behind her—a life which gave no promise for the future, and eagerly and almost despairingly she turned to that sacred volume whose pages she had but hastily and carelessly scanned in past days. Then she saw what momentous obligations rested upon her, and with regretful yearnings for the past, and deep aspirations to doaright the little that remained for her to accomplish, it became her constant companion. She became intensely interested also in works which portrayed the efforts, or promoted the advancement of her own sex; and now, hour after hour, when solitude was permitted them, she would pore over their pages, or her faithful attendant Ellen, but a few years older than herself, would read aloud to her-and it was at one of these times, when engaged in perusing a work of this description, unconscious of the presence of her father, that the conversation, above narrated, took place. Slowly and by degrees the Word of Life was unfolded to Margaret's heart, and the enquiry, "What wilt thou have me to do?" awoke all the energies of a life whose days were quickly passing away.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Fair flowers for a fair lady," playfully exclaimed Hubert Townsend, a cousin of Margaret's, and a fine young man of twenty-three or four, entering her apartment one morning, and placing a beautiful boquet in her hand, as she sat in her easy chair by the window.

"Oh, how beautiful! thank you a thousand times!" said Margaret, with a bright smile and an exclamation of delight, as she pressed the beautiful exotics to her lips, and then selecting the timest and most delicate, she carefully placed it in the volume she had been reading.

"Always reading now-a-days, cousin Maggie," said Hubert, seating himself near his cousin, after the customary enquiries and compliments had passed. "Pray, what can you find interesting? I do assure you, I have been trying three hours this morning to find a book of which I could read two pages without yawning, and was at last obliged to give up in despair. If you have any thing worth reading, I would like to see it."

Margaret handed him the book she had been reading—that exquisitely beautiful allegory by an English author, the "Dark River." Young Townsend took the book, with some curiosity, but returned it a moment afterward with a look of disappointment.

"'The Dark River'—that means death, I suppose," he said.—
"Dear Maggie, what a gloomy book to read, when you are ill!
Let me give you something more cheerful."

"It is not gloomy to me," said Margaret, "and were you to read it, I am sure you would admire it exceedingly, for I consider it one of the finest specimens of your favorite prose-poetry."

"But such a gloomy subject," said the young man. "Your tastes have strangely altered, I think, for a year ago you would not have looked at a book with such a title."

"My tastes have strangely altered, dear cousin, I hope for the better, within a few months," said Margaret, gravely:

"And yet you seem very cheerful, shut up in your sick room, away from the brilliant scenes in which you used to be the gayest of the gay," said Hubert. "I don't understand it, or is it because I feel so restless and dissatisfied myself? I don't believe you suffer as much from emmi, in a month, as I do in a day."

"Every body seems to think you ought to be happy, Hubert," said Margaret. "As far as this world is concerned, your sources of enjoyment are almost unlimited."

"Why-ves," said Hubert, in a desponding tone of voice. "I ought to be happy, I suppose. I dare say any one else, in my circumstances, would enjoy life a great deal better than I-but whether it is owing to my peculiar temperament, or some other cause, I never could find much pleasure in what every body else seems to enjoy so much. In college, though I applied myself diligently to my books, from my natural fondness for literary pursuits, and enjoyed it much and intensely, still I was unsatisfied. When I left college, I went abroad, you know. I suppose I have tested almost every thing, which tourists are always applauding to the skies. I have sailed by moonlight through the watery streets of Venice, roamed beside the Coliseum, and St. Peters. visited the galleries of art at fair Florence, sailed down the Rhine, and explored the most romantic portions of Switzerland, sought out in England scenes and spots famous in story, and yet, while my love of the beautiful and antique and sublime has been gratified to the full, I am not satisfied. I think I must be of a very discontented disposition, sometimes, when I am expected to be most contented."

"Did it never occur to you, to look within for the secret of your unhappiness?" asked Margaret.

"Why, yes," said her cousin, hesitatingly—"I suppose the want of occupation is one of the causes of my restlessness. I have been thinking, for some time, about choosing a profession. If I only had some absorbing employment, in which time, talent, and attention should all be engrossed, I think I should be happier."

"That would depend upon the nature of your all-absorbing employment," replied Margaret. "You would never stoop to the accumulation of wealth, as the only one great business of life, and the acquirement of fame, though greatly to be desired as it seems, would not satisfy you, as the experience of its most favored votaries convinces you. You have tasted at the founts of earthly wisdom, and are not satisfied, and the gay round of pleasures in which you have indulged, seem to be nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. Now shall I tell you the secret of your unhappiness—a lesson taught by my own experience, which though

differing in some respects from yours, is not unlike it in all, for I too have tasted much of what the world calls pleasure. It is because you have an immortal nature, Hubert, thirsting and panting after something nobler and purer than earth can afford, whose yearnings you are vainly endeavoring to satisfy with every thing perishable."

"You are right, Margaret," said Hubert, frankly, after a moment's pause. "I am dissatisfied with the aimless existence I am leading. It is this which makes me feel unhappy, though I don't know that I ever admitted it in so many words before, even to myself."

"Then why not pause where you are?" asked Margaret. "Oh, Hubert, you have talents of no common order, wealth in abunddance at your disposal, youth, health, and all that is desirable. Consecrate these to His service, whose right they are—learn to 'act, act' in the living Present—'Heart within, and God o'erhead,' and then you will be happy. For myself, I seem to have commenced living just when the time for labor and effort is almost over. Would I could live my life over, with the knowledge I gained in my sick room. But we cannot recall the past. For you, Hubert, dear cousin, will you not remember that you have a mission to perform, a glorious one, if you will but make it so?"

Hubert said but little, and the conversation turned to other topics; but a shade of thoughtfulness rested on the young man's fine countenance during his stay, and when he bade Margaret adieu, there was a subdued gentleness in his tone, and a mere serious expression in his glance than usual. He had heard similar admonition from other lips, but the fact that Margaret had never before thus addressed him—that she, who a few months before had been the brightest star of the ball room, should manifest this interest in his eternal welfare, made a deeper impression than the same words, from other lips, could have done; and, besides, she had been an object of peculiar affection from childhood. Certain it is, that they made a more powerful impression than Margaret had dared to hope or expect.

We would like to linger in the sick room of the invalid. We would like to show you how, as the outer life grew shorter, dimmer and feebler, the inner spiritual life, in which she now seemed

to exist, grew purer, brighter, and lovelier. We would picture the father, spending hours of the day and night reading aloud to her the sacred volume, and listening to her comments upon it, and portray how the holy page, from being a sealed book, became a source of light and joy and comfort, teaching him to bear bereavement with resignation, and illuminating the dark path to the tomb-or show you the faithful Ellen, ministering to the wants of her young mistress, or dispensing those charities which Margaret was now anxious to distribute. We would tell how Hubert became, too, a frequent visitor in the sick room, listening to the words of admonition or encouragement addressed to him or others who visited her, while her eye seemed to wear new lustre, and the brilliant hue of her cheek to grow brighter and clearer. It would seem that the renewed spirit was even then fluttering to depart, but unwilling to leave its earthly mission, yet lingered in its clay tenement. We would, we say, like to linger on this holy ground, for we cannot but feel with the poet, that

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate, Is privileged beyond the common walks of life, Quite on the verge of Heaven."

But we must hasten. Those who gathered about the invalid in her dying hour, could not doubt that her mission was accomplished—that the smile which rested on her pale countenance was a reflection from the glories of the upper world, or that the holy calm which filled their hearts and the chamber of death was the presence of her last benediction, which was Peace

We cannot follow the upward flight of the departed, and we may not linger long with those that remained, yet we would show you the father once more. The house is very lonely now, for Margaret is gone, and with her the winning tone, the gladsome smile, the light footstep, the voice of song—all, all are gone. Gone, did we say? No, her spiritual presence lingers there still—the thought of her last days, her peaceful death, the gentle memories lingering about her,—and when he returns from mingling among his fellow men, from the scene of noble efforts in the cause of suffering humanity, from his deeds of charity to the poor and afflicted, he opens the Bible which Margaret had taught him to love, and reads the language of the glowing inspiration which

portrays the happiness of the blessed, and the rich reward of those that continue faithful to the end—and looking up to the serene sky, he trusts that by and by he shall meet *her* in the "boundless regions of all perfection."

A noble ship is speeding, with fluttering sails, before the favoring wind. It is night, and the pure, beautiful stars are looking calmly down on land and sea. On the deck of the vessel, and gazing up to their brightness, stands Hubert Townsend, the newly appointed missionary. He has given a long farewell to home, kindred, and all that are near and dear to him, and to a college friend of old times he has written thus:—

"You wonder that I, of all your old friends—I, whom you remember as the reckless, thoughtless votary of pleasure, should have chosen the missionary's life of toil and privation. To the sweet influence of one who is now a dweller in the home of the blessed, and who, I doubt not, looks down with approval on my choice, I am indebted, under heaven, to the impetus given to my resolutions and aspirations for the future. I go to labor in a far distant land, in His service, who I trust has not called me in vain, and I doubt not His grace will go with me."

In a far distant island of the sea, he is laboring for those that sit in darkness, and toiling for the rich reward reserved for him at the end.

Once more, and we have done. In a simple cottage home, evidently, the abode of neatness and contentment, sits Ellen, the happy wife and mother. On her lap lies a smiling infant, and a fine athletic looking young man, its father, has laid aside his employment, and is looking with affection at mother and child.

"Shall we ever find a name for the darling?" asks Ellen, looking up with a glad smile as the father lifts the child, and tosses it gleefully in his arms. "It won't do to call her baby always, William."

"Shall we not call her Ellen? the sweetest of all names," suggested the father.

"Not Ellen, if you please, William, but Margaret—if we might call her by the name of one who is now an angel in heaven. To her I owe much of the joy of this life and my hopes for the future, and I cannot but think a blessing will rest upon her with the

name. It is sweet to think that she may, perhaps, watch over the child."

Short was the mission of Margaret Ellerton, feeble and inefficient as she deemed herself, and counting herself among those who must "stand and wait"—but who may estimate its results? Commenced within the narrow limits of a sick room, widening and spreading through coming years, till many who never knew aught of her name, or deeds on earth, shall rise up, at the last day, and call her blessed.

#### THE WIND.

BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.

Mysterious element! breath of Nature, Voice of God. How varied art thou in thy Thousand tones, though viewless on thy mighty wings; For whence thou comest, or whither goest, None but the Eternal one himself can know. Thou hast a wild, strange melody to me, A music which doth cast a holy spell Upon my heart, and stirrest up the deepest Fountains of the soul, which oft in lonely hour Beguiles me into dreamy thought, and o'er My soul a shade of sadness throws. Thy low Soft strains oft fall with soothing power Upon the pensive heart, and seem to echo Back the sigh of grief, or fond regret With sympathizing tone. How sweet at dewy Morn to list thy cheerful voice, and sweet It is, at twilight's stilly hour, to list Thy lullaby, as Hesperus lights his Evening lamp within yon bright and azure arch. And Luna pours her silvery flood on Waving leaf and bough. I love to hear thee gently mild, when Spring Unlocks her treasured store of fairest hues, And nature through her universal being Feels thy cheering power. 'Tis sweet to hear Thy music in the Summer's gentle gale, As sighing round some rural bower, Thou bearest on thy wings the choice perfumes

Of thousand flowers, and gently lifts The rose which soft reposes on its parent stem, Blooming in beauty by the brooklet's side, Like youthful maiden, in her dream of love. Sad thou art, oh Wind! when heard in Autumn's Fading hour, as heavily onward thou Dost sweep, through tree, and shrub, changing as with Magic power, their green attire into bright Resplendent hues, which tells of Earth's decay, Hushing into silence the softer music Of the tuneful natives of the grove, Gentle minstrels, awed by thy nobler strains, And hurrying onward with impetuous dash The stormy current of resounding waves, Which in summer oft had gently rippled To thy soothing voice.

Thou art solemn too
When heard in midnight's deep repose, thy voice
Awakes the memory of days long past,
And thou bringest on thy wings the voices
Of departed ones, which seem to mingle
In saddest concert with thy mournful strains.
Fearful and terrible art thou, when heard
In Winter's howling blast, thou sad precursor
Of the storm! thou fillest with despair
The solitary midnight wanderer's breast,
And mak'st the hardy seaman's dauntless heart
To tremble, as thy power raising the
Ocean's thundering billows round his head
Thou dost mingle thy voice majestic
With the dreadful roar.

#### EXTRACT.

The difference between a common and an extraordinary man is chiefly this—the common man dwells on and takes interest in common things; the noblest materials are humbled by his treatment; the dress, the pedigree of his heroes, the little affairs of life, are narrated with as much enthusiasm as the noblest deeds and undertakings: but a great man, if he touches a common thing, ennobles it by giving it new combinations and uses. The minor processes, by which he reaches his conclusions, are unseen. He steps from height to height, always above the common level.

### AN INCIDENT

IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF NAPOLEON'S GENERALS.

BY C. E. M.

Our little tale opens in the summer of the year 1800. It was on a beautiful evening, and exactly at that period of the year when flowers again begin to bloom, that a young couple might be seen on the summit of a little hill which overlooks the pretty village of A——, in the south of France. The sun was just setting behind the western hills, and reflected his golden rays on a little rivulet that smoothly and placidly wound its serpentine course through a beautiful field decked with all the enchanting hues of nature; while the soft notes of birds, and the stillness of approaching twilight, served to enhance the beauty of the scene, and render it a truly picturesque and lovely one.

"Ernest," exclaimed the maiden, "dearest Ernest, you will not surely leave me—leave the happy village where we have passed our childhood—where we first met?" and she clung closer to him than before, and tried to read his answer in his looks.—
"When I loved you," she continued, "I thought not of glory or of fame; my fate became thine own; I had no ambition save that of calling you mine, and have you ever near me; and will you now dissolve the spell which so long hath bound us?"

The youth lifted his eyes and gazed on the beautiful features of his companion, and then imprinted a burning kiss on her cheek.

"What," said he, "would life be to me without thee, my Julie? What the bright heavens—these fragrant flowers? Still, dearest, must we part, but it shall not be for long. I shall win a name for you that you may be envied e'en by the proud. You shall see Paris, be rich, be honored among her fairest daughters."

Raising her head, which she had pillowed on her lover's shoulder, she replied in a soft and melancholy tone, but with all the fervor of youth:

"No, no, you will not leave me, Ernest: I know you will not. I ask not for riches, for fame. I have no wish to see Paris; I

have no ambition to be envied, save in possessing thy love. We will work together, live together, die together, but do not leave me—my mind forebodes some dire misfortune."

"It cannot be as you wish," replied her lover. "My country calls on me, for she needs my help. But fear not; I shall return to claim thee as my promised bride. Adieu, dearest Julie, adieu," he said, and kissing her, tore himself away from her lingering embrace, then mounting a horse in readiness, he galloped away.

Kind reader, hast thou ever parted from the object of your affections? If thou hast, you can at least picture a parting like theirs; for

"Oh, grief, beyond all other griefs, when Fate first leaves the young heart lone and desolate In the wide world."

Julie wept, but they were bitter tears, for she thought she would never see her Ernest more. She turned to go, and their eyes again met. He waved his hat, she held out her arms as if imploringly to return, but in another moment she lost sight of him. With unsteady steps she reached home, and throwing herself on a chair, she gave way to her grief.

## CHAPTER II.

Julie Dastein was considered the most beautiful girl of the village in which she lived. Seventeen summers could scarce have rolled over her head. She was tall and finely proportioned, with clustering light auburn locks, which hung profusely on her graceful swan-like neck. Her eyes were dark and brilliant, and her lips resembled two cherries; but then her movements were so full of grace! She had turned the heads of at least a score of the youths in the village, who all had tried to attract attention in some way or other, but she heeded them not. If a vow was to be taken, it was always "by the beauty of Julie." Some would commit the most daring acts of bravery; some sit intently gazing on her without speaking, and some write very pretty verses to her; but to all she paid no particular attention. They required a heart, and that she could not give: she had long since bestowed it on him who was to her dearer than life itself. But she smiled complacently at what they said and did, and had a kind word for all, which made her the more beloved. She had seen Ernest,

and from that moment she had loved. He was unlike the generality of those who surrounded her. There was something about him which caused him to be respected and inspired all with love. Julie loved, and tried in vain to conceal it, and Ernest beheld with pleasure that she looked on him with partial eyes. His heart beat joyfully as he thought of this; yet he feared to hope too much. He would sometimes accompany her in her walks through the village, to the annoyance of his rivals; and on one occasion, when alone with her on the top of that little hill we have before described, he confessed his long concealed love for her. She heard him trembling, fearful to believe what she had heard, and clinging to him she divulged the hidden treasure of her heart—her long, cherished affections.

Poor Julie! her heart beat joyfully that evening as she listened to the tale he told of long months of anguish and of suffering; how he had watched every movement of hers—caught every sigh she had breathed, and treasured every word she had spoken in the confines of his heart. She had no tale to impart. He read her blushes, her looks, her tears; yes, tears of joy, as he pressed her to his heart. And they were happy; yes, very happy, till ambition fired the wild youth to see his Julie rank among the proudest in France.

#### CHAPTER III.

Nearly five years after the parting of the lovers, the villagers were seen conversing warmly on some topic; drinking with each other, and uttering loud shouts of joy. News had arrived that the Emperor Napoleon had been victorious at Austerlitz, and was extending the glory of his arms all over Europe. This, of course, was received with loud acclamations, and "Vive l' Emperor" was echoed in every quarter.

In a small, yet neat cottage, sat a young female intently gazing on a letter, while tears—they might be of joy—glistened in her bright eyes. It was Julie. She had received a letter from Ernest, wherein he spoke of promotion, of his love, his anxiety to see her once more; of an early meeting and a happy future.—She did not, however, think of glory, of any thing but his safety He then lived; her prayers had been heard in heaven; and kneeling, she once more returned thanks to the Almighty, and

offered up a prayer for his safety. She had read the letter so often that she could repeat it from memory. There was now only one thing wanting to complete her happiness, and that was his presence. He still breathed—true, but not the same air she breathed; and as she thought of this, her bliss was overshadowed for awhile. That night she retired to rest with very different thoughts to what she before had. When sleep closed her eyelids, she dreamed of a happy meeting—of pleasure, joy, rapture. She thought she felt the heaving of his breast against her own. Then again she would see him cold as the earth on which he lay a corpse, covered with blood, and no one near to heal his gushing wounds. Again she would see him seated by her side, with a young offspring clinging around them. This was happiness too great to last. Poor Julie! she awoke, and found it but a dream. The bright images her fancy had created, had all vanished one by one, like the beautiful hues of the rainbow.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Some months after the receipt of Julie's letter, a stranger might have been seen walking with hurried steps toward our little village. He was tall, with a fine commanding figure, which was partly covered with a large capose. His countenance was both open and manly, his complexion somewhat tanned, and he wore a pair of moustachios with the imperial of the time.

He continued walking until he arrived at a small cottage, when he halted, and knocked loudly at the door. It was then opened by a very pretty young girl, who stared at the stranger very much, for notwithstanding he covered himself more than ever, still she thought she had seen the face before.

- "Does one Dastein live here, my pretty maid?" said the stranger.
- "He did once live here, sir," replied the young girl, while a tear mounted to her eye, "but, alas! he is now dead."
  - "Dead!" exclaimed the stranger. "Pray how long since?"
- "It pleased the Almighty to take him to a home more meet, some two months since."
  - "And you are then alone—that is have you no friend with you?"
  - "Oh, yes, my aunt now lives with me."
- "Poor girl!" exclaimed the stranger involuntarily, "to be deprived of a father's care at so tender an age!"

The young girl now sobbed aloud, while the stranger endeavored to comfort her.

"Come, come," said he, "you must grieve no more. I have got something for you that may make your heart beat lighter."

"For me! Oh, what is it?"

"A letter was entrusted to me for you by a friend of mine.—Here it is."

With this he handed her the letter. Julie seized it, and breaking the seal, hurriedly read the contents; then fixing her beautiful eyes on her companion, she exclaimed—

"Do I dream, or say, why this most cruel deception,? That voice I know. You are ——" and she hesitated.

"Ernest!" exclaimed the stranger, as he threw off his cloak, and clasped her in his arms.

It was indeed Ernest. After an absence of five long years he had returned a general to claim his promised bride. He pressed Julie to name the happy day that was to make her his wife.—She did so, and the ceremony was celebrated with all pomp in Paris, where he led her a willing bride to the altar.

Julie was happy; her fondest hope had been realized. It was not his rank that she coveted; it was his love; and she adored him as Ernest, and not as General Desson. The dream she had proved also true. Julie in time became the mother of three charming babes, and oft repeated her dream to Ernest, who returned thanks to God for having blest him with so devoted and fond a wife.

## SOCRATES' DREAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER-BY D. W. NOONEY.

The day on which Socrates was to drink the poison had arrived. Already early in the morning were his beloved disciples collected around him. With mournful earnestness they stood at the bed-side of the sage, but some of them wept.

Then the wise victim raised his head and said—"Why this melancholy silence, beloved ones? I will relate to you something cheerful—a vision that appeared to me last night."

"Canst thou sleep, and even dream cheerful dreams?" said the good Apollodorus. "I have not closed an eye."

Then Socrates laughed and said-

"Thou good Apollodorus, of what value would my past life be, could it not cause the last sleep to be sweet to me? Dost thou not know, Apollodorus, that I have consecrated it to heavenly love?"

Several voices of his afflicted disciples answered in the affirmative. But Apollodorus could answer only by silence, with two clear tears in his eyes.

"See," said Socrates thereupon, "to him who consecrates his life to her service, she sends down the gentle graces. These adorn secretly and unseen, all his hours, be they hours of joy or suffering, with celestial splendor, and they surround them with an ambrosial odor. Above all others do the heavenly sisters occupy themselves with him in the last hours of his life. For that is the most serious hour of all, and requires most the light of heaven. Like the last hour of the day it is the most beautiful. The hues of evening float round it like a stream of light from Elysium."

"But then follows the gloomy night," the quiet Xenophon interrupted him.

"For our hemisphere," replied Socrates. "Is not our sunset the dawn of the other half of the earth?"

Socrates continued: "Now hear, ye beloved ones! Since the realm of the shades, as the living term them, will soon be a realm of light, as the spirits of the departed would call it, and I am nearer it than any of you, my discourse may perhaps announce to you much that is new. The Graces themselves forsake their favorite in his last hours. But they hover around him, and prepare for him a heavenly love, after they have adorned an earthly one. But they do not leave him without help. They send to the dying three other spirits glowing with heavenly beauty.—And these three are Sleep, the twin-brother and at the same time the friendly image of death; Dreams, the image of past love, but at the same time the harbinger of another world; Death hovers between them and wanders with them, more glorious and more beautiful than either, and clad with the heavenly dawn. See, Apollodorus, the two first did not stay away from me last night,

and the last appears to me from afar. How could I fear its approach! I await it with a longing desire."

The eyes of the philosopher's disciples were filled with tears, and a mournful stillness reigned in the prison. After a while Socrates continued :

"I had soon forgotten my vision myself! Sleep had strewn his somniferous flowers freely over me, and truly I needed the strengthening for the work that I shall to-day with cheerful spirit accomplish. But not only the strengthening of love was awaiting me in the balsamic arms of sleep, the gentle Dream-god also enlightened my spiritual eye. There I saw a beautiful youth coming to me. Upon his countenance was diffused that quiet, and that serene earnestness which become a godly form. In his right hand he carried a burning torch, and a red glimmer, like the sunset sky, diffused itself over the darkness of my prison .--The lovelier and more agreeable the light, and the form of the youth, the narrower and sadder appeared to me the night of my prison. Then the heavenly youth gradually inclined the torch. But it seemed to me that I caught him by the arm, and said to him, 'What wilt thou do?' He replied, 'I extinguish the torch.' 'O,' cried I, 'leave it! It is a friendly light to me in the darkness of my prison.' But he laughed and said-'It is the torch of earthly love--you need it no longer. For as it expires thy earthly eye closes forever, and thou soarest on my hand upward to a higher world, where a pure and eternal light surrounds thee. Wherefore then do you need the earthly, self-consuming light? 'O, extinguish the torch,' cried I, and awoke. I found myself in the darkness of my chamber. I was sad that it had been a dream. But see, there comes the cup which will fulfil it."

The jailor came in with the boy who brought the cup of poison. There arose a lamentation and sobbing among the disciples of Socrates. The jailor also wept.

That which makes man most truly courageous, is the consciousness that, though misfortunes come and the whole world be armed against him, yet God is still and ever for him.

#### THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

BY M. F. W.

'Twas Night—and the cooling ocean wind Fann'd softly the fevered shore; And moon-lit clouds their shadows cast Where sunshine dwelt before.

Then, when the dew in silence fell On every hill and glen,
The Spirit of Dreams came down to earth,
To visit the homes of men.

She lingered beside a lowly bed
Where slept a weary child:
She showed him a picture rare and bright,
And he looked at it and smiled.
There were fruits and flowers of brilliant hues,
And birds with rainbow wings;
And the sleeper raised his eager hands,
To grasp the gaudy things.

On a downy couch, in a curtained room,
Reclined a youthful form:
Her face was bright with the blush of health,
And her heart was light and warm.
The Spirit whispered a song of Love
In the sleeping maiden's ear;
And the golden future seemed to shine
Like a pageant passing near.

Where the moon-beams fell through broken panes, Reposed a son of toil;
Whose heart the demon Want had bound,
With a cold and fearful coil.
The Spirit of Dreams beside him stood
And words of Hope she spake—
Till the poor man felt a tranquil joy
That he never knew awake.

A widow mourned for an only son,
Who had perished on the deep;
And sadly, in her lonely home,
She wept herself to sleep.
The Spirit raised the mystic veil
That limits mortal sight;
And the mourning mother saw her son
In the land of bliss that night.

Over all the earth the Spirit sped,
With her messages of love;
And when the dawning light appeared,
She sought her home above.
And waking mortals wafted her,
With blessings on her way;
For she had given to them new life,
To greet the coming day.

## THE SPRIG OF MOSS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH-BY ANNE T. WILBURS.

In an old dilapidated house, a poor woman was slowly counting the first hours of night, surrounded by a numerous family.

"It is already half-past twelve-he has never been out so late."

At this moment the sound of footsteps was heard: the door was hastily opened, and a young man entered. A transient joy had driven from his brow the cloud of sadness which usually rested there; upon his lips sat a smile of happiness, and his eye sought that of his mother for sympathy.

He knelt with respectful tenderness before the stool on which the paralytic limb of the poor infirm woman was extended, and, opening his hand on her lap, let fall a handful of silver pieces.

"Oh! I am rich to-day, mother—you can now have your armchair lined anew; Marie shall have a new dress to-morrow, and Elizabeth the mantle which she desires so much."

"Before you form any more plans, my son, I must know where you obtained this money."

" Mother !"

"I await your confession, Louis."

"What! can you think your son guilty? Do you not remember that more than one day when you were almost dying for want of bread, he has been able to conquer his tenderness and remain honest notwithstanding your agony?"

"Do not deceive me, Louis; there is more here than the week's salary of an attorney's clerk."

The young man turned pale.

"Why question me, mother? Take this money and believe me when I tell you it has been fairly earned."

"Take it back, my son; your sisters and myself would rather suffer than to accept this gold, the possession of which makes you tremble at your mother's look."

"I was so happy to offer it to you, and you destroy all my joy."

"God will not bless a child who has secrets from his mother," murmured the gentle voice of Marie Senefelder, the eldest sister of Louis.

"You will have the truth then: I deceived you, mother, when I told you that I was the clerk of an attorney. No such honorable situation has been offered me. I was obliged to choose between death and servitude; I was unwilling to be a servant, and I have become a comedian."

"You, my son!"

"Yes, mother, and a comedian without talent and without fame. You were hungry, and I had no bread for you; you were cold, and I could not rekindle your extinguished fire. Pity the grief of a son and brother who sees his mother and sisters suffer, and pardon me, bless me, for I too have suffered much."

The attitude of Madame Senefelder became imposing and solemn, as she replied—

"The devotion of a son which should know no human limits, ought never to lead him to disobedience of God. The ties of family are the most sacred on earth, excepting that which binds man to his Creator; you have been guilty, my son; repent and renounce your profession, if you would obtain my pardon and blessing."

The young man knelt at his mother's feet.

"How will you live?" murmured he with a sigh.

"Heaven will provide, my son."

"I will obey you, mother."

"I give you my blessing, then, my son. Put your trust in Providence."

П. .

Louis was born a painter and a poet: he loved the silence of night, the quiet and grave beauty of the country, reveries at the foot of a crumbling ruin, or in the shade of a venerable tree. He loved to commune with nature, to unfold her mysteries, and to solicit her confidence.

Preoccupied with the present and the future, without employment, without the means of providing for the daily wants of those he loved, Louis took long walks in the country, seeking by bodily fatigue to alleviate the pains of his heart.

One day the sun rose pure and radiant; Louis had anticipated the awakening of nature, and leaning on the trunk of an old tree on the border of a picturesque lake, was silently contemplating the magnificent spectacle. The birds were warbling in their nests, insects leaping about in the grass, and fishes sporting in the lake.

"All these living creatures are laboring and seeking their subsistence," saith he to himself. "I, only, lead an idle and useless life. All these creatures find their nourishment while my mother—my sisters—oh, God! have pity on us."

As he pronounced this ardent prayer, Louis raised his eyes to heaven. Then he again looked down—his glance wandered over the objects around him, and he continued thoughtful, while his eye was lost in contemplations in which neither his mind nor his imagination participated.

At his feet shone in the sun a calcareous stone, very white and smooth; the water, agitated by the breeze, had thrown upon it a sprig of moss, covered with a thick and black slime. The moss had been carried away again, but had left on the shore a faithful impression. This circumstance struck Louis; his reflections took another direction: he stoops, picks up the stone, examines it, and utters an exclamation. Has not Providence just revealed to him a means of saving his family?

On his return to the maternal dwelling, Senefelder occupied himself actively in putting his discovery to profit. He dipped mosses, leaves, fine and delicate plants into printing-ink, and afterwards applying them to stones, similar to those of the lake, he obtained graceful pictures, which were sold for the covers of snuff-boxes.

Sometimes the impression is rough and imperfect. Louis seeks to obviate this inconvenience. He moistens the stone, and afterwards rubs it with a pellet dipped in printing-ink. This method succeeds wonderfully.

Then Louis made still further experiments: he attempted to obtain impressions on paper. He placed a moistened paper on his stone, submitted it to a strong pressure, and obtained a perfectly exact and regular picture. After this first proof he took a second, a third, and as many as he pleased. He had discovered the art of Lithography.

#### III.

Madame Senefelder is seated in an arm-chair, covered with Utrecht velvet, and all around her bespeaks comfort and happi-

ness. Her daughters are all three present, and a little child is playing on the carpet: it is the son of Marie, who has been married two years.

"Louis is coming, mother!"

The door opens, and Louis is in his mother's arms.

"Let us thank Heaven, after fortune comes fame: look at this parchment—these are my titles of nobility, for they state my invention—they will tell posterity that it was to your son that Heaven revealed the sublime art of Lithography."

\*Well, my child, do you now regret having listened to the voice of your mother? Is not the fate that God has given you better than would have awaited you on the boards of a theatre? Oh, admirable simplicity of the ways of God! It was a sprig of moss, detached and carried away by the current—a sprig of moss sullied with slime and about to be destroyed, which His divine hand threw at your feet! saying, Speak! And it did speak, and you understood it, and your name will be recorded among men. And your greatest glory, my son, will be to have comprehended that every work of God, be it only a grain of sand or a drop of water, deserves the admiration of men!"

## THE LILY.

#### BY PARK MOODY.

The lily on its fragile stem

Looks up and drinks the dew of heaven,
And for each little shining drop,
A breath of sweet perfume is given.

So doth the pure and loving heart
Dispense the blessings it receives;
And like the lily fair perfumes
The atmosphere in which it lives.

The rights of women take the best care of themselves. They receive no strength from the assertion of others. They are, in their nature, so delicate and sacred, that our defence of them seems but an unwary rudeness, which more impairs than supports them.







Gum Cistus.



## A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT SPRING.

BY HELEN IRVING.

POETS have sung for ages of the sweet spring-time, of the varying beauty of inconstant April, and the blossoming loveliness of May—but while the green earth is a joy, and the smile of the blue heavens a blessing, the theme can never grow old. Our hearts will echo to a new melody with every coming spring—something of its immortal gladness ripple through our souls with the soft gliding of its streams—hope breathe over us with its balmy winds, and the life within us waken, with the reviving beauty of its buds and leaves.

This fair world, blessed of the Eternal Father as it rounded from chaos into being, holds yet unsullied its divine birth-right of "goodness"—dowered with perennial youth and beauty, it but grows fairer and dearer to us as the years pass on, unless the shadow of a spirit at war with all the harmonies of nature, have darkened our eyes that they may not see. Thus it is that the smile of the awakening earth sheds over us a charm forever new, and the familiar joys that come with her unfolding loveliness, like herself, are always young.

Each month of the sweet season as it comes, receives from us its own peculiar welcome. March, sturdy wrestler with the retreating, lingering winter, across whose rough, wild face a hopeful light will often flash; April, fair child of the months, on whose cheek the wayward tears so soon are dried, speaking promise in every way of her sunshine and every murmur of her showers; May, crowned with blossoms, and prophesying of yet brighter things to come. We seem to share the spirit of the unfettered world—exulting at the conquering of snows and the subduing of fierce winds, until at last the spring is sovereign, and her light feet leave their impress every where.

The brightness of the days we love comes on—the warm sunshine is poured gratefully over us, the light dawns earlier in the morning and lingers later in the evening, and the remembered melodies of early birds are in our ears once more. We stroll in delicious idleness upon the hills and through the meadows, and the mosses are moist beneath our feet, and the air is filled with the sweet perfume of the fresh earth and opening buds. Down by the rocks the streams are trickling once more, and the lights and shadows are again at play in the old, familiar places .-Change may have come to us, but the earth wears the same beauty as of yore-there may be sadness in our hearts where once was joy, but still the robin sings and the rivulets make music, and a spirit within us higher than all sorrow, answers.-Feet that trod with us the woodland paths a year ago may be wandering afar, but the grass springs freshly, greenly, where their steps have been, "and where," the new leaves whisper, "they yet may be again." Hands that gathered with us the snow-drop and the violet may lie folded forever from the light and warmth, but the snow-drop and the violet come back to bloom, and have become to us types of that eternal spring-time to which our beloved have awakened from the winter of death.

Sweet and fair in themselves, and fragrant with poetic association are the early flowers of spring. As suns grow warm we learn to look for them on the hillsides, in sheltered nooks, and in sunny garden spots—

" Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; Violets, dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

"Hyacinths, with their graceful bells,
Where the spirit of odor dwells"—

bright columbines and frail anemones-

"Lilies of all kinds, The flower-de-luce being one."

All heralds of the coming summer, who will hardly number in her train fairer than they.

With many of these are linked stories of heathen mythology—that mythology which written in stars and flowers will live as long as they. The Anemone, which, as they tell us, sprang at the command of Venus from the blood-drops of her dead and beautiful Adonis, still wears its purple tinge,

" And memory keeps of him who rashly died."

And still the drooping Lilies-of-the-valley bloom, as when first

they rose from out the earth, where fell the tears shed by the goddess over her lost love. Daffodils have an added charm, when with them comes the thought of Proserpine, who, snatched amid the flowers of Enna by gloomy Dis, "frightened, let fall" these treasures she had gathered. The sweet violet still shrinks from the gaze of the glaring sun, as when first Diana changed the fair nymph Ia to this flower, to hide her from Apollo. All claim kin dred with the blossoms gathered on the hills of Greece, so many thousand years ago, and thenceforth sacred to beauty and to song.

One of England's finest poets has gathered in a cluster of fragrant verse, the flowers of spring that make our gardens beautiful—lines pleasant to remember in the beloved season of which

they sing:

"And the Spring arose on the garden fair.

Like the Spirit of Love felt every where;

And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

"The snow-drop and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet.
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

"Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall, And narcissi, the fairest among them all, Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess, Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

"And the Naiad-like lily of the vale
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green.

"And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue, Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew Of music so delicate, soft and intense, It was felt like an odor within the sense."

The same poet calls daisies,

"those pearled Arcturi of the earth, The constellated flower that never sets."

Thus in every heart will cluster sweet, poetic thoughts of spring, for each feels in it something kindred to its own existence. Our life is like it in its clouds and sunshine, in its frail and fleeting treasures—this life that only puts forth germs and buds, but rich in the promise of a glorious hereafter.

## YOUTH.

BY CELIA.

LOVELY, glorious being thou! With the pure and lofty brow, Fairer than the lily's snow,

Swept by floating tresses bright, Half secluding from the sight Spirit-eyes of peerless light!

Clad in Iris drapery, Garnished with embroidery Of fairy-fingered tracery—

Garlanded with roses, wet With the dew-gem's coronet, And the sweet-eyed violet;

Touching, with a gentle sweep, A silver lyre, whose echoes sleep Anon, in murmurs sweet and deep—

Walking with the rosy Hours Ever 'mid the summer flowers, Under lofty-arching bowers—

Gathering, with smile of glee, Gems of joy from land and sea, To stud the chain of Memory.

Reading, with serene delight, The Beautiful—in letters bright Emblazoned in Creation's light;

Worshipping, with breathless hush Its glory in the growing flush Of the Rose-queen's lovely blush;

Views it in the golden drop That fills the moss's searlet cup, Where the Fairies meet to sup:

Sees it in the goblet pale
Of the Lily of the Vale,
Prooping in dependence frail—

Sees it in the proud display Of the Tulip-King's array, Flashing in the sunlight gay;

Reads it in the pencilled hue
Of Forget-me-not's sweet blue—
Emblem of the ever-true—

Listens for it in the gale, Laden with a fragrant tale From the deep, sequestered dale:

Hears it in the Ocean swell. In the whispers of the shell, In the breezes of the dell—

In the bird's delicious quaver, In the humming wings that hover Fragrant honey-blossoms over:

Laughs to hear it in the play Of the ripple's dancing lay, Speeding on its gleeful way;

Smiles to see it in the quiver Of the wavelet-dimpled river, Trembling, sparkling, flashing ever!

Smiles to see it in the sky, As the cloud-wreaths hasten by In their snow-white drapery-

Hears it in the rain-drop's dash. In the crushing thunder's crash—Sees it in the lightning's flash!

Rejoices. when, in crimson vest, King Sol descends to Halls of Rest, Deep in far resplendent West:

Worships Beauty in the Night, When the star-wink twinkles bright Amid the moonbeams' mellow light

Dances with delight at morn, When the rosy Day is born, And her smiles the hills adorn

Lovely YOUTH! amid the roses Where thy joyous Thought reposes, Not a thorn its fang discloses!

Thine is Safety's buoyant barque— For thee the rainbow's glorious are Spans abysses deep and dark! Azure-pinioned Hope thou wooest—Golden promises thou viewest
Of the loveliest and truest!

Yet beware! for lo! behind thee An Enemy exults to find thee— Eyer seeks in chains to bind thee!

Trust him not! his whispered wiles, His soft deceits, and hollow smiles, Are but the meshes of his toils.

He seeks to cast a darkening blight O'er all the Beautiful and Bright, That glows in thy enchanted sight!

And if thou list his whispers low, Too soon shalt thou be taught to know Dark hours of sorrow and of woe;

The light of Hope too soon shall fade— The rainbow wither to a shade, And in the grave thy heart be laid!

Child of Earth! there is a haven, Peaceful as the Sabbath even— To the storm-tost wanderer given;

There is a river deep and wide, On whose clear and silvery tide Thy frail barque may safely glide.

There are flowers of fadeless hue, Breathing fragrance ever new— Bathed in Love's immortal dew;

There is a melody whose tone Conceals no earthly sigh or moan— Sung by Scraphs round the Throne.

There is Strength to keep thee ever From the power that seeks to sever Beauty's gifts from Beauty's Giver!

Child of Earth! uplift thy gaze To the precious light that plays In the Hope-Star's glorious rays.

In the shadeless Halls of Truth, With sparkling music gushes forth A Fountain of Eternal Youth!

Bursting from the gloomy grave, May our spirits ever lave In its pure, pellucid wave!

# CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH - BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Open biographies, interrogate history, search popular annals,—you will find everywhere, under various forms, this striking truth: that certain beings are destined to the joys and triumphs of greatness, as others are to the trials of poverty and obscurity. Of all those astonishing elevations which are the secret of Providence, no one perhaps is more marked than that of Catherine, the poor Livonian villager, become Empress of Russia, the wife of the founder of a dynasty, and the first woman of her age. The most formidable obstacles, the most cruel misfortunes which arrest most men in the pursuit of happiness were for Catherine but fortunate circumstances, smoothing the way to a throne; and like Cromwell and Napoleon, she blindly obeyed the mysterious instinct which guided her to supreme rank, by several times refusing a fate far above that which seemed reserved for her by her humble origin.

Born in a village near the little town of Dorpat, in Livonia, Catherine could receive no inheritance from her parents but their virtues, and the secret of finding contentment in the bosom of a peaceful and simple life. Early deprived of her father, she remained alone with her mother, who was suffering from the combined evils of old age and poverty. Both dwelt in their natal cottage, with earthen walls and roof of straw; and there, far from the eyes of the world, the young Catherine, by the labor of her hands, supported her mother whom years and infirmities rendered incapable of labor. While Catherine spun, the old woman, seated beside her, read some pious book; then, when the toils of the day were over, these two humble females, reposing by the fireside, with the contentment which indigence borrows from labors ended and daily bread, gayly shared a very frugal repast.

Her features, the whiteness and delicacy of her skin, her form, her gait, were models of perfection; and admiration, at sight of so many charms, knew no bounds. But the beautiful young girl seemed to be attentive only to the culture of her mind. Her mo-

ther had taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the doctrines of religion, and taught her to love its duties. Nature had endowed Catherine with a ready imagination united to a solid judgment, and an intelligence as correct as powerful. The assemblage of so many of the qualities which make an accomplished woman, brought Catherine numerous proposals of marriage from the neighboring peasants; but all were politely refused. Catherine loved her mother too tenderly to dream of separating from her. Thus the purest of virtues, filial piety, prevented her who was to share the throne of Peter the Great, from becoming the wife of a Livonian serf.

Catherine was but fifteen years of age when she had the misfortune to lose her mother. She then left her cottage, and went to ask an asylum of the Lutheran minister from whom she had received her early instruction. She remained in his humble dwelling as governess of his children, and, in this new position, won admiration by two qualities rarely united, consummate prudence and surprising vivacity of character,

The worthy minister, who looked upon her and loved her as one of his children, had her taught music and dancing by the masters who gave instruction to his own family in these arts; and the young girl was rapidly adding to her natural graces the acquired talents of a good education, until the death of that excellent man who had been to her a father. This event again plunged Catherine into her primitive poverty. To complete her misfortunes, Livonia was, at this period, the theatre in which war was extending its ravages and spreading misery everywhere. As it is especially on the poor that such calamities fall most heavily, the unfortunate Catherine, although endowed with all the advantages which render a woman accomplished, experienced all the sufferings of hopeless indigence. Food and all the comforts of life becoming daily more rare in the province, and the little finances of the orphan having been soon exhausted, she took at last the bold resolution to repair to Marienoburg, a great city where abundance reigned.

She therefore started, on foot, carrying under her arm her scanty wardrobe wrapped in an apron. In order to reach the end of her journey, she had to traverse a country naturally poor and barren, and now rendered still more so by the Swedes and

Russians, who by turns, conquerors and conquered, pitilessly ravaged the unfortunate land. But hunger, more imperious than the fear of fatigue and still greater dangers, urged Catherine to brave them.

One evening during her solitary journey, she was about to enter a farm-house beside the road to ask there a shelter for the night, when she was suddenly seized by two soldiers who insulted her, and would perhaps have proceeded to still more disgraceful treatment but for the arrival of a young officer, who at once took the part of a defender. At sight of their commander, the soldiers fled, and the surprise of Catherine was equal to her gratitude, when she recognized in your youthful deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister who had been her teacher, benefactor and friend.

This was for Catherine an encounter not less pleasant than fortunate. Nothing now remained of the little sum she possessed on quitting the house of the minister, and her clothing, piece by piece, had served to pay for a supper and a bed in the places through which she had traveled. Moved by her distress, her generous countryman shared with her his scanty savings, that she might buy other garments; he procured her also a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to M. Gluck, who had been the intimate friend of his father and was then superintendent of Marienbourg.

The beautiful stranger had but to appear, to be warmly welcomed. She was immediately admitted into the family of the superintendent as governess to his two daughters. Although she was then only seventeen, Catherine showed herself capable of forming and instructing her sex, not only in virtue but in manners. Such was the effect produced on M. Gluck by the beauty and intelligence of the young girl, that a short time after he had admitted her to his house, he offered her his hand, but to his great surprise, the young villager, portionless and unprotected, thought it her duty to refuse. Guided to this step by a sentiment of gratitude, she had resolved to have no other husband than her deliverer, although he had lost an arm and was disfigured by wounds received in battle. So much virtue was to receive its reward; she had already, for love of her mother, refused the hand of a peasant; for the man whom she loved, she now declined a brilliant position. But she is not to be the wife of a

superintendent or of a poor invalid officer; it is decreed that she shall be sovereign of one of the greatest empires in the world.—Resolved henceforth to avoid all solicitations of this kind, as soon as the young officer came to Marienbourg, Catherine offered him her hand, which he joyfully accepted, and their marriage was celebrated according to the rites of their religion and the customs of the times.

The very day of the marriage of the two young Livonians, the Russians besieged Marienbourg; the husband was summoned to defend its walls, and undoubtedly lost his life there, for he was never heard of more. The grief of the young girl was deep and sincere, like the affection which had led her to prefer this union to any other.

Meanwhile the siege was carried on with fury. Inflamed on one side by the obstinacy of a desperate defence, on the other by an ardent thirst for vengeance, the war between the two most powerful nations of the North was, at this period, frightfully barbarous; the fearful peasant and the timid and defenceless maiden sharing the same fate with the soldier taken arms in hand. Marienbourg was taken by assault, and such was the fury of the assailants that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women and children, were exterminated.

When these sanguinary conquerors were weary, when the carnage ceased, Catherine was found concealed in an oven.

Until then she had known only the sufferings of poverty, which had at least left her liberty—the only wealth of the poor. This she was destined to lose, and experience the hard lot of a slave. In the midst of this new misfortune, she displayed a pious resignation to the decrees of Providence; although she had lost her early vivacity, her beautiful face still expressed a gentle gayety. The fame of her noble qualities and her resignation reached Prince Menzikoff, a general in the Russian army, and inspired him with a desire to see her. Struck with her rare beauty, the Prince purchased her from the soldier to whose share she had fallen, and placed her under the care of his sister. She received all the respect due to the dignity of her conduct, and each day her beauty developed in her new and fortunate position.

A short time only had passed away after the entrance of Catherine into this noble family, when Peter the Great paid a visit to

the Prince. Catherine, bearing on a plate some dried fruits which she served to these illustrious personages with charming modesty and grace, passed before the Emperor, who in his turn was struck with her beauty. The powerful monarch, disturbed by this gentle apparition, returned the next day to the house of the Prince, asked to see the beautiful slave, addressed several questions to her. and was surprised or rather delighted to find her intelligence even more perfect than the charms of her person. Motives of political interest had compelled Peter, while young, to a marriage in which there was no sympathy; the sight of Catherine inspired him with a resolution to marry this time according to his taste and inclinations. He immediately wished to know the history of the beautiful Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. Peter followed with lively interest, through all the phases of her obscure and sorrowful existence, the unfortunate and perfect young girl, whom he found to have been great and noble everywhere and under all circumstances. The lowness of extraction of Catherine was not. for a man such as Peter, any obstacle to his project. Their marriage was celebrated without pomp or display; and the Prince declared to his court, who were more or less persuaded of it, that virtue was the surest guide to the steps of a throne.

Behold, then, Catherine is emerged from a cottage with earthen walls and roof of straw, to become Empress of the greatest empire in the world. She who was formerly a wanderer and poor and solitary, is now surrounded by thousands of courtiers who find their hopes in her eyes, and their happiness in her smile. She who was formerly deprived of the most simple food for her morning or evening repast, had now but to wish, to shed abundance over whole nations.

She always retained the great qualities which had raised her to the throne, and while the extraordinary Prince who was her husband labored to civilize the masculine part of his immense empire, Catherine, on her side, applied herself to soften the manners of her own sex. She had much to do, in the state in which the manners and minds of the Russian people were at this period. This may be imagined by the following curious extract from regulations made by Catherine on the establishment of mixed assemblies, that is to say re-unions of men and women, who before, in Russia, never met in company after the example of the

Orientals. The women were reduced to the condition of slaves; Catherine wished to make them free, like those of the rest of Europe.

She commenced by changing the national costumes, for which she substituted English fashions. Instead of furs, she introduced taffety and damask; the coiffures, called comettes and commodes, took the place of the caps of sable. But changes more important followed those of costume. The women ceased to be shut up in separate apartments; they were admitted into company, reciprocally paid visits, and their presence became indispensable to all entertainments.

The laws promulgated by Catherine to obtain these results, being imposed on a people then savage, are now a curious monument which cannot be read without a smile, so entirely do they confound our simple notions of social life. But for the Russians under Peter First, these laws were well adapted to their rude manner of living, and their object was less to render them polished, than to bring them together for their own pleasure.

I. The person at whose house an assembly is to be held will announce it by a writing on his door, or by circulating some other public advertisement, addressed to persons of both sexes.

II. The assembly will not open before four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and will not confinue later than ten o'clock in the evening.

III. The master of the house where the assembly is held will not be obliged either to go to meet his guests, or to reconduct them to their door, or to keep them company in the apartments. But, exempt from these duties, he has others to fulfil; for example, to provide them with chairs, candles, liquors, and all other things convenient or agreeable which the company may call for. He is also obliged to furnish them with cards, dice, and other conveniences for play.

IV. There will be no fixed hour to come to the assembly or to leave it; for those who desire it, it will be sufficient to appear there a moment and to withdraw immediately.

V. Every one is at liberty to sit, or walk or play as he pleases. No one may prevent another from doing whatever he pleases, under penalty of emptying the great eagle, (this was a bowl containing a pint, filled with brandy.)

- VI. Persons of distinction, nobles, superior officers, merchants and tradesmen, master mechanics, especially carpenters, have liberty to come to the assemblies with their wives and children.
- VII. A separate place will be assigned to the domestics, excepting those belonging to the house, in order to avoid incumbrance and to leave the place free for society.
- VIII. No woman, under any pretence whatever, may get intoxicated; as for the men, they may be intoxicated, but never before nine o'clock.
- IX. The ladies who play at *pledges*, and at *questions* and *answers*, will abstain from all quarrels, from all disputes; and no man will attempt to embrace a woman by force, or to strike her in the midst of an assembly, under penalty of being excluded from them in future.

Such were the singular regulations made by Catherine for the assemblies of both sexes, for which we are indebted to her. This historical document proves that the Russians were at this period indeed savages, and that to civilize them, two such genius as Peter the Great and Catherine were needed.

## POOR LAZARUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER .- BY D. W. NOONEY.

One day, as poor Lazarus lay at the door of the rich man, and the dogs licked his sores, there came another poor man, a laborer, by the name of Zadock, the same way, and saw Lazarus in his misery. Then Zadock pitied him from his heart, and he came to him and said—

"I can give thee nothing, for I am as poor as thou art, and I have a great many children to support—but I am free from ulcers. Therefore let me share with the animals the nursing of thee, so that they may no longer shame me."

So spake he, and a tear shone in the friendly eye of the compassionate man. Then he extended his hand to poor Lazarus, and said—"Come with me, for see I have a cottage. There we will take care of thee as far as we are able, and if my own table fails me, I will collect the crumbs from the tables of the rich."

After he had said these words, Lazurus extended his hand to him, and said—"I follow thee gladly, for thou art selected on account of thy pious heart, to open heaven to me, and to sweeten the last hours of my life. I need but little now, but how shall I deprive thee of this blessing?"

They set out, and came at length to a hut with a roof of rushes, and Zadock led Lazarus in, and Zadock's wife bade him welcome, and prepared a couch of moss and leaves in the little chamber. And they led poor Lazarus in, and laid him on the bed.—And Hannah Zadock brought a bowl of milk and begged Lazarus to drink.

But Lazarus said, "Hand me a glass of water, for I am thirsty, and there is a burning within me." Then Hannah hastened and brought fresh water from the well, and Zadock fanned the cheeks of Lazarus with a green olive branch which he waved to and fro.

And Lazarus fell into a deep sleep, for it was very hot, and it was about the hour of midday. Whilst he was sleeping, Zadock and Hannah drove away the flies, and fanned him. And Lazarus laughed in his slumber. Then Zadock and Hannah looked at each other, and said to one another in a low tone, "Oh, that he might recover by our care."

So Lazarus slept several hours. But when the day was nearly spent, he awoke, and raised his eyes and said—"Dear people, how attentive you are to me! Never have I enjoyed sweeter sleep than with you in your cottage. I dreamed that I was carried by angels." And is it not so? Is not the good man who is full of simplicity and love an angel of God upon earth? "You have caused me the pleasantest and sweetest hours of my life.—My heart is full of peace and happiness. Therefore I feel that the hour of my departure is come. For the last hour of the poor is the beginning and the foretaste of heavenly love."

Whereupon Lazarus extended his hand to Zadock and Hannah, and fell asleep with a friendly countenance, and the holy angels bore his soul to the abodes of the blessed. But Zadock and Hannah bewailed him and buried him secretly.

And the spirit of the sleeping Lazarus was the guardian angel of Zadock and of his wife Hannah; and when they died on the same day, he hovered over their death-bed, and a soft rustling fanned the countenances of both, and they heard a sweet voice, saying, "He who is mereiful shall receive mercy."

### THE SICK ROOM VIGIL.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

The night has found me watching: faintly shines
The lamp that I have shaded from her eyes,
Who hushed to fever's troubled slumber lies.
The smouldering firelight on the hearth declines,
Too warm its cheerful blaze for her hot brow,
Who does not heed its fitful flickering now.

There is no sound to break the silence deep
That comes with midnight, and the midnight's gloom.
Save the low breathing, from each slumberer's room.
Or her's, near by, who lies in restless sleep,
The clicking of the clock, and here, close by,
The ticking watch, that marks how moments fly.

Without, the cricket chirps its chorus shrill,

The dead and dying leaves float rustling past;

Their scattered glories to the night wind cast;

The watch-dog's bark, upon the distant hill,

The night winds low and deeply murmured sigh,

Sad as our memories of hopes gone by.

With laggard wings, the loitering honrs move on,
I take the volume I have laid me by,
And scan its outspread page with listless eye,
And lay it down unread, and then anon,
I stand beside her couch, with noiseless tread.
And closer shade the light around her head.

And then I seek the casement, and I part
The curtain folds, and gazing silent there,
With the deep stillness resting every where,
I feel a solemn hush, that fills my heart
With sadness—strange sweet yearnings for the rest.
That finds no counterpart within my breast!

The midnight moon, serene, and pale, and cold,
Is slowly sailing down the western sky—
The long dark shadows, stretching eastward lie,
Where the swayed tree-boughs interlacing fold
Their sprays together, moving to and fro,
Weaving strange tracery on the earth below.

A faint warm mist o'er all the scene is spread,

Touched by the moonlight, with a silver tinge,
As though it were you floating cloud's soft fringe—
You cloud, which almost might its snow pearls shed,
On the green earth now kissed by moonlight rays,
Scarce blanched as yet by autumn's later days.

All things are breathing of decay—they fill
My heart with dark forebodings, and I turn
Back, where upon the hearth the embers burn;
Their sickly beam is fading too away,
And a dark shadow steals across my soul,
Which in its depth of sadness mocks control.

I turn and look upon the sleeper's face;
Her life is in its autumn—she has seen
Those who had shared with her life's spring-time green,
Fall one by one—has marked each missing place—
Her love hath been like summer-time and spring
To us, who to her life's slow waning eling.

And fell disease has laid his withering hand
Upon her form, like autumn's blighting chill,
Yet feeble fluttering life is with it still,—
Oh! with the dying out of summer, o'er the land,
Let her not leave us, fading with the leaf,
Alone, amid the winter of our grief.

Thou who didst heal the sick, who knowest our care!
From my full heart its earnest prayer goes up,
Pass from our lips awhile the bitter cup—
Still to our hearts' deep love the dear one spare,
Or, if it must be that we lose her, Holy One,
Teach us to bow and say, "Thy will be done!"

Full amends abide for the suffering children of God in heaven, and sometimes they experience recompenses here. Job was made richer for his losses; Joseph was raised from his humiliation, and promoted to great honors. "Their shoulders are removed from the burden and their hands delivered from the pots, and they are made as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

### INCIDENT IN GELLERT'S LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN-BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

"Do you know," exclaimed an old hussar with the greatest warmth, "whom I have to thank that I am a man, and that I am not a bad man?"

"No," said the colonel, "you excite my curiosity."

"To him," continued the other with ardor, "to our Gellert, our pious sage, of whom the present overwise generation seldom feels inclined to speak. Our regiment was three times in Leipzig.— Even the great Frederick did not scorn to converse with the then renowned Gotsched, and to listen while Gellert read some of his fables. I had troubled my head but little about books indeed, but these fables I knew by heart. They stamp themselves at once upon the memory, they are all so natural and simple. Every body would think that if he had seized the thought he would have expressed it in the self same words. And it is so also with his spiritual songs. I had no rest, therefore; I was bent upon seeing the man whom I revered with my whole heart. difficult indeed to get admission to his presence; how then could I, a common hussar, request or expect this favor? Well, one forenoon I collected all my courage; I had found out the hours when he was at leisure, and stood now in his ante-chamber. My heart beat just as it did the first time when I was ordered to charge the enemy, perhaps even more violently. He certainly must have wondered what a soldier could want of him, for it was a long while before I received an answer. At last permission came that I might enter the sanctuary. Yes, comrades, I call this study so, and justly, for I felt as if I were about to enter the presence of an apostle or patriarch. He was seated at his writing desk, dressed in a dark colored morning gown; he was a small. slender man, with a pale face and meagre frame. His perruque was hanging against the wall, and a cap of violet colored velvet covered his venerable head. Behind him was a large window, through which the bright morning beams found entrance, and illuminated his features, so that the sun played upon his colored

cap, and shone red through his long transparent fingers, when he raised them as he spoke. I stammered forth excuses, and hoped that he would pardon a young hussar, who took pleasure in his poems, for incommoding him.

"My son," said the noble man, "in what do my poems please thee?"

I was at a loss for an answer.

"Are you fond of reading?"

"At times."

" For what object?

"For amusement, and indeed for instruction also."

"You seem to be a youth of talent," he continued. "You are brave, no doubt; a stout soldier; have you then, in your calling, learned also to be a man?"

I stood silent in the presence of the speaker.

"For this," he proceeded, and the beams of the morning sun played like a halo about his face, "for this thou shouldst take mine and other good books into thy hands, in order that thou mayst not become reckless, cruel, and inhuman-that thou mayst not take pleasure in the horrors to which thy calling but too easily entices men of weak or rude natures. Yet at the same time, scarcely has any one, but a soldier, so often an opportunity to appear to suffering humanity as an angel of the Lord, by protecting innocence and helpless age, by keeping his hands pure from rapine, by sparing the already oppressed and plundered, and by taking compassion upon their poverty. There, where wild warriors bring fire and murder and destruction, the Christian soldier, conscious that he is fighting for his country, for a just cause, and for a great king, should even in the tumult of battle, and amid wild marauders, keep God and virtue before his eyes, that he may not misuse the privilege of his calling, which should be most noble, and degrade it to robbery and murder. The tears of gratitude, which rescued age or modest innocence sheds for thee, these, my dear young son, will profit thee, even in old age, will smooth thy dying pillow, and indeed atone for many an error."

As the old man spoke thus to me, the tears fell in big, bright drops from my eyes, for I now, for the first time, felt how much that was evil and blameworthy I had already committed in my calling. I sobbed and was unable to compose myself.

Then the old man rose, laid his thin, white hand upon my shoulder, and endeavored to soothe me; but I took that hand, pressed a warm kiss upon it, while I recovered speech again, and said—

"Great and good man, these few moments are invaluable to me, for you have made of me a different being."

From that hour I strove with myself, gave up my wild way of life, and since then only have I been brave as a reasonable being should be brave, and my conduct in the field was no longer a blind and giddy recklessness like that which inspired the most of my companions. General Ziethen soon distinguished me; I was contented with myself, and I now first became sensible that this feeling of self-content was the crowning joy of life. All this, a change in my whole moral nature, I owe to that visit to our immortal Gellert."

## LINES TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. C. TERRY.

MOTHER! are you sad and silent grieving? Is still with lonely sighs thy bosom heaving? And dost thou mourn thy flower bud's not unfolding Its beauties rare, to earthly eyes beholding?

Is still the vacant place left all unfilled?
And do you feel it hard what God has willed?
Oh! it is hard—hard that so fair a flower,
Should fall beneath death's dark and withering power.

But could you look beyond this vale, enclouded, You would behold thine own in glory shrouded In heav'nly hues and fragrance, ever bringing Incense and songs—a fadeless flower upspringing.

And this is peace!—a peace which bringeth healing Upon its wings—the hope of joy revealing:
Hope from the grave! a life that from death springeth!
My soul awake! receive the bliss such teaching bringeth.

## THE NAME OF GOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER-BY D. W. NOONEY.

When Alexander, the son of Philip, had come to Babylon, he allowed a priest to come from each land and people that he had conquered, and he collected them all together in his palace. Then he scated himself upon his throne, and asked them—now there were a great number of them—and he said: "Tell me, do you acknowledge and honor a high and invisible being?" Then the priests all bowed together and said, "Yes."

And the king inquired farther, "By what name do you call this being?" Thereupon the priest from India replied, "We call him Brama, that signifies the Great." The priest from Persia said, "We call him Ormus, that signifies Primal Light." The priest from India said, "Jehovah Adonai, the Lord, who is, was, and will be." And thus each priest had a particular word, and an especial name by which he called the Supreme Being.

Then the king was displeased, and he said—"You have now only one ruler and king. So also you shall henceforth have but one God. Jupiter is his name."

Then the priests were very sad at the speech of the king, and said—"By the name that we have mentioned our people have called him from their youth up. How shall we change it!"

But the king was still more angry. Then, an ancient wise man, with a grey head, stepped forward—he was a Braman who had accompanied Alexander to Babylon—and he said: "May the king grant that I should speak to the assembled people?"—Then he turned to the priests and said: "Does not the heavenly star of day, the source of earthly light, shine upon you all?"

The priests all bowed together, and said "Yes." Then the Bramin asked them one after the other—" What do you call it?" And each called it by a different word, the peculiar name of his land and people. Then said the Bramin to the king—"Shall they not henceforth call the star of day by the same word?—Helios is his name."

At these words the king was filled with shame, and he said: "Let them each use their own peculiar word. I see well that the picture and sign is not the Being."

### PARADISE BEFORE THE FALL.

BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.

THERE was a time, a holy time,

When Earth knew not the blight of sin,
No thought of discord, or of crime,
Its peaceful bosom reigned within.

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
At bright Creation's early morn—
Oh! beauteous was that sweet Spring time,
When all bright things were newly born.

There was a lovely garden fair,
Close by Euphrates' placid stream—
Gihon and Hiddekel were there,
And Pison, with its golden gleam.
'Twas fair, and bright, that happy place,
More so, than Poets e'er have sung;
Radiant with beauty, and with grace,
Was every thing, those scenes among.

Two loving creatures sat, the while,
As fair in beauty as the morn,
With gentle speech and loving smile,
And charms which innocence adorn.
They spoke of all they thought, and felt,
With lofty aim, and converse free;
They upward gazed with fixed intent
Into the heaven's blue mystery.

The rising sun on gilded wings
Had chased soft slumber from their eyes,
Tinting with gold all living things,
And bright the morn in Paradise.
The morning stars together sang,
And shouted all God's sons for joy;
Heaven with melodious concert rang,
A harmony without alloy.

The tall trees waved their branches fair,
Majestic o'er this charming scene,
Shelt'ring this fond and lovely pair
With thoughts so pure, so sweet, screne.

The Am'ranth and violet blue,
Carnation, Rose, and Eglantine,
Were blooming in sweet fragrance too,
Mingling their hues with fairest green,

Whose perfume floated on the wings
Of summer's pure and balmy air,
Like that Italia's garden flings
O'er Tiber's gentle waves so fair.
Those rivers that, with silver sheen,
So gaily ran this garden through,
Reflected back each beauteous seene,
With varying charms forever new.

The moon walked forth in peerless might,
Fair Queen of the celestial sphere,
Attended by her train of night,
Gemming the heav'n's expanse so clear—
And threw her silver robes of light
Athwart each clear and placid stream—
So calm she looked, so pure, so bright,
Embodiment of angel's dream.

It was, it was a charming seene,
Such as we never more shall see—
It rivalled all that since has been,
And surely all that e'er shall be.
No earthly Eden e'er again
In charming radiance shall bloom;
Who seeks again for Paradise,
Must seek it now beyond the tomb.

Oh! take us back to Eden's bowers,

Those happy, fair, enrapturing shades,
Where grief nor care disturb the hours,
Nor aught that's beautiful e'er fades.
Oh! take us back to Eden's fields,
Her ever bright, resplendent groves,
Untainted by the pride of man,
By cruel crimes or sinful loves.

Base minds and base coins do but show what perversions of good things we can make, and how readily we would be content with them, if they would but serve our ends.

## ANNIE LEE.

## BY RULE RUBY.

## SEE ENGRAVING.

The sun was shining brightly through the half-closed blinds of my room at the Astor, as, after a sleepless night, I arose, and looked at my watch. It was ten o'clock, and I was to be married at two.

Having performed my toilet and partaken of a slight repast, I was about to leave the hotel, when a messenger from the telegraph office put a despatch in my hands. It was from my mother, and ran thus:

"Frederick, my son, return immediately. Your father has met with an accident, and is not expected to live. He desires to see you before he dies. Not a moment is to be lost. Haste!"

This sudden and unlooked for intelligence was so stunning that I could scarcely realize it. As I recovered my consciousness, I thrust the despatch into a side-pocket, hurried down stairs, called a carriage, and drove with speed to the Lees, in Tenth-street, and requested an immediate interview with my intended. A moment later, Annie Lee, bright with hope, youth, beauty and love, made her appearance.

"The matter, Frederick?" she said, with an air of alarm, as she perceived my agitation.

"Read that, Annie!" I returned, giving her the despatch.

She glanced over it, and turned pale.

"Stay a moment," she then faltered, "till I call mother."

She reeled from the parlor, but returned shortly, accompanied by both of her parents.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lee to her husband, as the matter was explained to them, "what is to be done?"

"The despatch explains that," said Mr. Lee. "Frederick must off to Charleston at once. Duty and necessity both render it imperative. There is no other course left him."

Poor Annie! I shall never forget her appearance at that moment. An air of agony swept over and left its impress on a

countenance always fair, but now paler than the lily, whose grace and beauty she so much resembled.

"Yes," she said, in a voice which was strangely firm, "Frederick must away at once. Shake hands with him, father—bid him adien, mother, and leave us. We have a few words to exchange, and but a moment to say them in!"

Her parents glanced at her with a mingled air of surprise and alarm, and after taking a hastily confused leave of me, quitted the apartment.

"When does the steamer sail, Frederick?" asked Annie, the moment we were alone.

"At two!" I replied.

"At two!" she repeated, with forced firmness. "A few minutes since, and I said to myself, 'At two, to-day, heaven, through its ministerial agent, will give me my Frederick, from whom I shall not separate again till death;' and now——"

She paused, to overcome the emotion which was striving to subdue her, and then resumed—

"And now, that little note," pointing to the despatch in my hand, "says, in a tone stern as any decree, 'at two, my Frederick will be taken from me!"

"But not for long, Annie!" said I, taking her hand, "not for long. A few days—or, at the furthest, weeks—only!"

"Ah! Frederick, to hearts that love, days are years—weeks, ages!"

"Our separation, sweet one, shall only extend to 'years,' believe me!" said I, with forced playfulness. "And I will render my absence shorter, by daily letters, breathing the love and hope which, half saddened now by these mournful tidings, reign within my breast. Ah! sweet trembler, yours not all the agony of our parting!"

She threw herself on my breast, and tears, she could no longer repress, burst forth, companioned by deep and mournful sighs.—At length, tearing herself from my arms, she said, with assumed cheerfulness—

"But this is unwomanly. Here am I, who thought myself capable of entering with you upon the solemn duties of life, giving way like a child to the first unhappy obstacle that rises up between us and happiness!"

"Had you not done so, Annie," said I, circling her waist with my arm, and imprinting a kiss upon her pale brow, "I should have thought you less than woman! It is not by her smiles when he is with her, and when nought arises to disturb the even tenor of their tranquil happiness, but by the agony she shows when the hour of parting comes, that man knows how strongly he is loved!"

"Ah! flatterer; you but kindly seek to excuse my weakness!"
"No, sweet one, I but pay just tribute to the true womanliness you would underrate. But come, let us to the garden, and exchange flowers. I would plant a blossom in that breast whose heavings are for me alone—that breast which shall, I trust, beat for none on earth but me; as mine shall throb never for any but my Annie!"

"Yours-yours, Frederick!" she murmured, as I pressed her lip to mine, "yours only—here, and hereafter!"

We banished all perceivable traces of our agitation, and enter

ing the garden, approached a flower bed.

"Let me pick you a boquet, Annie," said I, playfully. "It is the eastern mode, so I have read, of consoling a maiden for a loved one's absence. You can imitate the eastern fair ones by placing it in some spot where you can see it at all hours; and every time you glance upon its many colored petals, you can say to yourself—Ere they fade, he will be here again! See," I continued, giving her the hastily formed boquet, "here is the hawthorn, which is the emblem of hope; here, the rosemary, which typifies fidelity; here, a myrtle sprig, which signifies unfading love: and here, the honey suckle, which means Thine in weal or woe. I will soon return!"

Annie's 'eyes filled. Holding up a single flower, which she had taken from its stem, she said, in a voice which struggled in vain to appear firm-

"For all of these, Frederick, I give you this. It is the polyanthus, and means I trust !"

I trembled; not for myself, but Annie: for she was, at that moment, very—very pale. She took my arm, and we returned silently and tremblingly, to the house. As we entered the drawing-room, Annie, bracing herself up with an effort, said, with an air of saddened sweetness"Go now, Frederick—you have much to do, and but little time to do it in. I would, so selfish is woman in her love, keep you with me to the latest moment; but it would be ungenerous, as well as cruel!"

"So soon, Annie-so soon!" said I, half reproachfully.

"Oh, Frederick!" she cried, fairly quivering with agitation, "know you not that the *thought* that we must part is more terrible than the parting itself! Frederick, my heart is breaking!"

I clasped her to my breast, and our lips met in a long, burning, melting kiss, in which our very souls appeared to unite. A moment later, I was in my carriage, and whirling, with wild speed, back to my hotel.

I reached Charleston, without accident, but it was to find myself fatherless, and my mother so bowed by grief and suffering as to render a change of scene and air imperatively necessary.— Her parents resided at Jamaica, and as it was her wish to spend her last days with them, we took ship at once for the West Indies. On her arrival at St. Thomas, my mother's health, instead of improving, gradually grew worse. She lingered for a period of eighteen months, during which time she could not spare me a moment from her side, and then uttered her parting sigh. During this time I wrote at least once a fortnight to Annie, and shortly after my mother's death I enrolled myself as passenger in a ship bound for New-York. We had not been three days upon the sea ere a storm overtook us, and drove our vessel some hundreds of miles out of our course; at length, however, we righted, but only to encounter a gale, which drove us before it like a feather into the Mexican Gulf, and then hurled us, wrecked, bruised and shattered, upon a small, sterile island, whose few inhabitants could give us nothing but their sympathy. Here we remained a year, ere we could cross over the twenty leagues of ocean which separated it from the shores of Mexico, which country, unknown to us, had just entered upon a war with the United States. had searcely landed upon its treacherous soil, when upon pronouncing ourselves "Americanoes" we were at once arrested, chained, and thrown into prison, where, cut off from all communication with the world, we remained for a year and a half, when, the war being over, we were restored to liberty.

I made my way with some difficulty to New-York, and pro-

ceeded at once to Tenth-street. The Lees received me with mingled coldness and surprise. My first question was for Annie. The Lees were agitated, and glanced at one another with an air of sadness which shook me to the heart.

"Where is Annie?" I repeated.

Mr. Lee pointed silently to his wife, whose eyes were turned with a saddened expression towards heaven. I glanced at Mrs. Lee. She was in mourning! I uttered a low cry, staggered to a chair, and shaded my eyes with my hands.

The Lees appeared surprised at my ignorance of Annie's death, and when I had somewhat recovered, I related to them my adventures. They heard me, patiently, and with varied emotions, to the end. When I had concluded, they gave me the story of my Annie's woes.

"After your departure," said Mrs. Lee, "Annie fell ill. sudden and unlooked for interruption of her bridal hopes was a shock too strong for her delicate frame; but your first letter, on vour arrival at Charleston, somewhat revived and re-assured her, and she slowly recovered. For a time, that is to say, up to the receipt of your last letter announcing your return to New-York, all went well; and though somewhat saddened by your protracted absence, she still retained hope, and occasionally smiled. weeks flew by, and you appeared not—and her cheeks grew pale, her brow thoughtful, and her step slow. Months rolled on, and neither letter nor Frederick appeared, and Annie lost all hope. her cheek lost its color, her spirit left her, the expression of her eye vanished, and there was nothing left of our once beautiful child, but a thin and wasted form with a countenance which reflected nothing, and only gave forth a cold, blank, meaningless stare. The flowers you gave her, she put in a vase on a small table in her room, where she spent the greater part of her time. She would sit for hours gazing on them, and when at length her reason left her-for it came to that at last-she would talk to them as though they were things of life and comprehended every word she said. When she laid down at night, her head was turned towards the vase; when she awoke, her first thought was for her flowers. At length, notwithstanding all her care, the flowers drooped, their petals dimmed and their odors faintly grew.

To revive, nourish and sustain them, she procured a larger vase,

and companioned them with numerous others of their kind. For a time this did well, but in the end they withered, and with them her last smile. She gathered carefully the flat, decaying leaves, and placed them in a small silver casket, which she never tired of gazing into. One day, she opened the casket and lifted up one of the faded petals. It crumbled in her hand! She dropped it with a sigh, and turning to me with a faint, pallid smile, she murmured—"Mother, my flowers, like my Frederick, are mine no more!" She was sitting in her easy chair at the time, and as she spoke, her head fell, with a low sigh, upon her breast. She was no more!"

Mrs. Lee ceased. Her narrative was at an end. I turned away, and wept!

## DEATH THE CHERUB.

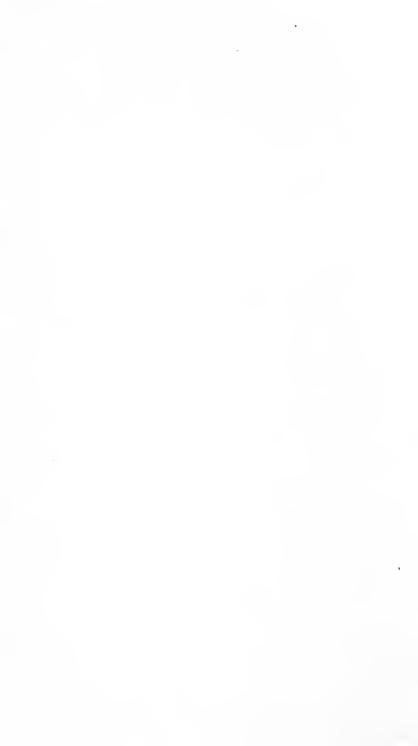
BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

The general horror of Death was never universal, even before a purer Faith opened a World beyond his dominion. In ancient bas-reliefs he is found represented as a beautiful Cherub, bearing an inverted torch. What did the poet-artist say by that figure? Observe where the same type was used before. Hymenæus, the god of marriage, bore a blazing torch. He was Love leading Life into the temples of earthly bliss—into the fields of fugitive delight. Death, the white cherub, with that torch inverted to quench our earth-life, is still the same divine Love leading man to the more glorious temples of the Immortals, to the Fortunate Isles of the Blest. Love, then, is the veritable Opener of the Gates of Life, whether as Eros he leads young hearts in silken bandage of delight; or, as Hymenæus, he crowns them at the altar of wedded affection; or last as the white-robed cherub Death, he leads them to the marble gates, which we name the Tomb, but which are verily the doors of a nobler Life.

















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